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UNDER PATRONAGE OF  
H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE

MAY 1861.



author

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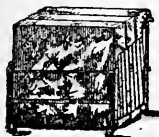
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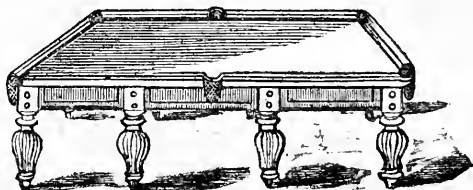
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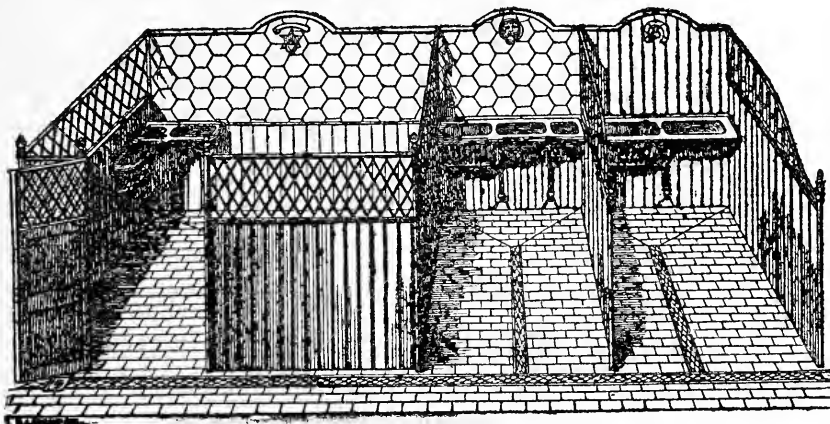
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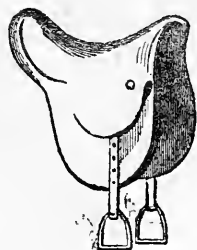
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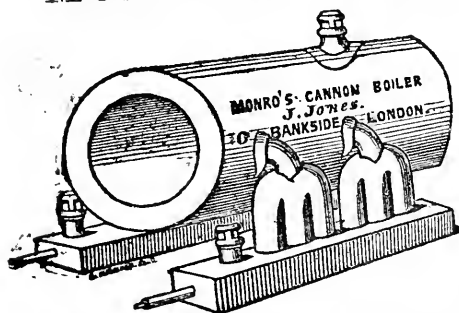
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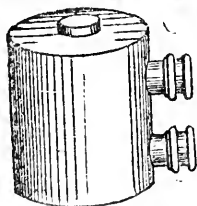
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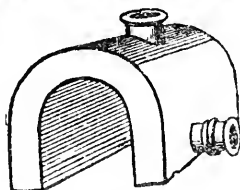
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EMBELLISHMENTS.

GEMMA DI VERGY,

THE PROPERTY OF SIR LYDSTON NEWMAN, BART.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

AND

"THE MEMORY OF THE PAST."

ENGRAVED BY T. S. ENGLEHEART, FROM A PAINTING BY E. CORBET.

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# DIARY FOR MAY, 1861.

Last Quar., 1st day, at 32 min. past 7 afternoon.  
 New Moon, 9th day, at 7 min. past 11 afternoon.  
 First Quar., 17th day, at 3 min. past 4 afternoon.  
 Full Moon, 24th day, at 6 min. past 6 morning.  
 Last Quar., 31st day, at 25 min. past 10 morning.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.	Sun		Moon		Moon's		HIGH WATER	
			rises and		rises and		Age.		London Bridge	
			sets.		sets.				morn.	morn.
			h.	m.	h.	m.	d.		h.	m.
1	W	Cork Steeple Chases.	r	4 33	RISES	21	6 34	7 2		
2	T		s	7 23	Morning.	1 42	22 7 34	8 8		
3	F	Sth. Devon S.C. Berwick Ht. S.C.	r	4 29	2	0 23	8 47	9 24		
4	S		s	7 27	2	14 24	9 58	10 33		
5	S	Rogation Sunday.	r	4 26	2	28 25	11 6	11 35		
6	M	Cr. (Lord's) Two Elevens of M.C.C.	s	7 30	2	43 26	—	0 2		
7	T	Chester Races.	r	4 22	2	57 27	0 25	0 44		
8	W	Chester Cup Day.	s	7 33	3	14 28	1 4	1 23		
9	T		r	4 19	3	34 N	1 41	1 58		
10	F		s	7 36	SETS.	1	2 16	2 32		
11	S	R. T. Y. C. Opening Trip.	r	4 16	afternoon.	2	2 49	3 4		
12	S	Sunday after Ascension.	s	7 39	10	37 3	3 21	3 37		
13	M	Cr. (Lord's) M.C.C. v. Quidnuncs.	r	4 13	11	20 4	3 54	4 11		
14	T	York Races.	s	7 42	11	55 5	4 29	4 47		
15	W		r	4 10	Morning.	6	5 8	5 29		
16	T	Cricket—Cambridge M.C.C. v. U.	s	7 45	0	21 7	5 52	6 17		
17	F	St. James' Rowing Club.	r	4 7	0	41 8	6 44	7 12		
18	S	Glasgow Flag Regatta.	s	7 48	1	2 9	7 43	8 17		
19	S	Whit Sunday.	r	4 4	1	19 10	8 56	9 31		
20	M	Cr. (Lord's) M.C.C. v. Suffrd. Hnt.	s	7 51	1	39 11	10 3	10 36		
21	T	Bath Races.	r	4 1	1	55 12	11 7	11 37		
22	W	Manchester Races.	s	7 54	2	18 13	—	0 4		
23	T	Cricket—Oxford M.C.C. v. U.	r	3 59	2	50 14	0 31	0 59		
24	F	Harpندن Races.	s	7 56	3	28 F	1 26	1 52		
25	S	Ranelagh Yacht Club (Chelsea).	r	3 57	RISES	16	2 17	2 42		
26	S	Trinity Sunday.	s	7 59	afternoon.	10	48 17	3 5	3 30	
27	M	Sale of the Althorp Yearlings.	r	3 55	11	19 18	3 54	4 18		
28	T	Epsom Races.	s	8 1	11	44 19	4 42	5 4		
29	W	The Derby Day.	r	3 53	Morning.	20	5 27	5 51		
30	T		s	8 3	0	4 21	6 16	6 41		
31	F	The Oaks Day.	r	3 51	0	20 22	7 6	7 32		

## RACES IN MAY.

Cork .....	1	Bath .....	21
Chester .....	7	Manchester .....	22
York .....	14	Harpندن .....	24
Malton .....	16	Mullingar .....	27
Salisbury .....	16	Epsom .....	28
Cartmel .....	20		

## THE OMNIBUS.

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"There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse."—BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

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**WAY BILL.** :—Racing of the Month—Epsom Spring—The Middle Park Yearlings—Stud Memos—Mr. Pearce's Studio—Jack Hickman—Hunting Changes—Returns of Sport—Visit to the Pytcheley Kennel.

**ALDERMAN CARDEN** has been beaten twenty lengths in Maryelbone ; but Cheltenham added double laurels to The Freshman, who was said not to have pace enough for Liverpool ; and on the following Monday, some nice little fields met the eye of "Argus," who was on the bench at Stockbridge Spring. His fabled century of eyes were not much called into requisition, as the finest race was only won a neck, and Young King had no opportunity on Malakoff of making one of those tremendous "Chifney rushes," which he achieved on a pony last year, and brought to "Master John's" attention forthwith. The first week of April was a wondrously busy one ; and Northampton was in as good form as ever. Gallus proved in the Trial Stakes, that if he was in the Rouge Dragon trial (a very apocryphal sort of affair) he had very much lost the form he possessed, when Sir Joseph made him help to draw his Musjid line. Malta and Imaus brought victory to the Stamford colours, and Doefoot opened her season by being shut out. Danaë, who had not been in public since Epsom Spring, justified her position in the betting ; and 5lbs. more would not have stopped her. She cost only 160 guineas at Mr. Blenkiron's sale in '58, and an own sister to her was dropped there during the next week. From King of Kent's running, it is evident that Godding had made no great mistake about him, and that the public had learnt the secret only too truly before the Chester weights came out. Mde. de Chantilly could do nothing at the Queen's Plate distance, and Doefoot, like her sire, would have been better pleased with half of it. On Wednesday, "the mighty Kildonan" received 12lbs. and succumbed in the most ignominious style to Imaus ; Fravola repeated her last year's Spencer's Plate performance, in nearly as flying style, with Spanish Fly next to her ; and in the Cup Newcastle caught the inspiration of his stable, and landed the fifth race for them that week, after a grand struggle with Black Diamond. His Lordship's greatest coup was the Althorp Park Stakes with little King of Hearts by Daniel O'Rourke, and bred by Sir Tatton Sykes ; and it is somewhat singular, that the very day before, Lord Waterford's King of Hearts won the great yearling bull prize at Dublin, against a field of more than a hundred. Duke Rollo, a 400 purchase of Sir Joseph Hawley's at Her Majesty's sale, was second, and a filly by the favourite county horse Vortex (who had beaten the illustrious compeers Joe Lovell and Ugly Buck for the blood sire prize the week before), and a young Fazzoletto, were in the ruck. This meeting brought all the senior jocks save Sam Rogers out of their winter shell, and Wells in spite of sundry forebodings rode 8st. 5lbs. French cookery must have suited his constitution, or he must have rigidly attended to the excellent rules in the

"Dietary for Corpulence," the only book of the slightest practical value, that we ever saw on the painful subject of weight.

Market Harborough made a nice little halt for business-men and those "on pleasure bent" between St. Crispin's Land and Croxton Park, and right steadily and well did Mr. Burton, a limb of the law from Daventry, steer the winner Queensferry. Nothing could exceed the style in which she did her ridge and furrow, and it was here that she so completely ran over everything. The number of runners fell off from 31 to 17, and save and excepting The Nigger and Selby, none of the '60 horses were in it. Mr. Burton also won the last race for Queensferry's owner, on Bridegroom (the same horse that he won the Grand National on last year), who was a trifle less tired than Sir Charles. It was remarkable that not one of the four races was won by less than 30 lengths, and the meeting, in spite of the great attendance, was felt to be rather a failure. The renowned "S" was there in high force, offering to bet 100 gs. even that she jumped the brook, and then jumping it for the pure love of the thing. Mr. Halford's or his trainer's foolish good-nature in allowing his horse to run a second time, because two riders had been left at the post, would seem to put him so completely out of court, that it is unnecessary to go into the Granby Handicap business, with its strange official decision, and the *ex-officio* meddling. We should have thought that Mr. Markwell knew racing law better by this time, than to shout to horses to come back when his flag was down. In Antonio's St. Leger no less than five horses were left behind, and no fresh start was allowed, and we know of no alteration in this particular of racing law. Catterick could only muster £225 of added money, or just £730 less than was given for two days at Northampton; and there was none of the spirit of the old Duke of Leeds' days, when Bill Scott, Lye, Templeman, Nelson, Holmes, Marson, Nicholson, Cartwright, and Johnny Gray had the scales pretty nearly to themselves, in those pleasant meadows. A friend writes us as follows: "The show of two-year-olds at Catterick was of a very meagre description: Sir William Armstrong (Mr. Watt's) is rather a nice and airy chesnut, and beat King of Kars, a very plain-looking customer, with all ease, in the Easby Triennial (two years old). Wallachia, a thick little colt, with much of his sire Hospodar's looks about him, also disposed of the Newminster filly in a 100 sovs. match, solely by his condition. This daughter of Mr. Wetherell's Flighty had not grown out so well as she promised to do, but she showed that she had pace by winning a weight-for-age-half-mile Scramble quite easily next day. The Bedale Hunt Stakes fell to the lot of Red Robin, a very good-looking chesnut gelding, and a hunter all over, and up to 15st. with hounds. The owner, Mr. Simpson, a Wold farmer, refused, we hear, 300 guineas for him after the race." With 8st. 10lbs. on his back he made a very strong pace, throughout the York Steeplechase the next week, up to the very last flight of hurdles, where he fell, and Wee Nell and Mauchline (the winner) fought it out head and head; The Dane 11st. 4lbs., the Emperor 10st. 13lbs. (we want to see Mr. Welfit on him again), and Old Ben Roe 11st. 7lbs., nowhere.

Orlando had quite a red-letter day on the Epsom Thursday, as the winners of the three great races, Crater, Cantine, and Express, were all by him. The Northampton running between the former and Malta was

quite reversed in the Trial Stakes. At the former place Malta received 23lbs. and won a neck, and at the latter, on 3lbs. worse terms, he was only sixth to him. Buccaneer, Gallus, Mons. Philippe, and Amsterdam, in short some of the speediest talent of past years, were among the eleven, but "shorn Samsons," as far as the judge's return went. After fifteen false starts, it was a blessing to see a mare with 8st. 3lbs. on, and 40 to 1 against her, pull the fielders through. Three Orlandoes got the three first places in the Two-Year-Old Stakes, and the 360-guinea Estrela, who has nothing like the stamp of Little Lady about her, was caught and beaten just as Custance liked.

A glance at our "Ruff" told us that we had not been down to Epsom Spring since Virago's year, and thither we accordingly proceeded, stimulated by a curiosity to see Danaë perform. The card was a tempting one, and when we had exhausted one side, we had only to turn to the other for fresh feelings and fancies; and read of "THORLEY FOR MY PIGS," and Jealousy predicted by Thorley's "Gleaner." A little fine weather had fairly parched up the ground; but considering the day, the attendance was hardly what we looked for. Lord Portsmouth and Mr. McGeorge slowly approaching the post in conversation was the first symptom of business, and the latter looked especially thoughtful. The newspapers had begun at him without mercy, and sarcastic letter-writers were on the watch among the furze. For our parts we have always maintained, when others were silent, that a most cruel injustice was committed towards Mr. Markwell in not giving him a chance, and that Lords Derby and Glasgow were bound, as his supporters, to call the stewards to account. Still, we firmly believe that if a man with Mr. McGeorge's eye, firmness, and wish to please cannot start horses, no one can, and that he will prove a most efficient servant to the Jockey Club. Such misfortunes are chronic in the racing world; sometimes for two or three meetings together there is a run of luck against the starter, or perpetual accidents to jockeys, and then things become "all serene." The unhappy public, however, never will be patient. "*Turn off the man*" is the coarse remedy they are ever ready to shout; and we are told that an amateur worked himself up into applying for the place his fancy had made vacant. Still there ought always to be a steward or a member of the Jockey Club at the post in every great race, to confirm and take the joint responsibility of the fines. Boys are so threatened at home about getting good starts, or so tutored about hanging back, so as to make a number of false ones to wear out a favourite's heart, that till owners find out that their game is up, and that they cannot always fly at the starter when their pet lads are suspended, this state of things will never quite end. We know the value attached to a start, by the sad Parthian-like revelations Mr. Hibburt made last year.

Misty Morn and Von Stroom were the best-looking of the eight for the Waterloo Plate, and the two favourites finished first and second. The Walton Stakes had a peculiarly varied field. There was Kildonan, a raking Fisherman-sort of horse, not nice to the eye, and taller than the great run of Newminsters; Parasite, looking as commanding as ever, but not blessed with his *sine quâ non* of mud; Sporting Life, round and small, and in no way improved; the handsome Barbiton who crept nicely up the hill; and King of Hearts, who was sadly out of sorts with him-

self and his jockey, and made one wonder how such a very moderate, fretful little thing could have pulled off the stake he did at Northampton. Here he was quite out of it in 300 yards. When we last saw him he was swinging to a stack at Sledmere, along with seven or eight more. Among the Metropolitan horses there was little to note. Parmesan, trained, as well as Cantine, by an A. Taylor, showed that, like his sire, he could both stay and race, and we have seldom seen a horse come out so strong, and get all his field into trouble in an instant, as he did, when he made his effort below the distance. His forehead is very nice, but he looks rather short and jumped up. Gruyere, his dam, was once the property of the late Mr. Frank Clark, and was bought at his death by Mr. Henry Phillips, who put her to his horse Pyrrhus the First, when she had foaled Parmesan. This colt's action pleased him so much, that he recommended Mr. Savile to buy it, and although that gentleman was somewhat loth to take such a little thing, he at last consented to give 60 gs., and the half of the first five races it won, which amounted to about £270. Unfortunately for the vendor, this was the sixth, but he sold the dam to the Prussian Government for 200 gs. Danaë is a fine mare, and seems like a slow glutton, very unable to serve herself, but with something to make running throughout, she would have been closer up. The Rock got well in front for nearly a mile, and then he went steeple-chasing in the furze for a season, and joined in at a respectful distance, when the rest were near Tattenham Corner. Starke was a queer hobby-horse, and South Australian was a frightful example in look and performance of what the much-vaunted "Wests" too often are. Blue Jacket has evidently no pace or no powers of beginning, as Fordham had to be at him very early to keep him at all near them.

Wells, as neat as if he had been turned out of a band-box on the Boulevards, and with a red camellia in his button-hole, but not yet risen to Harry Edwards's white-kids estate, was now the object of universal admiration, as he walked side by side of a Rothschild down to the enclosure. We there found him saddling Walpole, a very neat horse, with no great substance, and looking a little loaded on the top of the quarter, which arises from his tail being set on rather low. Patriot was a very gaudy, close-ribbed-up son of Rataplan, without much liberty; Febrifuge was the best-looking of the lot, but perhaps quite lusty enough, and his coat did not wear the brilliant hue which makes him so conspicuous among the Earl's imposing string at Newmarket. French seems to have wintered well, and looks not nearly so pale as he did last year. Callipyge was a varmint little daughter of Stockwell, and more like some of Rataplan's first year's get, and bore Fordham in a most varmint jacket, the most elegant we have ever seen, viz., pale lavender, with a green belt. Deceptive had grown well for his age, but unless he is deceptive in something more than name, the top or man-in-boots smile will be always ready for him to the end of his days. Marignan looked still older and thicker (is it the French air?), and fought so much with Grimshaw as he pulled up from his canter, that an orange-woman said, "*Poor little boy, he'll sprain his nerves.*" Bosh was a mere yearling, with no maturity about him; and Paradox was very common, and looked commoner still from the way in which Gardiner perched himself, we cannot say sat, on the top of his big saddle. Febrifuge



fuge's bad start spoilt his chance, and how Bosh could be backed after sight is one of those mysteries which turfites abound in. Such a finish as this, and that between Red Rover and Frane Picard in the Windsor steeple-chase, do not often fall to their lot in three days. The latter race was full of winners; but Mauchline and The Freshman came to grief; and Queensferry, who had blundered in her first race, aimed at too much, and ran herself clean out in her second.

The Craven meeting is one of the best that has been known for years; but, although it welcomed back the Duke of Beaufort—and “we count him worth to a host”—to the Heath, lodging and inn-beds were to be had in plenty. The winner was in capital condition, and although not a handsome “cratur” to look at, he was duly sent to Mr. Harry Hall's studio next day. Crater and Malta met again, for the third time in thirteen days; and here Malta received 26lbs., and at least a 4lbs. beating. Little Lady, who has reached upwards of fifteen hands, and is one of the loveliest things that ever galloped across the Flat, retrieved matters for the blue-and-black belt in the next race; and then John Day won his first 1860 race, with Monastery, own brother to Seclusion. Lord Glasgow settled The Admiral, in the first match of the year, with his Brother to Schiedam; and Cosmopolite, who seems to be at home over any distance or any jumps, showed his talent over the T.Y.C. Mr. Gratwicke made his wonted *coup* for the Newmarket handicap with Ebony, one of that Sir Hercules tribe of blacks which he loves so well; and as he gave 11lb. to Parmesan, who is in undeniable form, the performance was a good one. After this, Messrs. Parr and Merry had the afternoon to themselves, and astonished the natives to some purpose. Starlight had no difficulty with Nautilus, for whom Wells wasted to 8st. 3lbs., and repeated the performance for the benefit of Tomyris and Ellerton; and then Russley showed York Minster, Vergiss-mein-nicht, Knight of St. Patrick, King of Kent, and twelve others in the Biennial, what a reed all the Derby hopes of their owners hung upon, if Dundee only kept right. The winner is not grown, and The Roe is capable of improvement, and has the Oaks no doubt in view. Yorkminster was very fat; some attributed his non-winning to running so wide of his horses stables, while the Oates's declared they had a 10lb. better horse in Kettledrum. Rambler is “a clothes horse,” and noisy to boot, and his chance of the French Derby must be *nil*. Kildonan, who was on 9lbs. worse terms with Imaüs than he was at Northampton, never allowed himself to be caught, from the Bushes Hill; and Avalanche, for whom Lupellus did not even offer to make the running, did it all herself, and fairly stalled off France and America, and Richmond to boot. For the first time in her life, the eleven-hundred-guinea Adrasta faced the starting-post, and made a beautiful but ineffectual race with Sam Rogers, on Plum. Ballerino squared up matters again for the Quorn stable in a £50 plate; and then Miss Emily showed none of her old self against Fravola, over half-a-mile. Folkestone disappointed all those who would think he was better than Dundee—just as there once was an Elthron v. Dutchman party outside Spigot Lodge—by succumbing, after a dead heat, to Lord Exeter's roaring Knight of St. Patrick. The spectators considered that Aldcroft fairly outrode Custance at

the first time of asking, and frightened him with that rush of his which is becoming so famous. On Thursday, Lord Glasgow had reason to thank him for another race, on his Clarissa colt, who got Folkestone into difficulties and leg-changing, three strides from the post; and Thormanby, much thickened and looking remarkably well, proved to Umpire and Thunderbolt, over the D.L., that the Derby winner was his Derby self once more. Still beating the ancient Yankee, and the footsore dubious Thunderbolt was nothing to brag of, but the chesnut is in fine fettle to try whether Dundee can stay, which Folkestone most assuredly cannot. Walloon had nothing to make him gallop in the 100 sovs. stakes on Friday, and Ben Webster wound up the week, in which only one match was made or run, by defeating Black Diamond, Cosmopolite, and Co. for the Queen's Plate. Mr. M'George's starting was all that could be wished; and his detractors had to "shut up" in public for a season, or hedge by saying that "Newmarket is the easiest place in the world to start horses at—stop till he gets to Chester!" &c., &c. The lord of Aske called on his nag on the Saturday, but it was

" No use knocking at the door, Matador,  
No use knocking at the door."

So they turned their heads homewards, on the Monday, and left The Guineas to more worthy cattle. Not much was heard of Rouge Dragon after Captain Fortibus's running, and as Nautilus has no legs, Sir Joseph, as the touts phrase it, "may just put up the Derby shutters for '61."

Although, seeing that the sale is not till Tuesday, June 18th, we expected to find them very far from ripe, we took a run down, one Saturday lately, to have a look at the Middle Park yearlings. The difference of opinions upon these matters is endless; but we thought the fillies better than the colts, and were surprised to see how very little Kingston had stamped his wonted individuality on his yearlings. In fact, if we had been shown them as any one else's, there are but very few out of his 3 colts and 10 fillies in the present sale lot, which we could have challenged. So far this season Mr. Blenkiron has had 22 foals, of which 10 are colts and 12 fillies, and four mares have still to foal. Ellerdale is at Orlando's paddocks, where she has foaled a fine bay colt to Stockwell, three more at Rataplan's, and of the rest, four are allotted to Neasham, fifteen to Marsyas, eighteen to Hobbie Noble, and three to Black Doctor. About a dozen of the yearling fillies were in the top field, and among them a sister to Ellangowan, though not approaching him in size and bone. This colt was originally purchased by Lord Maidstone, not Lord Coventry as the public supposed, and he is in training at Scarle's, at Epsom, and may not come out this year, so that as Marsyas had only three blood mares in 1858, the public will still be in the dark, as to him on the sale day. A filly of his, from Bramah Pootra, two by Kingston, from Dinah and Palma, a Brocket out of Tragedy's dam, and a level whole chesnut Neasham, from Palmeria, were rather our fancy in the ruck. Then we had a peep at the mares in the next pasture, just under the shadow of the old King's Palace, where the loyal Eltham Volunteers so resolutely practise the goose-step, and keep their "eye steadily fixed on the object." Two of the mares were Touch-

stone's, to wit, the dam of Tragedy and Comedy, who seemed very lame, and the renowned Typee. The latter has been considerably reduced; and as she has now gone a fortnight beyond her wonted three weeks, there is at least a reasonable hope that she is stinted by Neasham. Exact's golden chesnut and white face, which John Osborne loved so well, were also conspicuous, but she has unfortunately slipped her colt to Kingston. Old Empress, the matron of the stud, has been paired with Hobbie Noble; and Epaulette, England's Beauty, and Fayaway with Black Doctor. Nearer home, the grey Arab-looking Colleen Dhas, who once beat Wolf-dog, had a capital Kingston colt at her side, as had Palmeria, that level handsome daughter of Foig-a-Ballagh. Of course, in the present scarcity of that article of Turf ornithology, we had a look at the "big Heron mare," and found Nervous with her, who had come from a far to consult Black Doctor.

The holding consists of about 500 acres, of which 250 is under plough, and 150 mown annually for hay. Capacious boxes after boxes have risen on the ground since we first knew the place five years ago; and the stallions have been moved into new ones, about a stone's throw from the spot where Kingston, the old lord of the soil, is buried. An oak tree shades him, but the plough has been drawn over his grave, and not a single relic has been kept, save a few hairs from the tail which he used to wave so gaily as he faced the post. We found good evidence of his stud labours in the next pair of fillies, to wit, a lengthy one from Tested, with lots of liberty, and a sister to Lady Kingston, nearly as big now as she was at two years old, with a peculiarly racing forehead, and deep fore ribs. The latter had a little grey on her haunches, besides a white blaze on her face; and then came a chesnut whole-coloured Neasham (as so many of his are), and a long and low Touchstone, from the Heron mare, with that nice development of neck and withers, which gives such style to Lady Kingston's sister; but her half-sister from Kate is more handsome to the eye, with a pretty dish nose, and thicker and lower throughout. The brace of Neashams were in the fourth box, one of them a very lengthy one from Nightshade, and the other very "mouldy," as the phrase goes, whole black, but like some of the Neashams, with not a very nice eye. Infant sisters to Lady Kingston and Silverhair were in some boxes farther a-field; but we somehow or other missed Ennui, who is stinted to Marsyas, and not due till June. Then we espied Kate, with a filly by him, and a rare memento of Kingston, in a bay colt from Dinah; while old blind Defenceless had a chesnut ditto by Marsyas at her side. The Sacrifice filly from Danaë's dam, seemed, like the other Touchstone, to take more after the mare; and then in one and the self-same box we found a Marchioness filly, which had gone on the same principle, and another from Gildermire. It is rather a rare thing to find scions of an Oaks winner and an Oaks dead-heat mare together; and it seems that Mr. Blenkiron purchased them along with a colt out of Juliet, from Mr. Fisher, who did not wish them to risk the voyage to Australia with their dams.

We had hardly time to run through the colts. The Wild Dayrell colt from Moodkee was more especially noticeable for his neat hind legs; Epaulette's colt is, we think, a Stockwell, and not a West Australian; a colt, by Kingston, from a Sir Hercules mare, stood over a good deal of ground; and another, by Neasham, from Butterfly, had nearly as much quality as anything we had seen. The Juliet one

rather lacked substance ; and Teddington, from Coquette, was high behind, like his sire, that noted facer of hills. Kingston's old box was tenanted by a slashing brother to Summerside, with a nice level top, and hind legs well under him ; and the half-brother to Saunterer had Stockwell's forehead to the life. A peep at the stallions, and we were done. Marsyas has thickened not a little, and Hobbie Noble retains all that fine development of thigh ; but has lost that very gutty over-topped look he used to have, and become very much darker in his coat. Neasham was all alive, and he ought to do a good deal for the half-breds in that part, while he is biding his *Racing Calendar* time. What a cross he would be for Cleveland mares ; and it will be strange if Black Doctor, now that he has really got a chance, does not become the Abraham of a long line of black or brown cobs. Perhaps he may be a little short in the quarter, and his fore legs were not like that below the knees, when Job on Louis Napoleon, and Charley Marlow on Aaron Smith, each beat him a head in his maiden week at Manchester. Alas ! they remember the day when he worked like a galley slave to set John Osborne fairly on his Turf legs, before Lambton, Exact, Brandy Face. Lord Alfred and all that lot issued forth from the Ashgill "School of Industry." His top is something quite unique ; and his height is a little beyond what we thought it was, viz., about fifteen two, which is considerably more than his little grandsire's. Mr. Blenkiron bought him by the merest chance, at Tattersall's last October, sadly out of sorts, and merely for a teaser. Newmarket, and Wilts, and the foreigners had turned up their noses at him, and he had run down the scale gradually from £800 in 1850, to 23 *gs*, and his new owner would have sold him, and did offer him for £50 at Newmarket the next day. However the offer was not accepted ; he improved so much, and so many inquiries came about him from owners of mares, that the water-cart cob was promoted to his original post, and thus B. D. is likely to find a resting-place at last, and get cobs for "elderly and timid gentlemen" to the end of the chapter.

Of other stud news, we have but little to add. Mowerina has not foaled to our knowledge ; and Miss Twickenham, heavy in foal to Orlando, will not foal till May the 12th, and has gone to Trumpett. The crack yearlings of the Althorp sale are said to be a colt by Cotherstone out of Polyxena, and a sister to Viscount Brignall, who ran so well last year ; and there is a very massive colt by the same sire out of Glenluce. Mr. Plummer is to replace old Alice Hawthorne's loss by her daughter Sweet Hawthorne, when she is out of training. Merryman, by Hobbie Noble, is, we are told, gone to be crossed with Exmoor ponies ; and old Sauey Boy has departed with Mr. Sykes to Chatsworth. Mr. Gulliver's Apollo by Pyrrhus the First, and two or three others, have been added to the Indian sires at Willesden Paddocks, which we spoke of last month. The number of candidates Mr. Phillips has been invited to inspect is something fabulous. Up to April 25th 47 foals had been dropped at Sledmere, of which 25 are colts and 22 fillies. Of these, 16 colts and 12 fillies are credited to Colsterdale, including two sets of twins, out of which two fillies survive ; and Daniel o' Rourke has 9 colts and 10 fillies, of which 10 are chesnuts, with half-sister to Odd Trick amongst them.

Mr. S. Pearce's studio, at 52, Queen Anne's-street, served to while away a spare hour for us on April 8th, which is, as far as artists are

concerned, the Royal Exhibition Evc. We drew the lobby and a greater part of the ante-room blank, and found little more than a bevy of Arctic voyagers; but with the agricultural division came men who have worn out many a scarlet in the service of the Oakley, and the Duke of Bedford at their head. There, too, was the print of the late Mr. Freeman Thomas, the master of the Southdown, full of Sussex association, with Pevensey Bay and the Martello towers of "the silver-coasted isle" in the back-ground. Still, owing perhaps to the fact of there being but one hound in it, this picture has always had less charms for us than any other of Mr. Pearce's numerous hunting works. That, on the contrary, of Mr. Foley Onslow, master of the Newent Harriers, with that nice easy seat and knowing cock of the hat, as he sits amongst his troupe of bass and tenors, many of them drafts from Earl Fitzhardinge, has always been a peculiar favourite. The majority of sketches in the next room consist of studies for the Oakley Hunt picture, which Mr. Pearce painted for Col. Higgins. The Colonel is there on the rat-tailed horse, and so are Major Macginnies, Lord Charles Russell, Captain Newland, Mr. H. Thornton, old Sam Whitbread on his strange-coloured chesnut, Mr. Magniac, Mr. Littledale on King, Mr. Bennet, and the Duke himself on his white Shamrock, busy in a little hound conversation with Mr. Arkwright. Of all likenesses there is nothing to beat George Beers on Cognac, a black horse which was in the hunt in poor Col. Hogg's time. George looks as fierce as if he had just worried and eaten a fox, and was still "breaking him up" in the spirit; but he most highly approves of his expression, and intends to bear off the picture some day. Dick Christian's visage in "Silk and Scarlet" is like a sucking dove's by comparison. Mr. Magniac was on Saddle, the horse which Mr. Phillimore bequeathed to him, and which he lent the Duke to train for so many matches; and a few slight sketches on the chimney, of the Badsworth Hunt and Cambridge-shire Hunt pictures, gently pave the way for the new hunting picture (eleven by eight and a-half), to wit, "The Master of the Ludlow." Mr. Pearce has adopted the maxim that "it is never easy to do well," and hence every accessory of it, down to the horn case, instead of being merely dashed in, is finished up with the highest care. Mr. Sitwell might well say of it at the presentation dinner, it "was such a speaking likeness that he only regretted it couldn't speak for him." His style is hit off just as he sits back in his saddle; and the only thing at all flashy about the picture is the unavoidable style in which his grey, a present or purchase from a friend in the Scotch Greys, will carry his "flag." Dorringham, Heroine, and Cruiser, a grey-faced veteran, are the leaders among the four or five couple of hounds round him, all of them as beautifully drawn and finished as the man and horse; while the hills behind fix the venue beyond all mistake. However, the first of May is here now, and our readers can see it with their own eyes, even if the high-art critics do pass it over contemptuously, as "some more dogs," or "a man with a moustache in a red coat," as is too often their pleasant practice.

Jack Hickman, the clever and popular ex-whip to Mr. Tailby, left the Leicester Infirmary three weeks ago, and the change of air to Brompton has produced even more than the benefit that his doctors hoped. His voice is gradually coming back, and there seems, humanly speaking, great hope that, with care and fine

weather, he may be permanently restored, although most probably not to his old profession. When he went into the infirmary, early in December, he was only 8st. 10lbs., but he has gradually gained flesh ever since, and the hospital fortnightly weighing test, which has told such a sad tale for many, placed him at 9st. 6lbs. on Saturday, or within a pound or two of his weight when in health. His illness began about twelve months last Christmas, and arose from his horse refusing Stanton Wyvile Brook, knocking him on to the opposite bank, and then blundering on to him. It struck him between the shoulders, and, bending his head violently back, injured his throat and tonsils with the strain. When he was helped on to the bank, one side of his face was completely black, and blind; and although strict medical care vamped him up for a time, a series of wet jackets in the autumn and winter brought on heavy cold, and when he reluctantly gave in, about the last week of November, his doctors thought very badly of him, and feared ultimate lung disease. At present he is in the "Duncombe Ward" of the Consumption Hospital; but he keeps up a good heart amid the painful scenes round him, which are sometimes cheered by an old friend dropping in, and trusts, quite as much for the sake of his wife and three little children (who have gone to their friends in Hampshire to abide the issue) as his own, that he may be in his favourite Leicestershire once more, next season—perhaps in the "Dick Christian line of business." He has met with very great kindness from his old masters the hunting men, and his own fraternity, since his illness, which came on when he was only 31, just when the most diligent attention, on the flags and in the field, for fourteen or fifteen seasons to a profession of which he was so fond and so justly proud, had entitled him to expect a horn of his own. He looked in at Tattersall's for a short time on Monday week, during the allotted two hours of hospital leave, but he was "so cut up at seeing all the old faces again," that he soon left, and did not even go near the hounds. He was born at Gloucester, and was entered under Harry Ayris for two seasons. From thence he went to Mr. John Storey and the Donnington for two more, under Boothroyd, and finished up the the season with Lord Gifford, when Dan Berkshire broke his leg. To this succeeded four seasons with Mr. Knight and the H.H., under Summers and Charles Roberts; three seasons with Captain Arkwright and the Oakley, partly under the late George Beers, jun., and then as kennel huntsman; and so on to Mr. Tailby and Jack Goddard, as first-whip for two-and-a-half seasons.

A goodly number of waifs and strays have come to hand, and among other changes we hear that Jack Morgan leaves the Southwold, to their great grief, and goes *vice* Merry to Lord Galway. It is not unlikely that Harry Tomblin, his first whip, may succeed him; and Stephen Goodall, brother to Will Goodall, who has left the Kildare Hounds, which he has hunted for eight or nine seasons, is not yet suited with a huntsman's place, to our knowledge. Nimrod Long, late first whip to The Belvoir, is engaged to Major Fletcher as kennel huntsman with The South Berks. Tom Rance, the premier whip of England, has retired from The Cheshire with a pension, after just a third of a century's honourable service under four masters and six huntsmen, without once wishing for promotion; Jack Jones, from Lord Henry Bentinck's, succeeds him, and James Wilson, late first whip to the Holderness takes

the place of the latter at Reepham. Joe Mason has retired from The Bedale, and a subscription is on foot to present him with a testimonial, in remembrance of many a good day, especially during the past season. The pack he sent to Quorn would have been a feather in any man's cap. Frank Goodall leaves The Oakley, where he has been kennel huntsman, to hunt Sir John Trollope's; and Tom Treadwell, late huntsman to The South Wilts, is not in commission at present. "Raby" Cox departs to the Meath; Tom Morgan has got the first whip's place at Mr. Villebois; and Humphrey Pierce, we are told, goes back to the West Kent. Nearly fifty masters of hounds and huntsmen (headed by Will Long, who has been quite an O. B. H. star of late) showed up at the Raby sale. The general opinion of the "Hunting Parliament" seemed to be, that the hounds were a rough lot, but that eight or ten couple might have been selected from them. Many of the lots were also spoiled, by the very old hounds that were put into them.

The *Milton* report of the season is as follows:—Hunted 20 weeks since November, and had six weeks cub hunting, and killed 35 brace of foxes in all. Twenty couple of young hounds have been put forward; and Earl Fitzwilliam (who brought his hounds up the country for a week towards the close of the season) has taken both the old and the young draft. The stallions of this season and date of entry are, Foreman (1854), Ferryman (1855), Rasselas (1855), Finisher (1856), Herod (1857), Bachelor, Bluecap, Monarch, Shiner, and Sportsman (1858), and Harbinger and Orpheus (1859). The season ended on Wednesday, and was altogether a satisfactory one, but the scent has not been so good since the frost as it was before. *The Quorn* have hunted 101 days, killed 36 brace, and run 19 brace to ground, an unfortunate end to some of their most brilliant runs. Villebois Autocrat, and Wynnstay Goblin are the visitors, and three couple of bitches travelled to Milton, and the rest have been put to Albert, Statesman, and Harper at home. Twenty couple of puppies are put forward, and as yet the young draft is not disposed of. The old draft has sailed for Ireland. Mr. Drake had the young *Belvoir* draft as usual, and there is said to be a good-looking entry by Singer, Sailor, Fairplay, Stormer, Lexicon, Trusty, &c. They have hunted 120 days, and killed 118 foxes. Mr. *Tailby's* hunted 63, and killed 34 brace (11 of them during cub hunting), and ran 27 brace to ground. The frost stopped them for six weeks, but on the whole it is one of the finest seasons seen in Leicestershire for nearly fifty years. The *Duke of Beaufort's* have not done hunting yet, so that we cannot give a return. Fifty-four couple of puppies came in, and the drafts went to Mr. Trederoft, Mr. Colemore, &c. Wrangler, Pleader, Fleecer, Ruler, Voyager, Trimbush, Contest, Comus, Harlequin, Harbinger, Bondsman, Finder, Toiler, Prodigal, and Brutus, are the home selections; and the *Belvoir* Chanticleer, and the Yarborough Prompter have come.

*The North Staffordshire* hunted 70 times, and were stopped six weeks by frost, killed 23½ brace, and ran 11 brace to ground. After the frost the sport was capital. Twenty-five couple of young hounds have come in, and there is a good entry of 15 couples, the Surrey Union and the Atherstone dividing the draft. The stallions are the Bramham Moor Grappler, and their own Furrier, Fairplay, Fencer, Statesman, Comus, and Marquis. *The Wynnstay* finished hunting in

their open country on the 6th, and had a most capital day in the Carden country on the 5th, from Captain Clutton's gorse, 1 h. 15 min., and killed at Malpas; the first 35 minutes of it tremendously fast. Three days in the hill country the next week brought the season to a close on the 13th. Since the frost, the sport had been especially good, and 46½ brace of foxes for 96 days is the return. Two dozen couple of puppies have been put forward, and promise to be a big, useful lot; but the distemper has been fearfully long and severe. Lord Portman got the draft of 20½ couple. Royal, Grappler, Nelson, and Guider, have been the studhounds, with Beaufort Rhoderick and Finder, and Quorn Statesman. *Sir Maurice Berkeley's* have hunted 118 days, killed 66 brace, and run 13 to ground. The Surrey Union, Craven, and Ledbury had the draft, and 20 couple of puppies are put forward. Worthy, Cromwell, Ottoman, Chieftain, Latimore, Cardinal, and Clinker, have been used, and Berkshire Bajazet, and a few bitches have been to the Duke of Beaufort's. *The Southwold* never had a finer season, and had 23 days cubbing to begin with, killing 9½ brace, and running 4 brace to ground. The regular season extended over 66 days, and resulted in 34½ brace killed, and 16 brace run to ground. Mr. Josslyn has got the draft, old and young. There is a strong entry of dog hounds, but only four couple of bitches; and Beaufort Foreman, Pytheley Helicon, and a hound or two from Belvoir and Broeklesby have been used.

The Pytheley wound up their season on Wednesday (April 24th), with the bitch pack at Rockingham, killing a fox after 35 minutes in the woods, and running another, like great guns, for 40 minutes over grass, only to lose it on the plough, which was in quite a dry-as-dust condition. The dog pack had a capital 40 minutes the day before, from Farming Wood Forest. Up to the frost the scent was about the best Charles Payne has known since he wore scarlet; still, taking the season throughout, they have not had what we may call "historical runs," but hard days, ten or eleven miles from point to point, and one Saturday they got over little short of 30 miles. The fields have been as wild as ever on the Wednesdays in the Kilworth and Stamford Hall country. Mr. Villiers resigns the mastership, which he has held for two seasons on his own account, and three years conjointly with Mr. Cust, on May morning, into the hands of Earl Spencer, and the 24 horses go up to Tattersall's. Nine or ten of them have done good service to Charles Payne, and more particularly The Poet and Traveller; while Greyhen, Loveden, Rover, Pineapple, Diana, Golden Pippin (particularly good), Fugleman, and Hotspur have also borne their part in the 74 days he has hunted between November 5th and April 25th. Some 39 brace killed and 14½ run to ground (and not one of them dug out since November 5th date) is the return, so that each day has produced its nose, and a fraction over. Cub-hunting began on August 15th (in the old Oakley days they got to work for a week or so in the middle of July) and resulted in 15 brace killed and 6½ to ground. Among the *notabilia* of the season we may mention that they have run the same fox, to the best of Payne's belief, four times, and he has never yet caught a glimpse of him. They found him either in Waterloo Gorse or Sunderland Wood, and he has always run the same line, and through precisely the same smews, crossing the railroad near Desborough, and to ground in Rushton Park. About a month ago they clashed with the Fitzwilliam in Oakley Purlicus, and ran to Boughton Wood, where they divided on three or



four foxes, Tom Sebright and Payne going away with one lot (which was oddly enough made up nearly half-and-half from each kennel), and running their fox to ground; and the four whips with the other, which was lost in Brigstock Parks. Tom was much delighted with his newly-found whip, and the packs were divided again at Brigstock. Luckily, it was the day for the dog pack, or a still more remarkable *enteinte cordiale* might have been established between Pytcheley and Milton, and an extempore hound book would have been in requisition.

The covers are to be well overhauled, under a committee consisting of Messrs. Villiers, Cust, Knightley, M.P., and Captain Clarke. Sir C. Isham's new cover, near Brixworth, has been run through; but did not hold it this season, as it is of such very recent date. The country is very full of old foxes, Bywell, Badby, Brigstock, and Nobottle Woods especially, and so is the East Haddon side. Crick has only been drawn blank once—the first time they went—and the runs in the Brigstock country this spring have been capital. Cubs are rather backward, and as yet very few litters have been reported, though a bitch and a little family of four arrived in a sack and a basket when we were there. They had been dug by mistake out of a rabbit-hole at the edge of the country, and were duly transported by Jack Fox into the interior.

Lord Spencer has, so far, got together a stud of ten for his servants next season, four or five of them purchased from the farmers. His lordship, who pounded all the Quorn field last month, and is therefore pretty certain to read the Riot Act with good effect on Wednesdays, purchased Red Tape (190 gs.) at Lord Gifford's sale, and two four-year-olds, by his Arab Omar Pasha from Annie and Gussie, are coming forward as well. The pack handed over to him by Mr. Villiers consists of 20 couple of dog-hounds, 23 couple of bitches, and about the same number of puppies. The large puppy-draft goes to France, and the smaller ones to Mr. Watson, of Ireland, &c. The old draft of six couple departed about a month since to Mr. White, of the Essex and Suffolk; and his lordship begins with a pack, both in work and look, well worthy of the old Althorp and Knightley days. There are no less than 25 couple of Pillager blood in it, principally through Prosper, who is the sire of some rare bitches. Old Trueman (by Trojan from Harmless), a very low-scented hound with good pace and bone, who ran tremendously jealous on the day of the clashing, has been used this season, and so have Gimcrack, Trickster, Comus, Sultan, Tamerlane, Solomon, and Finder; and three out of the fourteen couple of bitches have been put to Romeo (by Sutton's Rambler), and originally from Wynnstay. Tom Smith had him, and exchanged him for Helicon, whom Payne did not care to use, on account of the great amount of Pillager blood. Hotspur is, in fact, the only Helicon they have. Sultan is the fastest in the dog-pack, and is a good-looking hound, with the long features of the Fitzwilliam head, which he gets from Bluecap. Pelion, by Smith's Pensioner, has more work than looks about him; and Tamerlane's odd colour is a little against him. Sparkler, son of Pillager, can boast of four sons, of which Solomon is the best, and, like Romeo, if we remember rightly, on a short leg, and with great ribs. Poor Trojan was carrying his off fore-leg, as he had driven a thorn right through it, and the toes showed every symptom

of coming down. It is a sad pity, as, in spite of his being a little too big, he "went like a Queen's Plater" to the close. Comus is not so big as his sire; and when we saw Merlin adopt his usual mode of receiving strangers, by sitting up, we learned that his sire Monitor was the result of the Cæsarian operation. Five out of the eleven were thus saved from Princess, and sent out to quarters; but only Monitor was entered. Payne expects to send about 70 couple of puppies out this year, but Pliant has again disappointed him, and seems to take her cue from old Polyxena at Althorp, who has always been very troublesome this way. Truelove, Melody, Tel tale (of very fine substance, and sister to Trojan), Parasol, Magic, Tuneful, the racing Hasty, Gossamer by Jasper (who can come clean away from the pack, when a fox is sinking), Rhapsody, Fancy, Fairmaid, Crafty, and two more Comus sisters, are among the much enduring victims of the "Wednesday meet," and we must not forget the one-eyed Blissful, who is specially kept for the sake of some Trickster puppies. She is quite grey with age, and will pass to the Happy Gorses as soon as her pups are taken from her. Partial was down pupping when we were there, and six black and whites by Trickster were the result.

Midnight died last spring, pupping 14 to the same dog; seven of them were kept, and the crack bitch of the puppy entry bore her name. Among the rest of the 15 couple of bitch entries, were a capital quartet by Prompter from Captive, a granddaughter of Burton Contest. Three of them had a strong blue tinge (which has come out a good deal this year) in their tan, and of these we perhaps like Paragon best, while Primrose, of the true old black-and-tan seemed the best of them all. Timely was of very fine size and substance, Modish had very sweet character, and Sparkler, half-brother to Pillager, was well represented by Songstress and Speedwell. Rally, by Rallywood, from Pensive by Pillager, was a rare combination of the Belvoir and the Pychley blood, full of length and quality; and Trueman and Truemaids, although rather nearly allied, had produced a remarkable couple in Toilet and Trywell, the former more compact, but not with the same fine liberty about the neck. On the whole, the bitch puppies were the pets of the kennel, and bred throughout with great substance. The dog-puppies numbered eight couple, and high up among them, and only spoilt by his curious yellow white colour, was Governor, who will be, if we mistake not, a sire in his turn. He entered himself this season over the Hemplow Hills, and went three or four miles, till condition told, and, finding himself a little out of his latitude, he departed for home. Granby had great bone and moved remarkably well, but his head was slightly against him. The Cup dog of the lot was Merryman, brother to Midnight, and with him came Marquis, who has quite the Jack Sheppard knack of climbing walls which no hound ever scaled before, and ran about the country for a good fortnight lately, after breaking prison at Brixworth. Plunder was rather too big, Playmate was good, and but for the odd curl in his stern, which even a two-inch dock will hardly abate, Pillager son of Prompter, and grandson of the old dog, is right worthy of his honourable name.

And so, with a glance at the very handsome Testimonial card, which hangs duly framed and glazed in Charles Payne's snuggery, and a word with Will Derry, who wears right well, and would enjoy a renewal of his memorable ride without stirrups most amazingly, we brought a very pleasant morning to a close.

GEMMA DI VERGY,  
AND THE BEAUTIES OF MAMHEAD.

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BY CASTOR.

The beauties of Mamhead are susceptible of an infinito variety of interpretation. The House—the Grounds—the Church—the Gardens—the view from here, and the quiet nook there—have each their own peculiar charm and attraction. One pilgrim will seek the upland path that leads him to the famous yew-tree in which the parson found a pulpit, and under it his congregation due shelter, while the pretty little kirk itself was repairing. Another would pause on his way before the hardy handsome ilex, rejoicing as when we saw them in the welcome sunshine of a spring morning. The more courteous visitor might make his first call at the mansion, and command “the situation” at a glance, as new beauties broke upon him at every turn—the lovely landscape lying before him, stretching on to Exmouth in the distance, and promising more and more for the yet unravelled riches of Devon. The very drive through the tall straight firs, as they throw their solemn shade athwart you, is something to remember, and at the moment something more to suggest. The Pines, the Oaks, the Elms, grandly though they grow, have still scarcely the glory of the Magnolia terrace; never, perhaps, in more matured splendour than during only last autumn. But we come alas! in a few short months’ time to be only too late. The terrible winter, that spent its force in vain against the wiry highlander and stalwart evergreen, wreaked all his vengeance on the petted pride of the nursery, and left that wondrous walk a dry shattered ruin of dead sticks. Quickly and discreetly does their hapless guardian turn us away to a pine-apple that he really hopes to ripen “by Tuesday,” and with better heart does he talk of a flower or two of orange blossom that he is jealously keeping for the same eventful day. And so we stroll on through vineries and conservatories, till we reach once more the undulating open, and echo, with the Goth of a husband, “Well, Polly, it may be picturesque enough, but I should like to know how the deuce you are to ride over it!”

And are these the beauties of Mamhead? Was it for this we turned our gaze from Powderham, when we stopped, like the first swallow of the season, at the little Star-cross station? Shall we go armed like sturdy tourist with handy book and curious pack, to “do” the home of Sir Lydston? Shall we wander on from hill to dale, through darkening ride or winding path, a sight-seeing stranger out for a holiday? Nay! hold thy hand, good driver! draw rein in this hollow; for we care not to go further. Our guide-book is a *sheet-calendar*, the most beautiful “bit” in all yon domain a loose box with a race-horse inside it; while as to botany, if you will have it, all our knowledge of the science turns to a plant brought from Melbourne, and grafted on to the

B B

Sweet-pea. We are told it flourishes hereabouts ; though those conventional cockneys talk of nothing, when they get back, but the yew, and the ilex, and the Exe—as if they had ever seen the beauties of Mamhead !

But we will, if you please, Mr. M'Kairnan ; for, like the clod when he went to be married, we came “a’ purpose.” And so we step out at the Stud farm, and in the next minute or so we are by the side of Masaniello, a horse Sir Lydston very handsomely gives his tenantry the service of. He is by The Hero out of Ignorance, the dam of Ignoramus, by The Little Known ; and it is not much to say for him, that he is a great deal better-looking than his sire—the meanest, most “hackish” good race-horse we almost ever remember. The son takes after him in colour, and is in some other points a flattering likeness of his father, but he gets size and substance from the dam, and promises to fill out and furnish into a useful country stallion. Still, this was scarcely what we came out to see, though we hesitate ere we dare pass the threshold of the companion-box. For here, as we feel, too surely shall we find the equo ne credite, Teucris—the donum exitiale Minervæ—the fatal horse, that so far would seem to have had a kind of curse hanging over his fortunes. His breeder yet lives and thrives, as we trust his present owner long may. Let us then say that Gemma di Vergy enjoys a peaceful home at last in that sweet sheltered vale ; but what an eventful life has it been between those two eras of his birth at Olton, and his manhood at Mamhead ! When the murderer Palmer was awaiting his trial and his fate, his thoughts centred far more on “the Lurley colt” than himself :—

“ Let me but see my favourite fancy win,  
Once more behold the public taken in,  
And then content I die.”

But—

“ ‘Forbear,’ stern Death replies,  
‘No more oppose irrevocable fate,  
Impatient Satan claims his intimate.’ ”

And the Lurley colt was knocked down at the sale of Palmer’s horses in January, 1856, for 105 gs., at which price he went into Joseph Dawson’s stable. There was no registry of fictitious names in those times, and Gemma di Vergy ran through his first season and on afterwards as Mr. Bond’s, Mr. Hope’s, Mr. Robson’s, Mr. Woodhall’s, or Mr. Craven’s. However, let it be under any title that might, the cloud still hung over him, Mr. Charley Coghlan having the common credit of being the horse’s owner. A bill of sale, a burst of tears, and a scene or two in the Insolvent Court severed this connection, and after being hawked about at Tattersall’s, Gemma di Vergy became the property of Lord Waterford at 800 gs. Need we say how soon afterwards the poor Marquis broke his neck from a fall when coming home with his hounds, or dwell on the sale at Curraghmore ? Here the great horse of the catalogue was knocked down at £1050 to Mr. Hamilton of Roundwood, who went out of his mind almost immediately afterwards ; while the death of Mr. Turner, the auctioneer, followed as shortly, and Gemma di Vergy passed by other agency into the hands of Sir Lydston Newman for 1010 gs. The paddocks at Mamhead were not then built, and the son of Sir Hercules stood for his first season at Stockwell, whence he was removed

just in time, as difficulties and distrainers came to haunt the long-cherished home of the old stockinger. The death-warrant—the bill of sale—the fatal accident—the raving madman, or the man in possession—where shall we lay the scene? In Newgate, the Insolvent Court, or the lunatic asylum? Rather let us draw the curtain over these harsh memories, and pourtray Gemma di Vergy as when we last saw him blooming in his box in the happy valley. The spell of the cruel Fairy is broken at last! Fly she must from such a promised land as this, as the Good Genius of the sylvan scene waves her wand over the brown horse's head, telling him of better times, of gallant sons and graceful daughters, that shall build for him a fairer fame and a more honourable reward.

Never had a really good horse so poor a chance as Gemma di Vergy. From the day he was put into work, to the time he was taken out of it, he was continually in difficulties, and his repute as a race-horse can never be judged by his performances, good as even some of these were. Luckily, however, he has not felt his misfortunes, and now at seven years old he is one of the very handsoimest horses in England. Standing something over sixteen hands, he is so beautifully proportioned, so well put together, and so thoroughly furnished, as to give one more the idea of "a big little horse," than one reaching to his actual height. But this is the case with all animals of anything like perfect symmetry, and Gemma di Vergy is very near perfection. He begins admirably with that great test in any scale of points, a handsome, clean, bloodlike head—taking a deal after that of his sire—with a kindly expression of the eye that tells truly enough of his excellent temper. He has a fine well-laid shoulder, with rare girth, measuring six feet four inches and-a-half, and a good round barrel. But better still are his broad back and slashing quarters, so "bloody" and yet so powerful, running into strong muscular thighs, and capital clean hocks and legs. He has plenty of bone, taking nearly nine inches round below the knee; while he has long, racing, elastic pasterns, beautifully fitted into a good wholesome foot. Had his tail been only set on an inch or so higher, Gemma di Vergy might have boasted of the finest quarters of any horse alive, and as it is, there can be few to beat him. Indeed, as a thoroughbred horse calculated to get "the sound and stout" we do not know his superior, and if he were ours he should certainly go for the Royal hundred at Leeds. His temper here would be still in his favour, in travelling, and on the Show ground. If anything, he only walked out of his box a little too calmly, though, as we shall have to show hereafter, he has plenty of courage in the stud, and his produce tell such a story as hardly any other young stallion can own to. Gemma di Vergy, however, like many of the most amiable of us, has his peculiarities, and he is evidently a restless horse when left to himself. He lives, in fact, in a padded box, and is said at one time to have been an inveterate weaver, a trick of which he was cured by continually supplying him with sacks stuffed with litter. He amused himself by pulling these to pieces, and being so employed forgot the habit that so many high-conditioned horses, like the sham-sick lady at Bath with the waters, take to in "mere wantonness." Gemma di Vergy's restlessness, however, may be traced back in the family. Wanderer, the sire of Peri his grandam, was always on the move, or in some mischief or other. He would carry the clean straw

out of his box into the yard, and turn on the cock that let the water into his trough with his teeth, and so overflow the whole place. When Nimrod saw him at Petworth, "he had not been known to lie down in his box for six years," but as the same celebrated writer adds, "he was one of the finest animals of his kind, and a capital racer at high weights and long distances, and the sire and grandsire of several good race-horses. In fact, he was exactly the sort of horse that England ought to have to *perpetuate the good properties of the animal, and for other purposes than racing.*" This was written of Wanderer more than twenty years ago, but this is "just the sort of horse" we are crying out for now. His grandson is another of just the sort, and if Sir Lydston Newman will take our advice, he will enter Gemma di Vergy for the Royal Agricultural Society's premium at Leeds in July next.

So much for good looks. Let us now go on to prove Gemma di Vergy one of the best-bred horses in the Stud Book. He was bred by Mr. Richard Taylor, then of Olton House, near Solihull, but now of Manuel Hall, King's Norton, near Birmingham. Foaled in 1854, he was got by Sir Hercules, out of Snowdrop, by Heron, her dam Fairy, by Filho da Puta, out of Britannia, by Orville.

Sir Hercules, born in Ireland in 1827, was by Whalebone, out of Peri, by Wanderer, her dam Thalestris, by Alexander, out of Rival, by Sir Peter. Like his son, Sir Hercules never had fair play as a race-horse, and there is little doubt but that he was made safe for the St. Leger, though he still ran third in a field of nineteen to such good horses as Rowton and Voltaire. But it is as a stallion that Sir Hercules is especially famous, and well do we remember when old Weatherley (by no means to be confounded with the Messrs. Weatherley) was descending over his budding honours. When we saw the hope of the family, the then home-trained Coronation, win his maiden race at Oxford, and a brown filly hauling away at "the Vicar," in a lilac jacket and red sleeves, we were wont to watch with all the eager anxiety of hope and youth. And the promise duly developed with the Hydra, the Corsair, Cruiskeen, Birdcatcher, Faugh-a-Ballagh, Hyllus, Robert de Gorham, that wonderful horse over a country, Discount, and no end of an *et cetera* in England and Ireland—Gunboat and Gemma di Vergy being the two strongest props of his old age. Sir Hercules died in 1855.

Snowdrop, bred by Mr. Fowler in 1843, never ran, having met with an accident when in training; nor, with the exception of Lurley and Gemma di Vergy, have any of her numerous family done very much upon the turf. She dropped a colt foal this spring to Stockwell, that died when two days old; and the mare has since been served by Ethelbert. She is still in the possession of Mr. Taylor, who sold Gemma di Vergy, a few days after he was dropped, to Palmer for 200 gs., the latter at the same time entering into an agreement to take all the mare's produce. Although now quite a dowager, Snowdrop is said to be looking wonderfully fresh and well.

Whalebone—and Orville—Sir Peter—and Heron, a son of Buzard, by Castrel—the more we study Gemma di Vergy's pedigree, the more we like the good staying blood in it, while he himself was a rare game horse, with a fine turn of speed to back his stoutness. At two years old they brought him out no less than eighteen times, of

which he won twelve and a-half. His opening race, as Mr. Bond's br. c. by Sir Hercules, was for the Althorp, at Northampton, where he was not placed to the clipping Madame Clicquot. Next at Ascot, still without a name, but as Mr. Hope's, Fordham, landed him by a head over Perfume for the Fernhill, with three others behind them. In the same week he ran second to Theodora for the Great Western Stakes; and next at Worcester, now duly christened, he beat Oakball and some others for the Two-year-old Stakes. At Nottingham he walked over for and divided the Bunney Park with Remedy; and at Chelmsford won the Brentwood. At Marlborough he beat another rough lot of young ones; and at Reading scored twice—beating Black Tommy and half-a-dozen others on the first day, and Zaidee with three more on the second. Barbarity got within a head of him, at 9lb. in her favour, at Abingdon, with six others, all placed. At Warwick he threw doublets again, beating M.D. for the Castle Park, and walking over for the Avon. At Derby he had no trouble with Odd Trick and Oakball; but at Doncaster, Tournament beat him a length for the Eglinton, and in an hour afterwards Blink Bonny, Adamas, and Skirmisher all finished before him in another close set-to. At Bedford, Tournament again beat him, but by a neck only; while at Newmarket, for the Second October, he landed a fifty for "Mr. Walker," against half-a-dozen others; and at Warwick won the Castle Park, giving lots of weight in a field of a dozen—a tolerably good year's work for a two-year-old.

Gemma di Vergy was in none of the great races next year; but he made up for the omission in other ways, coming out eleven times. At Warwick he ran Fisherman to a length for the Trial, being the better favourite of the two. At Northampton he won the Whittlebury and the Racing Stakes, beating in the latter St. Giles and Sir Colin. At Newmarket Craven he overcame Lord Nelson and another in a fifty-guinea sweepstakes; and at Chester beat Drumour, Fisherman, Vandermulin, and Melissa for the Trial. He was not placed for the Cup on the next day; but on the Friday again beat Fisherman, a head, for the Eaton. At Epsom, in the Craven, Blue Jacket had a neck the better of him; and at Ascot, Skirmisher beat him a length and a half for the Cup. Still this was one of the best races Gemma di Vergy ever ran, as the field was large and good. By his gameness he just beat another handsome horse, Saunterer, a head for second, with Polestar fourth, and Leamington, Rogerthorpe, Woolwich, Pretty Boy, Winkfield, and others in the ruck. He only just got up, and it looked a certainty from the Stand that the little horse must be second. At Goodwood, ridden by Alderott, he had a bad fall in the Cup, and never came out again during the season. Indeed, Gemma di Vergy never shone again as a race-horse, only running four times at four years old, and without winning. At Chester he ran third to Pensioner for the Wynnstay Handicap, and a bad second to Fisherman in a match for Her Majesty's Plate. He was nowhere in Zuyder Zee's race for the Craven at Epsom, and after a long rest not placed for the Great Ebor at York, won by Védette, giving Gemma di Vergy eleven pounds, both of the same year. In fact, the latter was either not done justice to in his preparation, or had lost his form, and when French took his saddle off him, either ill-fortune or

good judgment settled that he should never run again. In the horse's best day, Kendall or Hughes generally had the mount.

But it is not as a race-horse that Gemma di Vergy's name will live, for in our mind's eye he has already proved his worth as a stallion. Never have we seen such a lot of foals by the same horse as we did in our morning stroll through the Mamhead Paddocks a week or two since. There was no need of M'Kairnan at our elbow, for you could mark down every one of them. Let the mare be what she might, the produce came with the same good lean head and brown muzzle, the grand quarters, fine thighs, and big clean hocks. In fact, so far they all throw to him; while the chief anxiety at the time of our visit was as to what would come from Prioress, with her time nearly up, or over. This game bit of stuff is now dropping a little to her leg, but in other respects she has the same wiry, over-worked look as when in training. The two other mares purchased by Sir Lydston of Mr. Ten Broeck have foaled—The Belle, a filly already christened "The Belle of the Season," and Olympias, a colt. They are great, fine, roomy mares; but the young people are striking likenesses of their sire, and it is hard to choose between them, they are both so good. Like another Pharaoh, Mr. Ten Broeck by the conditions of the deal claims them as "the first-born," and we can well congratulate him on his bargain. Then Madame Cliequot, another great banging mare, whose short pasterns hardly answer for the speed she showed, has a foal with all the Sir Hercules' points, and especially noticeable for its immense bone; while Botany, herself the best-looking dame of the Haras, has thrown such a filly as is alone well worth the journey down, or up afterwards to the Brick House Farm. Such style and such power—the bloodlike head—the fine shoulders—and again and again, ever better still the next time you see them—those rare quarters, thighs, and hocks. Her action, too, is superb, and barring accidents this filly must grow into "something." Great care, however, is necessary, for the mare is very wild, and, when we saw her, could not be trusted out of her box or the farmyard. We, though, have more liberty, and so let us get back again to those fresh well-watered paddocks where the grass comes green and thick when it will not grow even in other parts hereabouts, where the tall firs have been turned to "available" purposes in building the best of sheds and boxes, and where in one short revolving year a really perfect breeding establishment has been completed and furnished. The mares, now numbering somewhere about twenty-five, include, beyond those already referred to, a Teddington mare out of Canary by Birdcatcher, with a filly at her foot; the blind Deceptive, by Venison, the dam of Weather-bound, with a colt foal, a little "off" when we saw him; a great powerful Melbourne mare, better known as Ralpho's dam, with a colt taking all after the horse, and consequently with far more style than the mother; and Columbine, a coarsish cross-bred Irish mare, with a very fine filly that luckily again bears strongly the imprimatur of Gemma di Vergy, who answers for the produce of the four. Then, by right of seniority, there should come Repartee (the dam of Bon-mot), now nineteen years old, with her sweet head and bloodlike character; but, unfortunately, she broke last season to the brown, and her foal is by Masaniello. Little Marie Wilton has also thrown her first foal to the chesnut horse, and it is only fair to say that he promises to be better than either



of his parents. A very good-looking mare, Petticoat, by Pantaloon out of Rifleman's dam, bought in Ireland last summer, has missed to Artillery ; but she has a yearling by the same horse, that, if not not fit for better things, is of the very stamp of a first-flight Leicestershire hunter. The neat Sneer has a colt by King Tom, bearing about him a strong taste of the Harkaway ; and the yet "prettier" Medal, a clever colt to Loup Garou ; while Comedy's ever breeding begins to look hopeless, and Lady Blanche, by Epirus, has unluckily slipped her foal to Gemma di Vergy. Mainstay has had an accident, and we did not see her ; and Margaret, an "odd" lot, "away on the hill," was scarcely worth ferreting out. In the more recent purchases are Hurry Scurry (Precursor's dam) ; Carlotta, by Orlando ; and Lady Audrey, by Pantaloon ; and taking the test by what we saw, there are very few even middling ones amongst them. The grey Irish mare lacks style, going back as she does to the "coach-horse" Tarrare ; Marie Wilton wants size ; and old Margaret, about worn out when picked up in the neighbourhood, can hardly keep company with such noble dames as Botany, Madame Clicquot (whose name has been injudiciously changed to Forget-me-not), The Belle, Olympias, Repartee, Mainbrace, Prioress, and Petticoat. The produce of these mares will show such a sample of yearlings by next spring as perhaps no other young stud of the same standing has ever been able to offer.

As it is, a lot of eight yearlings will come this season to Tattersall's on the Monday after the Derby ; but the world must by no means judge by these of what the Mamhead stud can or will do. The pride of them, however, is a fine long-striding filly, Lurline, by Gemma di Vergy, out of Repartee ; not quite so like the horse as many of the foals, but still with the clean head, good back, and great square hocks, and rare liberty in her action. Grouped with her in the same paddock were three other fillies--the pick, *Devoniensis*, by Fandango, out of the Melbourne mare, a little short, but wonderfully like her sire, and with a deal of substance ; while she has the further credit of being an own sister to the flying Ballerino, a fact that is sure to tell at the hammer. Then, side by side with her, was the Gardener's Daughter, by Teddington, out of Botany, a stylish filly that has not been doing quite so well as the others ; and Quickstep, a Vandyke filly, out of the Teddington mare. There is another plainish colt out of Madame Clicquot, by Vandyke, the first stallion Sir Lydston ever had, and that unluckily, or luckily, broke his leg a season or two since. He was a Flying Dutchman horse ; and the Days made some fuss over him at Ascot, when the sweet-going Sedbury drew away from them over the New Mile. A Sweetmeat colt, called Newfoundland, out of an own sister to Promised Land, both from his pedigree and his appearance should make money, for he is a fine-topped, blood-like looking colt ; but the "gem" of this year's "entry," in the way of good looks, is "The Count ;" although, say it we must, but the model of a handsome park hack ; while he, no doubt, gets much of this fashion from his sire, Count Batthyany's Arab. As a set off to him, the grey steeple-chase mare has a curious-coloured colt by Cannobie, with one of the sourest heads we ever saw ; and it is extraordinary to note how much Gemma di Vergy has improved upon it in the handsome filly foal the same mare has now by him. It will be gathered that, on the whole,

we do not estimate the Mamhead yearlings of 'sixty-one so *very* highly ; and, indeed, we question whether there should have been any set sale at all this season. The stud had not got into fair working order, and but little proof will come of it of what such a horse as Gemma di Vergy will do for it. The taste of him, however, has already been enough, and his subscription is full, the Royal stud sending *two* mares, one of which, The Deformed, has now a yearling filly to him, very highly spoken of.

And now we really must go, despite the old Captain and the *two* thorough-bred mares he is sending to Masaniello, or the caution he is quoting over Mat Dawson's Lord of the Isles colt—the flashiest young gentleman, with his light coat and his white heels, in all these parts, where a much more sober fashion is running on brown muzzles and black legs. Only hark to what the Captain has to say of him !

“ *Four* white feet—sell him soon away.  
*Three* white feet—keep him not a day ;  
*Two* white feet—swap him to a friend ;  
*One* white foot—keep him to his end.”

But they will make tourists of us, after all ; although really, my friend, we know Devonshire very well as it is—have dawdled away a day at Dawlish—have lounged over the Strand at Teignmouth—tried hard to breathe, walk, and talk at Torquay, and drawn the Hoe at Plymouth. But still, in South Devon, farther south, and a little more off the line, Sir Lydston, we hear, has another seat, as famous in its way for its site and its beauties. And we wake up in a moment—What ! another Gemma di Vergy ? More Botany to study, and other American plants to look at ? Let us go, by all manner of means. And we 'scape Dawlish, Newton, and Totnes, to be embarked by the next morning on the ever-sacred waters of Slapton Lea—that sweet home of the wild fowl, where the duck breed, the moor-hen dive, and the teal in all immunity sail lazily round the ever-quivering float of the fisherman. Where the perch fairly tire your arm out, and pike as long and as strong as shark go for speed in their set-to with the lusty troller. Where, at the Sands Hotel, Mr. Rolfe's sketches hold high places, and grateful visitors testify in every variety of mood and metre, how

“ As they took their cup of tea  
 They sung the praise of Slapton Lea ;

Or,

O'er their glass of eau-de-vie  
 Tell all they did in Slapton Lea.”

As, again,

“ The pounds of fish they all had collared,  
 And how they fared with Mr. Pollard—  
 What lots of lush and prog they swaller'd  
 Under the roof of Mr. Pollard.”

And so on. But there is a smack of other beauties more after our own hearts, even in this cozy retreat of the jolly angler, and very hot-house of the privileged hunter. The young farmer who makes believe he is going to show us a long-wool comes accidentally across a Metal two-year-old ; and there are rumours that, though Sir Lyd-

ston may not be down till the autumn, "the great Handicapper," as they reverently speak of him, is come into the neighbourhood. Then, with a kindness and courtesy, for which we cannot be too grateful, Sir Henry Scale draws banks and braes full of thick lying—of the primrose and the violet—with the hope of finding us a fox. But bold reynard alone is unkind, and we must so be content with a glance over the gallant master's small wiry sort of hound—the very thing for the country—and a hear-say history of the run they had the other day with their afternoon fox, who went right on to the moor, and was pulled down handsomely in the evening, but with no one near to worry him save a keeper that "see'em coming," and none else to tell the tale but "TALLY-HO," who went as far as he could and dreamed the rest. And here, by the old Roman camp, we lose the last flush of "the red coats," as they draw for home in the gay sunshine with the mechanical method of men and hounds who have made up their minds for a blank day, and are only threading the primroses as a mere matter of form. But we will find yet, though, and are soon hard on the line of the handicapper who has been viewed away towards Dorsley, his point being evidently for Cholwell. A holloa here says he has "not been gone ten minutes;" but it is getting late, and if he *did* face the moor, we might think with "TALLY-HO!" of what is to become of us? So we end as we began, in studying that noblest of animals, the thorough-bred horse; and Mr. Watson parades Hungerford, still looking, as the housemaid said of her sweetheart, "quite the gentleman," and as neat and as shapely as when we last saw him run for the Epsom cup. His pedigree, by John o'Groat, out of a Sadler mare, is a capital nick of speed and stoutness, while Hungerford himself could last and "wear" for ever. We never saw a horse who has done so much that shows so little mark of it. With him there stands old Vulcan, an established favourite with the Devonshire farmers; and Cleveland Shortlegs, wonderfully fresh and active, the best and *hardest* Cleveland that ever came South. These, though, are old acquaintances in *the Magazine*, and we can say but little more than "How d' ye do?" and "Good bye!" as we turn once more for town—thinking whether it were better to have spent those two glorious days amongst the "pubs" and "legs" at Epsom, or in the less exciting scenes of South Devon. An old friend of ours, a capital judge and a walking Stud Book, often said he would rather see his own young things at play in the paddock than the finest race that ever was run. This may be carrying the notion to the utmost, but there is an indescribable charm about the picture, as the grand old mare comes up to rub her nose on your arm by way of a welcome, and a Gemma di Vergy marches by, with all the air of the young hero that he is. You will put him in the Derby of course, and spare one week from home to go and see him win it!

## THE COURSING SEASON.

[*Concluded.*]

Bad as the weather was, the Caledonian Champion Cup formed a very worthy companion to the Waterloo on whose model it is framed. However, only 56 entered the lists, of which 30 belonged to the E., and 26 to the S. "division." The first ties, strange to say, made matters even between the two countries: the second bowled out all the Scotch dogs, save five; after the third, Cameronian and Picton were their only champions; and the fourth was fatal to the pair, and left Blacberry, Bellingham Lass, Gizelle, and Ravensworth to fight out the £175, £52 10s., and the £17 10s. honours. Old Bedlamite came to the fore at last, with Mr. Bell's Blacberry; and Lord Grey de Wilton ran up with Gizelle, by Junta from Debonnaire. Kingwater only won his first course, and just lost his second with Picton; while Hobbie Bird was beaten in his first, and so were Baffler, Oscar, and Cazzarina. Nearly a fourth of the runners were Jacobites. Two Scotch dogs—Diana Vernon and Baffler, both by this celebrated sire—divided the Abingdon Purse; and his Bella Mars (E.) beat Forty-six by Beacon (S.) for the Plate; and thus, as far as number of prizes went, things were nicely balanced. Blacberry won the Carmichael thirty-two-dog stake last year at the Caledonian, and ran as she did then, with great pace, endurance, and fire. Hares were especially weak on the first day; and not one of the thirty-seven slipped at escaped. The Upper Annandale Club held their meeting a few days before, near Moffat. Mr. William Sharpe, the Race Secretary of the Caledonian Hunt, won the Puppy Stake with his Deaf Burke by King Lear. Scotland had yet another meeting at Biggar, before it could leave its favourite sport; and Mr. D. W. Brown had the felicity of winning his four courses off the reel, in the first ties for the Biggar Club Champion Collar, with Buscar, Bernard, Black Hawk, and Bessie Anderson; while the two sisters to Canaradzo, Hostility and Harvest Home, were respectively put out at the fourth and first ties. Mr. Borron's three were not lucky, Banner Brave running best; and Mr. D. W. Brown eventually divided the stake with his Bessie Anderson by Sackcloth, and his Buscar by Bedlamite. And thus ended the 1860-61 season. Mr. Ridge's sale at Aldridge's went off well, and seven lots realized 20 gs. or upwards. Ned by King Lear from Jardine's Ladylike (40 gs.) was the top price, and then came two brood bitches, Hamot Dalton by Black Dalton from Euxine (29 gs.), and Miss Hannah by Sam from Toll Wife (25 gs.). Two fawn or red saplings by Jeffrey from Norah made 28 gs. and 23 gs., and Miss Hannah's litter of four by Jeffrey averaged 15 gs. Sunbeam and Seagull were also sold in Cumberland with the furniture and carriages at Captain Spencer's, and the former was knocked down at £13, and the latter at £21.

## FROM THE THAMES TO THE NEVA.

BY LINTON.

## No. III.—WINTER.

We took leave of our friends, when enjoying the comparatively, cool evening breezes to be found, and found only, as far as shade is concerned, amid the pleasant drives on the islands at St. Petersburg. All the *beau-monde* from and about the capital, Russians together with strangers, and travellers appeared to be then and there assembled, ostensibly for the same purpose—to cool themselves, see, and be seen ; but, in truth, they appeared to me to be seeking these ends in a variety of strange modes, for the most part in direct opposition to the object desired to be attained. Thus we passed innumerable Russian officers, old and young generals, and subalterns, for the most part decorated and top-coated—on the one part doubtless or some gallant action unknown to the public generally, as on the other I imagine for their sins—dashing along in private and public droskys, at the risk of their own lives and of those of all they chanced to meet—a strange mode of cooling or observing, I take it, yet successfully practised in the Russian capital. Then came the stranger or traveller, somewhat exhausted from the heat and exertion of the morning, at a slower pace, desirous to make the most out of the roubles, to any amount charged, for his evening drive, and, as far as he was permitted, obtaining an occasional glimpse of those who whirled past. Unfortunately, even the fair sex, or rather their coachmen, doubtless by order, are given to this un-Christian and inelegant system of furious driving. Whether the Russian ladies are good-looking or not I will therefore not presume to assert, as all I obtained was an occasional glimpse of a pink or sea-green bonnet, said to be of the last Parisian fashion, from that French Paradise of crinolines and champagne frappée—that love of a city, in the estimation of the Russian nobility—yet doubtless made in the Nevoisky, and paid for in proportion to the name of the Paris artist pasted in the crown.

At length, however, we gained the favoured gathering-place of fashionable resort, and, doing as others did, halted for the nonce. It was at this point of the city's environs, I am told, when Napier, having sharpened his cutlass, came to take Cronstadt, which he did not take, and to sup at the winter palace, where he did not sup, at least for many months after, that all the world Russian, which means the nobility unto the twentieth degree, were wont to meet day after day, not to see the sun go down, but signals fly up to the mast-heads of the British men-of-war. There they assembled day after day, smoked their cigarettes, cut jokes on Charlie and his cutlasses, and then went home to tea in tumblers, more smoke and scandal, vowing that Cronstadt was impregnable, and Charlie a braggadocio. That he never anchored, looked languished, and sailed home again, is an historical fact. What he might have done but for the shallow water of the Neva, and the shallow heads

of the Admiralty—at least so he appears to have considered them—is a mystery not solved up to the year 1861, whatever it may be in future ages. One fact is very certain: things were not then, and are not now such as they were and are represented to be. And the gay crowds who were wont to assemble on that selfsame spot of which I now write—some to flirt and intrigue and fool away their time as they now do, others to smoke, and others to discuss the events of the war—by no means felt themselves at ease, even though miles beyond the range of the longest ranged gun subsequently invented, and withal hard by the city of the Czar, into which to retreat. The *why* is a simple tale well known to every Russian subject of the capital who can read or write—has eyes to see and ears to hear. Cronstadt, at that selfsame period, was in no state of defence, save that defence afforded it by Providence from the shallow waters of the Neva; ammunition they had little, and a portion of what they had was stone, not iron. The forts were in ill condition, the guns few and out of repair, and the men prepared to use them, according to their own account, to use a plain English word, in a most unpleasant “funk.” Indeed, with mine own ears I have heard a Russian subject assert that when the English fleet was in the offing, the Emperor himself starting, by the light of the moon, on board a gun-boat, ran bang into the harbour of Cronstadt one night after supper, hoisted English colours, and fired a blank shot, when half the sailors who manned the ships in the harbour bolted straight into the calm waters of the Neva, and swam on shore. The story does not tell well; but Russians are good swimmers, and I believe it to be a fact.

However, in all justice to the Grand Duke Constantine, who has some naval experience, and is gaining as much more as possible, the Russian fleet then a myth, though small, is now in a comparative state of efficiency. The forts of Cronstadt have been greatly strengthened and added to, and the shot are real shot, the cannons serviceable guns, and if perchance the brave admiral, for brave was he, had lived to attack Cronstadt once more, he would find his supper eaten ere he reached the city of the Czar. But this spot, where men, women, and children of high, and I was about to say, of low degree, but I should be in error, congregate at even-tide, is a pleasant place much frequented by diplomatists, and secretaries, and attachés from every European court, polished-booted and French-hatted, with officers spurred and decorated, and ladies plumed and crinolineed, who discuss the merits of the last opera or the last *faux pas* (there are a great many in the Russian capital), and the telegram, and innumerable falsehoods—pardon me, little eccentricities—are handed about, and cigarettes innumerable smoked. In the meantime the glorious sun of northern summer goes late to rest, a far more glorious sight than all that man can offer, and the idlers go home cooler than they came, amid the chilly mists which arise from the neighbouring swamps, for the islands are a swamp *de facto*, converted by artificial means into pleasant parks and gardens, and day-light, which seems scarce ever to have left, breaks once more, flashing and blazing, on the gilded minarets and domes of the vast city, and we return to the Boldero Arms, and once more resign ourselves to a heated couch, and our noses to the persecution of a host of unsleeping Russian flies.

But the scene is now changed, the heat of summer is past, the blue-

bottles have departed—where, I know not ; the autumn blasts and autumn rains and muds and drizzlings are over ; I stand once more in the saloon of the *Boldere Arms* ; how I got there again I shall hereafter relate ; suffice I was there in the saloon, not on the balcony : certainly not ; it was divided from me by double windows, and no end of felt, which lined and kept out the smallest particle of air which attempted to intrude. Warm I still was, made so by innumerable stoves, heated like ovens. I looked on what was heretofore the blue and flowing Neva, and now beheld a highway of snow and ice, on which droskys converted into sledges fled past with arrows' flight, and all the going and coming in accordance with this world's ways in a large and populaced city was being carried on as if a deep and rapid river had never flowed, or was not still stagnant beneath the living throng. Smothered in furs and every possible clothing to secure the body warm without doors, half suffocated with stove-heat to keep the body hot within doors, such is the winter existence in the capital of Russia ; and as I stood there, where a few short months previously I had stood before, I felt, and felt truly, that of all the countries and capitals in Europe to which pleasure or duty may have called me, and I believe there is not one I have not visited, Russia offers the greatest contrast of persons and things—climate decidedly included.

Of persons there are two classes—nobles and serfs ; of things, extravagance and luxury, wealth, vice, and despotism and cruelty, gaming and trickery on the one hand ; on the other, poverty, misery, slavery, patient endurance, drunkenness, and superstition ; not that the superstition is confined to the serfs—far from it. It stalks abroad, on the massive church-doors and walls, it exists at home over the side-board, in each corner of the house. Yet Russia is a splendid empire, unpopulated, uncivilized, yet formed by nature to be what it is not ; but what under God and just and liberal rule it still may be, if it will be—a land, if not fair to look on, spite of its climate, a land of milk and honey, peaceful, powerful, and grand.

Not a cloud rests on the azure Winter sky, not a breath stirs the air of heaven ; and while I look without, and contrast the strange picture of Winter time with that engraven on my memory of Summer, and feel so warm, while all without the double window appears so frozen, I am inclined to put on my hat and gloves, take my stick, and trudge as we do in old England, in a thick shooting-jacket, and take a constitutional, to prepare for the turkey and Oxford sausages sent by some liberal friend, or a cod's head and oyster sauce, or any similar Winter delicacy, to get an appetite in fact, as if I had not one already. I make up my mind I will do so ; the sun shines brightly, why not ? I order a bottle of English porter ; if there be porter made in any other nation, I never saw it. The porter requires warning ere it is imbibed. Miss Benson, senior, enters the saloon. I mention my perambulating intentions. She sprinkles my face with the water of wisdom—good advice. I awake from my dream, and listen with dismay.

“ Walk in that dress ! Do you forget you are in Russia ? Do you wish to kill yourself ? Take my word for it, you will return with your nose or ears frost-bitten in ten minutes.”

I listen to reason. My nose and ears are still, and ever have been, in a happy state of convalescence.

"What a country to exist in!" I exclaim; "frozen in Winter, broiled in Summer, drowned in Autumn, mud-smothered in Spring." Do you require to purchase a hauble worth ten pence, it always costs a rouble, value three-and-twopence; but then a rouble in Russia is as a shilling in the precious land we live in, said by foreigners to be the dearest in the world, an assertion I utterly deny and ignore. More: all the money is dirty scraps of paper, and no one has, or will give change; even for change of these dirty notes, in your own hotel, six per cent. discount is requested. You wish for a new shirt, or a pair of boots, or a piece of soap, or a button-hook, order your shirt or your boots; they may be sent home in a month, or never, and when they do come home they will cost you double what they would in Regent-street, and not be half so good. Money there appears to be none, and yet all appear to have it; and every one with a decent coat on his back—and many with a very indecent one—ride at all times, and everywhere. Walking appears not to be a part of a Russian education. I have heard in my boyhood the old saying, "If wishes were horses how beggars would ride!" On my life, I believe wishes are droskys in the Russian capital, for beggars do ride.

You have received some attention or courtesy, which you desire to return. You ask your esteemed acquaintance, a captain of the Chevalier Guard, named Schertapkanof; also one of the cornets, or Prince Gatitzenoff, of whom I fancy there are a thousand, to dinner; and Jones, an English merchant, a most hospitable countryman, to whose beef and English mustard you have been often welcome, to meet them. You select a French café as the only dineable place in the city; you give orders for a liberal dinner, leaving the selection of the eatables to the maitre d'hotel, who assures you all things shall be *en règle*, champagne well-iced, and so forth. To ask Russians to dinner, and not give them champagne, as you would cider to a Devonshire haymaker, would at once prove your ignorance of all civilized society. At seven to a minute, you proceed to the appointed place of gastronomical indulgence; your appetite is keen, your hopes of a sensual gratification satisfactory. Jones arrives in a white tie, the Prince twisting his moustaches, and the captain uniformed, spurred, and armed with a long sword, the saddle and bridle happily left at home. We commence with some indifferent oysters, which calls to my recollection, that oysters are considered so great a luxury in St. Petersburg, that a most hospitable and wealthy gentleman once apologized to his guest for not giving them at a dinner party, inasmuch as they cost a rouble each. In fact, where oysters are sold, which is only at the first-rate green-grocers, or Italian warehouses, a large shell is nailed to the door, to attract the passer by. I wonder a few ship-loads are not sent from England ere the navigation closes. I have serious thoughts of trying the speculation. Our indifferent oysters, and some execrable chablis, are followed by some still more execrable soup, *à la Russe* or *à la diable*, as far as I could judge. Then come various dishes, goodish and indifferent, in fact, on or about the dinner you could get at a second-rate Parisian restaurant, at five francs a head; the champagne alone being good,



and well-iced, and three bottles of porter: the Russians are much given to that wholesome beverage; and the repast terminates with bad coffee, and worse cigarettes. The Prince and Jones, and the Chevalier guard, and your humble servant, being carefully wrapped in furs, go forth to drink tea with the Countess of Hickamdoeff, then and there to be baked alive, or stewed, and bored to death.

Previous to leaving the café, I request the purveyor of the feast to send my bill of the repast to the Boldero Arms. At 10 a.m. the following morning ten a.m. strikes on the clock of St. Isaac. Lo! a knock at my door. "Come in!" I fancy it is my bath or my boot-cleaner; for I persist in matutinal ablutions, even in Russian winter time, though I have been compelled to explain to my worthy attendant, that the sons of England take matutinal baths to refresh—not to wash themselves, and therefore eschew hot-water. But no, it is a *billet-doux*—an invite or assignation—with Princess or Countess—to *chy\** and cigarettes. Alas! no; none such agreeable demand to light my pipe with, but the account of my yesterday's hospitality in the capital of all the Russias. Alas! Jones—those oysters. The recollection of your white tie sticks in my throttle. The Chevalier Guard's long sword. Why did I not cut the rascally French restaurants throat with it? I looked at the sum total of my bill—43 roubles 32 copecks. Had he been within my reach, assuredly the 32 copecks would have gone down his throat—£6 9s. 6d., exclusive of the copecks, for a vile dinner and stale oysters. What a country to live in! And yet I never yet met a Russian who, while, on the one part, he did not exclaim with enthusiasm on the delights of Paris, and at times of England, who did not, on the other, consider Petersburg the capital *par excellence* of the world, and who did not return there with unchanged delight.

In my next and last chapter I shall give a few more brief details of life in the North.

I warn my readers, however, that I have not the slightest intention of opening to them the portals of the Winter Palace, or the Hermitage, or even the Wooden Cabin that Peter built, though I confess it was the most interesting relic of Russian history, till superstition laid its grasp on it, and converted that which was the commencement of its nation's greatness into a toy-shop of images and baubles. Moreover, guide books will tell them of the room in which Nicholas, of Crimean renown, breathed his last; and doubtless minutely describe the size and form of the bed on which he died, and the old military cloak thereon, which he used as a dressing-gown—for everything is military in Russia—and of his one tooth-brush, and old walking-stick and boots, and, of course, his spurs; for whoever saw a Russian officer without them, whether in a ball-room or on board a gun-boat? What I have to relate is simply facts as they now are, and people as I saw them in this year 1861. Of what they were I have little to say; of what I hope they may become, perhaps less—save in the earnest desire that the well-known liberal and Christian spirit of him who rules the land may not be allowed to rest untold or unacted on, as do most things in Russia, even to the paving and draining of the

\* Russian for tea.

capital, and that many may live to see that vast empire the progressible and peaceful home of its still half-savage and but recently enslaved people. The so-called emancipation of the serfs must, however, be placed on a far different footing than at present to secure so desirable an end.

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"THE MEMORY OF THE PAST."

ENGRAVED BY T. S. ENGLEHEART, FROM A PAINTING BY E. CORBET.

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"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

"There is oftentimes," says Nimrod, "as much pleasure in looking back as forward; and a lively recollection of the persons and performances of some of our first-rate sportsmen contributes to the cheerfulness of many of my passing hours." In our plate we give an old, blind, worn-out hunter, who has fallen into the hands of gipsies, and the companionship of the dull ass, suddenly put into an ecstasy of delight by a lively recollection of the memory of the past, produced by the ringing echo of the huntsman's horn and the cry of hounds in full chase.

Often have we, when gazing on the mighty fallen, gallant Lottery, the leary old Carlow, and the stout venerable Vanguard reduced to chains and the dung-cart, hoped and fancied, by the working of their ears, intelligent eyes, and varmint old tails, that they were musing and solacing themselves with the memory of the past, and reminiscences of glorious deeds performed in the congenial fellowship of a Mason, a Little, or an Oliver. Lottery, during the dinner-hour, as we were told by the carter, once hearing the harriers not far distant, pricked up his ears, hopped over the fence into the lane with all the ease of former days, and joined the merry little pack, not with his old companion in victory on his back, but with a set of cart-harness, chains, and the spreader dangling over his loins.

Horses and hounds enjoy hunting as much as we do ourselves, and no doubt have their reminiscences also. We were much amused one evening in the smoking-room of an inn in Bedfordshire, with a fox-hound slumbering on the hearth-rug, and going again, by the way he gave tongue, through some brushing run, in days long vanished, from Knotting Fox or Kempston Wood. Tom Moore must surely have been thinking of fox-hunting, and not of the splendid misery at the Hollands—for which, though he flew to the world dear Bessy from thee, to whistle for his breakfast and sing for his supper—when he warbled:

"When time, who steals our hours away,  
 Shall steal our pleasures too,  
 The memory of the past will stay,  
 And half our joys renew."

## I N S I D E    T H E    B A R .

## CHAP. IV.—TOM TURNBULL.

The hasty departure of Mr. Naggett seemed to produce a corresponding effect of drowsiness on Miss Lushington—an unusual weakness, to which I am bound to admit she was by no means subject. Like the Roman vestals, she never seemed tempted to quit her post, nor desirous of flinching from the duty of keeping alive the sacred fire, represented in her sanctuary by a blazing heap of coals through the day, and a jet of gas continually flaring from a pipe above the tap during the small hours towards morning. Now, however, she yawned most unreservedly, and hinted freely on the propriety of “shutting up for the night.” Perhaps, after the departure of the flash butcher, everything seemed by comparison tame and insipid. As I shall not have occasion to refer to Mr. Naggett again, I may here mention that as soon as I was able to move about, I *did* go to inspect the famous horse by Flatcatcher, out of Sly Puss, by Mousetrap, and found him a good-looking animal enough. Large, strong, well-bred, and a fine goer, with many hunting-like qualities about him; but, on the other hand, by no means likely to emerge blameless from the ordeal of a veterinary surgeon’s examination, being indeed a little suspicious in one eye, very queer about the hocks, and with a curious catch in his windpipe, which Mr. Naggett triumphantly quoted as a proof of the excellence of his lungs, but which to my fancy seemed uncommon like the respiration of a prospective whistler.

I need hardly observe that I declined the proprietorship of this high-bred animal upon any terms whatever, although I was offered him as a *swap*, as a contingent reversion, and as a temporary investment: nay, so anxious was Mr. Naggett to accommodate me, and so liberal in his professions, that I was compelled to decline very strenuously the purchase of him at a considerable reduction on his original price, with half the money down, and my bill at three months for the remainder.

Though I have often seen Mr. Naggett in the hunting field, and have partaken of many excellent joints, both prime beef and Southdown mutton, of his purveying, this was the conclusion of my dealings with him in horseflesh, and the termination of our somewhat unexpected intimacy.

“Drat it!” exclaimed Miss Lushington, as I lit a bedroom candle, and she herself prepared to collect her different effects, such as keys, scissors, workbox, and thimble, preparatory to retiring for the night, “it’s never over here, it isn’t! One down, t’other come on! I did think I’d have had my hair in curl-papers to-night before one o’clock,” she added coquettishly, smoothing down the glossy bands that encircled her fair forehead; “but goodness gracious me! Old friends is welcome in season, and out of season! If it isn’t Mr. Turnbull!”

So warm a greeting, from a lady of Miss Lushington’s self-control, impelled me to put down my chamber-candlestick and study with some curiosity the manners and appearance of the new arrival. On his first entrance he was so completely enshrouded and enveloped in a top-coat,

a shawl handkerchief, and a round low-crowned hat, that I could perceive nothing of him but his boots. These, however, were sufficiently characteristic. Strong, round-toed, and with deep mahogany tops, fastened up round the knee with the old-fashioned string, they harmonized well with the double-Bedford-cord breeches, of which they formed the appropriate termination. As their owner, unwinding himself gradually from the coils of his shawl, and emerging from his drab top-coat, stood at last conspicuous in the full glare of the gas-light, I could not help thinking that a man might travel through a long summer's day, without meeting so fine a specimen of the real British yeoman as Mr. Turnbull.

I like the round-cropped bullet-head that you never see out of our own little island. I like the fresh healthy colour, that deepens, instead of fading, with age, and the burly thick-set form, square and substantial as a tower, deriving its solid proportions from a good English ancestry, "men of mould," since the days of Robin Hood, and its vigour from good English beef and floods of nut-brown ale. These are the sort of men that kept the green wood in merry Nottinghamshire, and bore back the chivalry of Europe at Agincourt, Crecy, and Poitiers. These are the sort of men that would turn the tide of an invasion to-day, shoulder to shoulder in their dim grey ranks, handling the rifle as deftly as their fathers did the bow, yet impatient somewhat of long-bowls at five or six hundred yards, and longing withal to get to close quarters and try conclusions with the bayonet. When it comes to clash of steel, depend upon it "the weakest will go to the wall."

Five foot ten in his stockings. Fourteen stone, without an ounce of superfluous flesh upon his ribs, built in the mould of a Hercules, with a ruddy brown complexion and dark crisp hair, short, close curling and grizzled about the temples, for our friend is nearer fifty than forty. Tom Turnbull, as he is called at every fair, market, and cattle-show in three counties, nods good-humouredly to Miss Lushington, and gives a backward scrape of his foot in deference to myself.

"Glass of strong ale, if you please, Miss," says he, in cordial cheery tones, and holding it up to the light, tosses off the clear sparkling beverage, with a sigh of intense satisfaction. No wonder. Since a market-dinner at one o'clock, Tom Turnbull has ridden the best part of thirty miles. He has nine more to go before he reaches Apple-tree Farm, where he has succeeded Mr. Naggett (what a contrast!), and he will be out to-morrow morning at daybreak, looking after the ploughs, and taking perhaps a vigorous spell between the stilts himself. There is a good animal, however, waiting for him at the door, submitting impatiently to the caresses of the admiring ostler, and having had her own suck of gruel, looking wistfully round for her master, who she knows is never very long having a suck of *his*.

If you want to be thoroughly acquainted with your horse, to inspire him with that unreserved confidence which the animal is certainly capable of feeling in his master, ride him at night. An hour in the dark draws the bond of partnership tighter than a day in the sunshine. When you have made a journey or two together over bad roads, without a moon, you learn to depend upon each other thoroughly, and the animal will answer your hand and bend to your caresses with a willing promptitude he would never acquire by daylight. Tom Turnbull spends many an hour of darkness in the saddle, and except on one occasion,

when he took a short cut over some low fences, and tumbled neck-and-crop into an open culvert, breaking his own head and his horse's neck, has never met with what he calls an accident.

I fancy the old-fashioned highwaymen knew more about the sagacity and powers of their horses than any more respectable sportsmen of the modern times. They rode, as their business obliged them, continually by night; and the distances they accomplished were so marvellous, as to be incredible, had they not been attested by the most unimpeachable of evidence in the witness-box. Horses can see wonderfully well in the dark, and no doubt a man who was riding against time for an *alibi*, with so heavy a stake as his own life depending on his success, would be tolerably venturesome in his efforts to "get forward;" but yet, under the most favourable circumstances, it cannot but have proved hap-hazard work, jumping fences by moonlight; and what a good mare must poor Black Bess have been, when she started fresh on the North road for her journey to York!

In this one respect Tom Turnbull resembles Dick Turpin; the former, too, has a mare he rides long journeys by night, and for whose merits and reputation he entertains the profoundest respect. She is a lengthy, low, wiry, bay mare, with short, flat legs, clean and hard as iron. She rejoices in a lean, game head, with a curl not unlike a sneer above her nostrils, and a wild eye; also the long fine and rather lop ears, which belong to her high-born family. In the breeding of all stock Mr. Turnbull knows what he is about. If he wants a promising foal that shall grow into a couple of hundred pounds at five years old, he does not put an old worn-out mare, whose constitution and physical qualities are exhausted by hard work, to a fashionable stallion, and calmly expect the produce to excel the united excellences of sire and dam in the best days of both. On the contrary, he begins, as we humbly opine, at the right end. He gets a foal or two out of the young fresh mare before she commences work, instead of after she is incapable of it. The dam's functions are then in their highest state of vigour and redundancy; nor is it possible but that this must materially enhance the value of her offspring; and the infant is all the better, and the mother none the worse.

The Arabs, who are by no means behind-hand in their knowledge of horses, and whose every-day wants necessitate their bringing the animal to its highest state of perfection, at least as regards their own purposes, have established, as an incontestable maxim, that while the colt inherits "make and shape" from his sire, his inner qualities—if we may so call them—his mettle, speed, temper, and powers of endurance, come from his dam. None of us who have taken an interest in the rearing of young horses can have failed to observe the strong outward resemblance they usually bear to their sires. "How like the old horse!" is a remark one hears every day when looking at some dark-brown flyer by The Dutchman, or some commanding animal with extraordinary power and substance by Cotherstone; but we seldom see any striking resemblance to the dam, although, when some veteran sportsman is relating the feats of the "best he ever had in his life," whether hunter, hack, or trotter, he generally winds up with the observation, "He was as good as the old mare!" Now, the Arab ought to be a capital judge, and though by no means despising speed, endurance is the quality which he most values in his horse, and puts most frequently to the test. It is

no unusual feat for an Arab to ride a hundred miles a day for four days together, through the desert, carrying with him (no trifling addition to his own weight) the water that is to last him throughout his journeys, also the forage that must supply his steed, and the handful or two of pressed dates that shall serve to keep the rider alive till he reaches his destination. Now we have nothing of this sort in England, and, since the introduction of railroads, have indeed small occasion to prove the lasting qualities of our horses. The covert-hack of the present day is the animal that is required to prove his superiority to his stable companions, for he *may* be asked, by a master who likes to get his beauty-sleep after 8 a.m., to do his fifteen miles, with as many stone on his back, in five minutes over the hour—and this is exceedingly good going. Still, a summer's day's journey of eighty or ninety miles, with only one stoppage to bait for an hour or two, such as used to be frequently accomplished by jockeys and other locomotive individuals on the old-fashioned hackney of the last century, was a very different matter, and required in the performer not only perfect soundness of limbs and constitution, but a very true and even style of going, that gave every point and articulation fair play, and no excess of work above its due share. Such a fault in a horse as *hitting his legs* of course would have rendered him utterly useless before two-thirds of his task was accomplished.

It is feared that we shall lose altogether the breed of animal that is capable of such performances. For many years we have been studying to acquire increased *power*, and consequently *pace*, to the disregard of *stamina*. It stands to reason that the *larger* a horse is, *cæteris paribus*, the *faster* he can go; but it does not the least follow that his size shall enable him to *go on*. Doubtless the object for which we get into the saddle is *despatch*, and “the slows” is the worst disease our horse can be troubled with; nevertheless, there is a good old rule in mechanics which affirms “*nil violentum est perpetuum* ;” and if your engine is to go with the weight and *momentum* of an express train, you must calculate on a considerable expenditure of fuel, and great wear and tear on the nuts, screws, and fittings of the whole. Now, Nature, although the neatest and most finished of workers, will not submit herself to the laws of commensuration. She will not make you a model in *inches*, and supply you with a work on a corresponding scale in *feet*. It would seem as if she only issued a certain amount of stores in the aggregate, and if you are to get more iron, she gives you less steel; you shall have plenty of coke, but in return she stints you in oil. So, if the living creature she turns out for you on your estimate is to be very magnificent in its proportions, the chances are that it will either fail in activity, or be deficient in endurance.

We have now established half-mile races for our two year-olds, as, with some few exceptions, the most important events of our English turf—our very Derbys and St. Legers—are but a scramble of a dozen furlongs, with little more than the weight of a child on a *very* young horse's back. With all the foreing by which art strives to expel nature, in this instance, as Horace says, literally with a stable-fork,\* we cannot get an animal to its prime at three years old, who ought not to arrive at maturity till twice that age. Still we continue to breed more and more for a “turn of speed,” utterly regardless of endurance, till our famous

\* “*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*”

English race-horses have degenerated into such galloping "weeds," that I myself heard an excellent sportsman and high authority on such matters affirm, in discussing the "hounds-and-horses match, which was to have come off last October, that "he did not believe there was a horse at Newmarket that could get four miles *at all*—no, not if you trotted him every yard of the way!"

This, of course, was a jest; but, like many a random shaft pointed with a sarcasm and winged with a laugh, it struck not very far off the centre of the target. Even our hunters, too (and surely, if you want endurance in any animal alive, it is in a hunter), we are *improving*, year by year, into a sort of jumping camelopard. Where are the strong, deep-girthed horses on short legs of thirty years ago? horses that stood just under sixteen hands, and could carry sixteen stone. Look at what people call a first-class hunter now (and it must be admitted that, for the high price he commands in the market, he ought to be as near perfection as possible)! Look at him, as you may see him in fifty different specimens with the Pytchley or Quorn hounds, any hunting day throughout the winter! He is a bay or a brown—if the latter, more of a chocolate than a mottled, with white about his legs and nose. He stands sixteen-two at least, with much daylight underneath him. He has either a very long weak neck, with a neat head; or more often a good deal of front and throat, with a general bull-headed appearance, that conveys the idea of what sailors term "by the bows," and argues a tendency to hard pulling, which, to do him justice, he generally possesses. He has fine sloping shoulders, and can stride away in excellent form over a grass field, reaching out famously with his fore-legs, which, though long, are flat, clean, and good. Somehow you are rather disappointed with him when you get on his back. With no positive fault to find, you have yet an uncomfortable conviction that he does *not feel like it*; and, for all his commanding height, you are subjected to no irresistible temptation to "lark" him. When Mr. Coper asks you three hundred and takes "two-fifty," as he calls it, alleging the scarcity of horses, the excellence of this particular specimen, his own unbounded liberality, intense respect for yourself, and every other inducement that can mitigate the painful process of affixing your name to a cheque, you seem to give him your money without exactly knowing why; but when the new purchase *stops* with you in deep ground the first good-scenting day, after you have hustled him along honestly for two-and-twenty minutes, you think you *do* know why exactly; and, although you may be, and probably *are* disgusted, you cannot conscientiously admit that you are surprised.

I have not seen these sort of nags, though, in the Soakington country, I presume they all go to "The Shires;" and this brings me back, after a long digression, to Tom Turnbull and Apple-tree Farm.

There never was such a farm for coziness and comfort as that. Surrounded by an ugly though sporting-looking country, it possesses the only undulating fields for many miles round, and consequently boasts a view from a certain eminence called Ripley Rise, that commands half-a-dozen of the Earl's best fox-coverts, the distant towers of Castle-Cropper itself, and no less than seventeen church-steeples. There are stately old elms close to the dwelling-house, and a rich and plentiful orchard, from which it takes its name, adjoins a snug little walled garden, celebrated for the earliest summer fruit, and the best plums in the

district—thanks to the late Mr. Naggett, a far-seeing, shrewd, old agriculturist. Apple-tree Farm is a good deal better drained than most of the adjoining lands; consequently its acres of arable return a heavier produce, and its upland fields are more calculated for rearing young horses than any in the country.

Nothing gives a colt such a chance as a fine high and dry pasture, on a slope, where he can exercise himself in the practice of going up and down hill, unconsciously strengthening his hocks and acquiring liberty in his shoulders whilst he is at play.

Horses bred on uplands, too, have a far harder and sounder description of hoof than those that have been accustomed in youth to splash about in rank, marshy meadows; and, strange to say, their very coats are finer, and their whole appearance denotes higher blood than can be boasted by their own brothers, reared on lower grounds. Those who profess to be acquainted with the physiology of the horse, affirm that the produce of Arab stallions and mares, if suffered to breed in the rich wet marshes of Flanders, would, in half-a-dozen generations, without any sort of cross, and from the sheer influence of keep and climate, lose every trace of their noble origin. The Prophet himself would not recognise the dull-eyed, coarse-shaped, heavy-actioned progeny, for the lithe and fiery children of the Desert.

Here, then, Tom Turnbull breeds and rears many a good nag, taking care never to have above one or two at a time, so that sufficient attention may be devoted to the yearling, and, above all, that it may have plenty of keep.

The Arabs, to go eastward once more for our proverbs on this subject, have a saying, that "the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth," and it is incredible by those who have not watched the result, what improvement may be made in the animal by the very simple recipe of old oats and exercise, plenty of both; indeed, of the latter, in contradistinction to *work*, a young horse can hardly have too much. It is exercise that forms his shape, strengthens his joints, hardens his limbs, produces action, and clears his wind. All the time a young one is out, he is acquiring something—either how to use his legs, or to obey his bit, or to conform his inclinations to those of his master; whilst, even should he be standing still and unemployed, he is at least learning to see and hear, accustoming himself to sights and sounds, with which it is of the greatest advantage both to himself and his rider that he should be familiar. Also, it is far better for him to be breathing the cold outward air than the more luxurious atmosphere of his stable; and it is not too much to say, that a horse of three or four years old cannot be brought out too often, so long as you take care that he shall never go home the least bit fatigued.

Tom Turnbull begins handling the foals as soon as they are born. By the time they are weaned, he has accustomed them thoroughly to the halter; and although he never backs them till three years old, they have been bridled and saddled long before that period, and are so accustomed to the human form and face, and so confident no evil is intended them, that you may do almost anything you please with such willing and good-tempered pupils.

Consequently, there is none of that rearing, and plunging, and buck-jumping, which usually make the mounting of an unbroken colt such an affair of discomfort, not to say danger, to the two parties immediately



concerned. By the time Tom Turnbull has hoisted his fourteen stone of manhood on to his colt's back, the pupil is quite satisfied of the *bonâ fide* nature of the whole performance, and walks away with him as quietly as any elderly gentleman's cob who comes round to the door regularly every afternoon, for the sober and digestive exercise which elderly gentlemen are apt to affect.

Tom Turnbull, though he puts a strong bridle in his mouth, then takes his young friend lightly by the head, and proceeds to ride him leisurely about, as he overlooks his farm. There are, of course, many gates to open, and the horse in learning this very essential accomplishment, receives at the same time a valuable lesson in the *moral* virtues of patience and obedience. If he sees anything to alarm him, a scarecrow, an old man pulling turnips, or a sheep-trough on its beam ends (the latter, like all inverted objects, being much dreaded by the animal), he is not whipped, and spurred, and hurried by it in a manner that agitates his nerves for the rest of the day, but is coaxed and re-assured, and persuaded gently and by degrees to examine it for himself, and so discover its innocuous nature. The next time he observes the same bug-bear, he probably shies for fun, but that is a very different thing from shying for fear, and the same practice repeated will make him pass it the third or fourth time with no more notice than he would take of his own curry-comb. He is by this time getting accustomed to his rider's hand, and learned to put his head down, and toss the bit about his mouth, and is beginning to feel some confidence in his own activity, and a certain pleasure in doing what he is bid.

There are short cuts on Apple-tree Farm, like every other, which lead from field to field without going round by the gate. These entail the necessity of crossing certain gaps, which are periodically made up, and gradually destroyed again as the year goes round. Here the colt takes his first lesson in fencing. He is permitted to do the job exactly in his own way, without interference from his rider, except so far as a continual pressure of his legs warns the young one that it must be done somehow. Generally, after poking his nose all over it, and smelling every twig of the adjoining hedge, he walks solemnly into the very bottom of the ditch, and emerges somewhat precipitately on the further side: then his rider pats and makes much of him, as if he had done his work in the most scientific form possible. Thus encouraged, he tries next time to improve for himself, and soon jumps it standing, without an effort. Ere he has been ridden half-a-dozen times he will trot up to any ditch about the farm, and, breaking into a canter the last stride, bound over it like a deer, perhaps giving his head a shake and his hind-quarters a hoist on landing, in sheer exuberance of spirits at the fun. In this manner he soon learns to do the fences equally well; Tom Turnbull's plan being, in his own words, as follows: "First, little places at a walk, then at a trot, then at a canter, and then bustling of them off their legs to make them *quick*. After that, fair hunting fences the same way. To my mind, a hunter ought to jump upright places, such as walls and timber, at a slow trot; but he ought to be *able* to do them if required, at speed, not that I, for one, would ask him for that, except as a lesson. All fair fences he should do with a loose rein, at an easy canter."

But he is no theorist, my friend Mr. Turnbull. It is a treat to see him get away with the Castle Cropper hounds on a good scenting day and in a stiff country, say for instance the Soakington Lordship.

Though there is hard upon fifteen stone on his back, his horse seems to make no extra exertion, and though the rider keeps very close to the hounds, and follows no man, not even the Earl himself, he never appears to be out of a canter. How well he brings his horse (probably a five-year-old, who has done very little hunting, but has had plenty of practice, "shepherding," and consequently jumping over the farm), up to his leaps! How he screws him through the thick place under the tree, and hands him in-and-out of the blind double, as you would hand a lady into an outside car! When you come to the rails in the corner, which he trotted up to so quietly, and seemed to rise at with such deliberate ease, you are surprised to find a dip in front of them, a bad take-off, a ditch beyond, and a general uncompromising appearance about the timber, that makes you wish you were half-way across the next field, and "all were well."

If you mean to see the run to your own satisfaction, and belong to that numerous and respectable class of sportsmen who are unable to ride for themselves, you cannot do better than follow Tom Turnbull; and should you cross The Sludge, which in that district you will probably do more than once, you will acknowledge that it is a treat to see him get triumphantly over that obstacle where its sluggish waters are deepest, and its banks most treacherous and rotten.

But it is not for a man with a broken collar-bone and his arm in a sling, to call up such dreams of enjoyment as a quick thing across the Vale with the Castle Cropper hounds; so I took my chamber-candlestick once more, and wishing Miss Lushington a courteous "good night," which she returned with a gracious politeness, that would drive sleep for many an hour from the pillow of a younger and more inflammable swain, I shook Mr. Turnbull by the hand, and paused on my way to my dormitory to see him get into the saddle for his homeward ride.

"It's a very dark night," I remarked, as I watched him stuffing a well-filled note-case, the produce of his sale at to-day's market, into his breast-pocket. "I wonder you like to travel these bye-roads with all that money about you, and such a lot of 'roughs' hereabouts, always on the tramp."

Turnbull grinned, and taking me by the sound arm, pointed to the mare's head—

"They've tried that on, once before, sir," said he; "and within half-a-mile of the Haycock. Look ye here, sir! That's the way I done 'em that time: that's the way I'll do 'em again."

Following the direction of his glance, I saw that he had run his bridle (a single snaffle) through his throat-lash, so that no part of it when he mounted would hang below the mare's neck.

"There, sir," said he; "that's the way to keep 'em at out-fighting. When they tried it on, last winter, there was a pair on 'em. One chap he run out o' the hedge on the near side, and makes a grab at the reins. He didn't catch 'em though, but he caught something else, I expect, as he was'n't looking for, right across his wrist, fit to break his arm. He sung out, I can tell you, and bolted right off without waiting for his mate. T'other had gripped my right ankle at the same time, to give me a hoist out of the saddle; but you see, sir, I knowed the trick of it, and just let my leg double up at the knee quite easy, and came down upon his head with a back-hander, from a bit of stiek I had in my fist, that felled him like a bullock in the road. So I took him easy, and by

that means we got the other one in a day or two, and they were both transported. So that's the reason whenever I travel this way, I always run my reins through my throat-lash. I wish you good night, sir, and pleasant dreams, if so be as your arm will let you sleep!"

With these words Mr. Turnbull trotted off, and I betook myself leisurely to the privacy of my own room, and the tedium of a somewhat restless couch.

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## THE TURKISH BATH.

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Now just twelve months since, we were in the very midst of a discussion on the character of the thorough-bred horse. It was gravely asserted that he had deteriorated, and all sorts of recipes, including even an Act of Parliament, were suggested for his restoration. Amongst the more practical, however, of such panaceas were that he should carry heavier weights, run longer distances, and not be brought out or into work at so early an age. If we really wished to perpetuate the breed of the sound and the stout, to cultivate the race-horse, so that he might become more useful for other purposes, there might be something in such advice as this. But, as if by magic, with one wave of the pen, we arrive at a far easier solution of the difficulty. Horses must not carry heavier weights, must not take longer gallops; but if you want to get them into proper health and condition, you should train them in the Turkish Bath.

So says the Honourable Admiral Rous, a steward of the Jockey Club, and the very Eldon of Turf Law and Custom. It may be interesting to see how the gallant admiral achieves this satisfactory conclusion; and with this object we may dip into a paper (from *Bailey's Magazine*) that has not only appeared in most of the sporting journals, but even in the *Times* itself. "Of all animals in the world," then, says our author, "there are none better endowed by nature to endure the vicissitudes of climate than a horse. From the burning deserts of Arabia to the coldest regions of Europe, Asia, and America, they enjoy the most perfect health and vigour. Why are we, then, to treat them in this temperate clime like exotic plants?" In other words, as a common observer would naturally ask, Why put our horse into a Turkish Bath? Why subject him—why gradually habituate him in this temperate climate to one of the most artificial processes ever yet applied to either man or beast? If we take the system from that nation the name would imply, is there anything so superior in the muscle, the vigour, the activity, or courage of the Turk with his elaborate bath, to the Englishman with his simple cold-water plunge? But, if possible, let us confine ourselves to the question before us, and so learn how the plan is to be put into practice for training horses. "There was always a difficult problem to be solved, how is a trainer to prepare a horse to race—*alias* to get his inside clean, and his muscles in full vigour—without the assistance of strong purgatives, and galloping long distances under a weight of heavy woollen clothing? I do not

deny the necessity of giving horses the strongest exercise, wisely adapted to their age and condition. It is proved that you can lighten a horse's frame as well by the operation of a hot-air bath as by a four-mile sweat; and the question arises, which is the best practice to get them into condition? My belief is that a smart two-mile or a three-mile gallop, with the horse stripped, carrying a light weight, and a hot-air bath afterwards, is more beneficial to a horse's lungs, and, no doubt, to his legs and sinews, than a four-mile gallop under heavy clothes." Here we go off with the startling avowal that the long slow sweat, the very foundation of all real "condition," as hitherto understood, should be abandoned in favour of the sharp two-mile gallop, a means to an end that has, so far, ruined more horses than anything else. The metamorphosis, however, whereby the good becomes bad, and the bad good, is simply Admiral Rous' belief in the Turkish Bath. He proceeds to illustrate its efficacy by its action upon man—on the very man associated with the horse in the great issue for which they are both preparing. "Try it on a jockey; let him take his usual walk of nine miles under sweaters; and the next time walk half the distance, and then take a hot-air bath; I fancy he will find himself a lighter, a stronger, and a wiser man after the second process." Will he? With all submission, we very much doubt it. Does Admiral Rous seriously mean to say that a jockey who gets off his weight in a hot bath will be as good to contend with a resolute horse, as fit in strength and wind, as if he had laid on condition, and lost flesh in a long open-air tramp over heath and hill? Surely we should go on to say that a prize-fighter might be prepared in the same way! There has, indeed, been some such nonsense talked; but with a couple of anything like evenly matched men, we should not be very loath to lay odds over the two principles. What is condition or training but acquiring the power of endurance? and a jockey will need this nearly as much as a prize-fighter, and a race-horse as either. But, we have yet to learn that they will gain this *lasting* quality in a Turkish Bath. Armed with such an illustration, however, the Admiral goes on to make this extraordinary statement:—"After a hot-air bath a horse is fit and ready for any task." And for this great maxim, for the real virtue of this new principle, we have the *ipse dixit* of Admiral Rous, and little more. It was rumoured with curious pertinacity last season that Butterfly, the winner of the Oaks, had been trained by means of the Turkish Bath; but we were enabled to contradict this at the time, on the word of one of her owners, who assured us himself that the mare had never been in such a bath in her life. We are afraid there are but too many such modern instances flying about, of what the Bath has done, or what it is going to do.\* One of the next succeeding sen-

\* Like the mountebank's famous pill, the Turkish bath has already been recommended for "recovering all stray cattle;" and extraordinary were the reports and cures given out. In Ireland especially the effect was miraculous; but we heard the following speech as to the real merits of the thing at a dinner in Cork during last summer:—"Mr. Jefferyes did not think he would be doing his duty if he did not tell the meeting his experience of the Turkish bath for cattle. It was a good thing for the community that some one should sacrifice themselves for the benefit of the rest, and unfortunately in the case of this distemper he had been victimized in putting up a Turkish bath. A tenant of his had put up a Turkish bath for cattle, and he believed one cow recovered, but certainly two or three died in it, and he himself sent two cows there, both of which died. While he was absent his clerk took it upon himself, without authority, to put up a Turkish bath, at a cost of £26, and he

tences in the Admiral's letter has far more matter in it:—"I therefore pronounce the hot-air bath a most powerful and valuable auxiliary; with this assistance you may bring an infirm horse to the post which would break down in two orthodox four-mile sweats." Precisely so. If you want to train cripples and screws that you dare not put to face the long gallop and the heavy sweat, clap them by all means into the Turkish Bath. Bring them down fine in this wise, and then enter them for a T.Y.C. scurry, when most probably they will break down within two hundred yards of home, and winning of course. A very profitable business this! Still, fairplay is everything, and let us hear the Admiral out:—"With respect to the sound horses, why should not we try to keep them sound? Is not prevention better than cure? The Roman bath invigorates a horse's frame, gives increased action to his liver, improves his appetite, cleanses the pores of suppressed perspiration, and fortifies the skin from extreme heat and cold; the joints become more supple, the sinews more elastic, and the heart, lungs, and kidneys, being freed from fat, horses are able to take the strongest exercise, without suffering from internal fever. Rheumatism, sore shins, and cutaneous eruptions are speedily subdued by hot air. Under this system no horse ought to be exercised in heavy clothes. In my opinion, it is always objectionable to give a horse a sharp or very long gallop when he is clothed; and looking to hot air as an agent, we may keep our horses sound for thrice the estimated period of their present efficacy; the veterinary surgeon and the saddler will send in diminished bills; this will balance the expenses of the bath, and will save large sums of money to the proprietors of race-horses." All this is very pretty, but there is not an atom of proof in it. For rheumatism, sore shins, or cutaneous eruptions, a warm bath may possibly be a very good thing; but this is not quite all the art and mystery of training; while as for fitting a horse for the strongest exercise, we beg with all respect to doubt the promise until we see it performed, and to maintain that a sound horse—we have nothing to do with cripples in a great question like this—trained with long slow sweats and heavy clothes as the foundation, and with the rattling gallop in due season, is, and ever will be, in far better condition for his race than one prepared by short spins and Turkish baths. The very first item in this inventory of excellences is not to be trusted. The Roman bath does *not* invigorate

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believed that one had been inspected by Mr. Ball. He was certainly much surprised when he saw a report signed by Mr. Ball, for he had not been aware that anyone had been sent to inspect the bath, nor was the steward present, nor anyone authorized by him (Mr. Jefferyes) to go there. Dr. Baxter went there with those two gentlemen, and made inquiries from an ignorant man about the details; and they were told this, that, and the other thing. There was one part of the report which he (Mr. Jefferyes) was surprised how those gentlemen were able to swallow, namely, that a cow which was in the bath sick would be well next day, and would be turned out. His experience of the Turkish bath for three or four months was this, he had several cows attacked with distemper during that time. Four or five of those recovered without going near the bath; three or four died in the bath, and he had not a single recovery in the bath: consequently it was impossible to call it a remedy for the lung distemper. Mr. Forrest, a tenant of his, likewise sent two of his cattle into the bath, and both died; they were both young heifers, and the disease was taken at the outset: so that every fair-play was given. He did not, therefore, think that the Turkish bath was at all a remedy for pleuro-pneumonia; it was a perfect sham. If he had all his cows ill with the distemper, and a Turkish bath was within the distance of the post, he would not send one there."

a horse's frame—at least, if we may take what must be accepted as a far higher authority than even Admiral Rous on such a question. The *Lancet* distinctly states that “it must not be supposed, as he (the Admiral) assumes, that because the Turkish bath is an excellent means of aiding to sweat horses, and of treating them for various cutaneous and rheumatic disorders, that therefore it is a tonic agent of universal application, and devoid of injurious effects. The burden of evidence at present goes to prove that the Roman bath habitually or frequently used *is decidedly debilitating*, and experience has already shown that its effect on horses may be so severe as to kill them in the bath.” What, after this, shall we say of the false appetite engendered, the ability to take the strongest exercise, and so on, as *unde derivatur*?

But perhaps the most curious part of this very curious production is the continuation of the same article, in which some really sensible remarks are made upon the present system of training, the manifest deduction from which is a contradiction to the bath theory. As, for instance, “when a yearling comes into the stable fat and fleshy, instead of giving him extra slow work and keeping him out four hours, it saves a great deal of trouble to physic him well. Extra physic is less troublesome than extra work, and is supposed to be all the same thing in the end.” No; not quite so. This is put ironically; but, if what we have heard already be worth anything, there can be as little need of the four hours as the extra physic. My good Mr. Trainer, put the young one into the Turkish Bath—and *hey! presto!* the thing is done. Then, again, “you would imagine that during the height of summer the horses would be out at daybreak, when the dew makes the grass pleasant to their feet, and that the work would be over and the stables made up and horses fed by seven o'clock. Not at all. Instead of exercising their horses in the cool of the morning, and taking them out a second time at 6.30 p.m. to walk them for an hour, when the stables might be thoroughly cooled, the trainers consider it a more judicious plan to commence work at seven in the morning, and to keep the horses out till ten o'clock, frequently the hottest time in the day, before the breeze springs up. By this policy they evade the trouble of saddling their horses a second time.” This might have been all very well a month since. The plenty of walking—the long slow exercise, and so on—that is what we *did* think was the foundation of training. Some years since we began to prepare a horse of our own, that had to walk six miles along an old Roman road before he came to his galloping ground, and that another four miles with a hill to finish. When he went up to the trainer's the man was honest enough to admit that he had not a horse in his stable more fit. It was the long walk and the long slow gallop that had brought him into such admirable condition. But there can be no necessity for that trouble now. Knowing what we do by this, we should put him into the hot bath, rattle him two or three times round the home meadows, and lo! he would be fit to run for a man's life. We should be very sorry to see him running for ours, or our money either!

Then, the Admiral is minute in his directions as to not keeping a horse in impure air—for not keeping him too long without water—not to hurry a colt too much from breaking to galloping, and so on—points

often put before, but well put now, though they have really no more to do with horses taking Turkish Baths than they have with their taking photographs, or observations from the mast-head. Beyond this, "my training theory is that no race-horse should be clothed beyond a linen or a cotton sheet, either in the stable or at exercise, excepting during a cold winter, when a simple rug may be allowed both indoors and when his work is confined to a straw bed during a frost. The hot-air bath, by cleansing and opening the pores of the skin, restores its tone, and reinstates the animal in his original purity to despise the changes of the weather." How admirably simple all this is! No physic—no elaborate sweats—no saddler's bills—and, we had almost said, no trainers! Long walks and the Turkish Bath—sharp rattling gallops and the Turkish Bath—no clothes and the Turkish Bath—and we can really picture the gallant Admiral going to work and training a horse himself.

But simplicity is an acknowledged element of true greatness, and "for one hundred-and-fifty years there has been no progress, no improvement, in the training of race-horses." That is, when we see twenty or thirty three-year-old colts, "looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats," sent to the post for the Derby, we feel that they would have been brought out quite as fit a hundred-and-fifty years since! That is, when we see a two-year-old like Thormanby going from one end of the season to the other, and doing more work before he has turned this second year than his great grandsire did in a lifetime, we are bound to acknowledge the art of training of the race-horse has made no progress!! That is, when a clever fellow like Mr. Parr can keep a horse going on right up to the mark, day after day and week after week, for months together, we know there is nothing in all this but what our forefathers did quite as well!!! There may be conventional customs in the training stables. There are perhaps a few line-and-rule observances it would be as well to break through; but when a writer starts by saying that the training of race-horses is not better understood now than it was one hundred-and-fifty years ago, we may rest tolerably well assured where the prejudice is. It is not the art of training that is in fault, so much as the time the science is put into practice. Hundred of horses, as it is, are ruined before they come to be fit for their work. Do away with the two-year-old stakes and T.Y.C. spins, and there will not be a tithe of the cripples and injured innocents to put in the Turkish Bath. Many and many a good horse is thus condemned before his friends really know what he is worth, and often enough hopelessly. Still, occasionally a man like Mr. Parr will find out his excellence, and develop a cast-off two-year-old, as with Weathergage for instance, into a first-class race-horse. If the Admiral really wishes to put these conceited Newmarket people right, let him take them to Benhams, and give them a lesson or two from the varied experiences and common-sense deductions of "the Squire of Wantage," as he is called. His horses look a little rough in their coats at times. Even plaiting the mane will often go to upset a nervous horse; so Mr. Parr's come out with dishevelled locks, and, so far as mere conventional fashion may go, he may be said to have often outraged its ordinances; but not, we expect, in the vital principles of the art. Did Aimwell, Clothworker, Weathergage, Saucebox, Fisherman, and others get through their many a heavy week's work without the long

slow sweat, the dose of physic in due season, and so on? Prepare your horse well in the first instance—that is, get him into wind and muscle and good hard wearing flesh by the same process as you get him out of superfluous fat; and then be careful not to over-mark him—and nothing, as we take it, is likely to over-mark a horse so certainly as an extra-allowance of the Admiral's almost general recipe, "a smart two-mile gallop, with the horse stripped." That is, a sort of daily trial, until under the reinvigorating influence of the Turkish Bath the patient gets as slow and sore as a poster. But this, again, may be part and parcel of the far-famed American system, by which Umpire was so rapidly finished off last year, and sent up to run for the Derby, looking more like a hunted devil than an *English* race-horse. It was the short, sharp, and decisive system that settled him, and gave the sanguine Yankees, who brought over their dollars, so fine a sight for their money. What a pity that John Scott and William Butler will not profit by what they see!

Are not manias and shams quite as common in these days as prejudices and long-established precepts? And why should we give up practice until theory is proved to be better? Admiral Rous' argument is based merely on an *assumption*. There is actually little or nothing to support what he advances in reference to the Turkish bath as applicable to training horses. Can he name one horse in England that has been trained and tried by the system, as he puts it? Or is the Admiral only sanguine as the professional trainer is proverbially and becomingly cautious? What would his Grace the Duke of Bedford have said if Butler had swallowed the Admiral's bolus whole, and found it go the wrong way? Is it not our intention to prejudge the real uses of the Turkish Bath; but as an agent for training race-horses much of the argument in its favour appears to be opposed not only to the principles of common practice, but to the dictates of common sense.

The celebrated Samuel Chifney wrote a treatise in favour of riding the race-horse with a slack-rein, but no one could put this into practice but himself. Admiral Rous pens an essay on training the race-horse in a Turkish Bath, but we question whether the proof of this will ever even equal the accepted eccentricity of Genius Genuine.

## THE USE OF THE RIFLE.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### GLOBULAR, CONICAL, MINIE, AND ELONGATED BULLETS.

Globular bullets are now no longer used for rifles, except for short ranges. They answer very well for the "Pea rifle" for rook shooting and such like purposes, but for all purposes of sharp-shooting and long ranges, bullets of another form are to be preferred. Globular bullets cannot be relied on at distances of 300 yards and upwards.

Where accuracy and precision are required the conical-shaped bullet will be found infinitely superior to the globular-shape.

And, strange to say, it has been found, and proved to demonstration, that the conical ball requires less powder than the globular one; and,



for an 8-gauge rifle loaded with a *drachm* less of powder, as much effect could be done with the elongated conical bullet, as could be produced from the globular one with the extra drachm of powder.

Colonel Jacobs' 8-gauge rifle weighs about 15lbs., and fires a bullet of nearly 4oz. in weight.

This may appear a large size; but the fact must not be lost sight of, that for very long distances a heavy bullet is indispensably necessary. A small bore produces very feeble effect at such ranges as 800 and 1,000 yards; in fact, a rifle with a small bore is useless at those distances. The resistance of the air to the flight of the bullet is considerably increased or diminished according to the shape of the missile.

Colonel Jacobs says his experiments proved that "so much is the resistance of the air reduced by the shape of the ball, that No. 6 (his best approved conical-shaped bullet) being double the weight of No. 1 (a circular bullet with two bands round it), requires only one-half of its charge of powder!"

There is also this important consideration in regard to the shape of the bullet, viz., that the reduction in the resistance of air to projectiles, enables the practitioner to reduce the elevation required for long ranges.

The indefatigable Jacobs says, "The shells and balls are found to answer best when made quite flat at the large end, the cylindrical part being increased in length to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  diameters."

For these projectiles a short, stout barrel is required, with deep grooves and great twist.

Colonel Jacobs is also the inventor of the iron-pointed rifle-balls, and percussion rifle-shells; with reference to these formidable projectiles, he adds: "At Kurrachee, on the 29th September, 1856, a 24-gauge iron-pointed ball, with a charge of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  drachms of powder, was fired at twenty-five deal boards, each a little more than three-quarters of an inch thick, the whole thickness of all the boards being 20 inches; the boards were packed close one behind the other, and wedged fast into a box. The rifle was fired at 25 yards' range. The ball penetrated clean through the whole 25 planks, and buried itself its whole length in a block of hard wood  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, which was behind the mass of boards; breaking the block into two pieces."

Speaking of his percussion rifle-shells, which are so well known, he says, they "are the most formidable missile ever invented by man."

They are perfectly simple and safe in use, and when properly made cannot be injured by time or weather, and they range to the longest distance with an accuracy quite equal to that of the solid balls.

The minié ball, when first introduced, had many admirers, and was considered the most destructive projectile ever produced; but after long and patient trials, it has been found to fail. The iron cup, in many instances, used to be blown through the bullet, and thus a tube of lead was left firmly fixed in the barrel, and the rifle was then unserviceable until the obstruction was removed; and such was always a task of considerable difficulty.

The main objection, therefore, to the the minié ball is, that the hollow renders it likely to be blown into a tube, if much projectile force be suddenly applied to it. Colonel Jacobs recommends a slow-burning powder for the minié ball, and the barrel of the rifle for firing it need not be stout.

Robins' two great principles in regard to rifle-practice were, that "all projectiles should be of an elongated form, and that their centre of gravity should be thrown well forward."

It has often occurred to me that if cartridges for guns for wild-fowl shooting could be filled with carefully-arranged layers of *elongated shot*, the distance they would kill would be surprising. Having carefully considered the subject, I believe, that if faithfully constructed upon a plan I could suggest, a charge of elongated shot would kill with certainty at 100 or 150 yards' distance: and if so, they would be of immense advantage to sportsmen in the pursuit of wild-game and wild-fowl. I believe that cartridges might be made of elongated shot, in such a manner that they would kill at more than double the distance of those filled with globular shot. I see many obstacles and difficulties which might be suggested to my plans; though I believe, with ordinary ingenuity, they might all be overcome. Of course, the centre of gravity of each particle of shot must be thrown forward in the same manner as the conical bullet for the rifle. There is also this objection to elongated shot: they would terribly lacerate the game, if fired at any but very long ranges. But there would be less than half the number of pellets in the elongated shot-cartridge, to what there are in all shot-cartridges in use at the present day.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SIZE OF THE BULLET, LOADING WITH PATCHES, &c.

The bullet, of whatever shape or size, should fit the barrel of the rifle close, but not tight nor too easy. If too loose, the bullet will probably *strip*, that is, cut its way straight out of the barrel, instead of following in the spiral track of the grooves, like a well-fitted ball.

The range of a loose-fitting ball will also be less, by reason of windage and the loss of propellant force; and, as a natural result, accuracy cannot be obtained.

On the other hand, if the bullet be too large it will require much force to press it down, whereby it becomes distorted and misshapen, and perhaps jagged edges are produced; in which case accuracy is impossible; the bullet will be impeded in its course, and deviated from its true line by the atmospheric resistance acting irregularly on the protruding parts.

And besides, too, when the bullet fits very tightly, the difficulty and disadvantage of loading, under such circumstance, are serious objections.

It may be, that by decreasing the windage, a considerable increase of velocity is obtained; still it is of essential importance that the bullet should not fit so tightly as to require force to ram it home in the barrel.

Captain Boucher objects to the use of patches or paper, in loading, and prefers dipping the bullet half-way in a very hot mixture of two parts bee's-wax, one part soft soap, and one part tallow, or hog's lard, the refuse being previously carefully skimmed off. Before being dipped, he says the bullets should be warmed, because the cold lead chills the grease too suddenly, and so takes up too thick a coating; and as a natural result, it all peels off at the muzzle, on the bullet being put into the barrel. Therefore the bullets must be warm for this process, and the

grease quite hot, in which case the thinnest possible coating may be put on the bullet, and it will assuredly adhere firmly.

Col. Jacobs says he tried every experiment he could think of, as a substitute for the greased patch for rifle balls, but could find nothing to equal it.

## CHAPTER XI.

### EXPERIMENTS WITH RIFLES, AND THE RESULTS; LONG AND SHORT BARRELS; TWISTED GROOVES; COL. JACOBS' RIFLES, &c.

The persevering, expensive, and unflagging experiments which have been made from time to time, in order to effect improvements in rifles and rifle practice, are most laudable to the parties concerned; whilst the results obtained from those experiments are of lasting and incalculable value to the nation and public at large. It is impossible for any one who studies them attentively to arrive at any other conclusion. Indeed, a considerable amount of scientific instruction may be gathered from the results alluded to. And it is certain that the more perfectly a man understands the theory of rifle practice, the sooner he will become proficient in the practical use of the rifle.

There are several of these talented experimentalists, some of whom have devoted the best years of their lives to the study and practice of the rifle; and among them no one has been more indefatigable in his exertions, nor more successful and clear in his results, than Col. John Jacobs, C.B., the inventor of one of the best and most effective rifles that ever was produced.

Col. Jacobs devoted more than 20 years of his mechanical skill to the improvement of rifled fire-arms; and he made no end of experiments, extending over a long series of years. He had made upwards of fifty experimental rifles of various descriptions and sizes, and with the combined improvements of his study and practice he brought the science of rifle-shooting to a perfection, such as filled with astonishment the minds of those who had hitherto believed such results impossible.

The greater part of Col. Jacobs' experiments took place at Jacobabad, on a dead level plain, on the frontiers of Upper Scinde, in India; and the cost of target-walls alone amounted to several hundred pounds, whilst that of powder and lead was also considerable. The walls were erected at measured distances for ranges varying from 100 to 2,000 yards; the 2,000-yard wall was 40 feet in height by 50 feet in length, and 3 feet thick; being built of Indian sun-burnt bricks, which, in their nature, are admirably adapted to the purpose, being less hard and brittle than English bricks, and rather of the consistency of soft wood, such as willow or alder. Surely something of the same nature might be invented for use in this country, in preference to the hard stone-like and iron butts, at which our volunteers practise, to the peril of any one who ventures within the wide range of the spray from the bullets, as they thump the unyielding wall. Whereas, with a wall like those erected by Col. Jacobs, the bullets bury themselves at once, throwing no spray, and never rebounding; to the danger of the marker or other person who may be stationed near the butt.

One of the earliest of Col. Jacobs' discoveries led him to the conclusion that short barrels possessed considerable advantages over long

ones, in rifle practice. He says, in the little book he published on *Rifle Practice*\*: "The effect of the recoil on the ball must be twice as great in a rifle 36 inches long as in one of 18 inches; for the gun must have been acting on the shoulder, and the giving way of the shoulder, &c., on the ball, twice as long in the one case as in the other. . . . . In practice the proportion of advantage is very much more in favour of the short barrels; because a certain time is required to act at all, or at least to act at all sensibly, on the shoulder; and with a short barrel the ball may have left the gun before the latter may have changed its position in the least."

These facts appear as clear as possible when so explained; and yet it was a long time ere they would be admitted by those who advocated long barrels—the erroneous notions in regard to them being, that length of barrel not only gave greater precision, but also greater range: whereas both theories are clearly fallacious.

But this is a discovery of many years' standing; and we only allude to it as the reason why Col. Jacobs' rifles are, apparently, so short in the barrel.

In years gone by, it was a common thing to see fowling-pieces in the rural districts with barrels of six or seven feet in length; and these, too, of a size suitable for firing from the shoulder. Even at the present day, in the remote districts of the fens, a sportsman or fowler of the old-fashioned school is occasionally to be seen with gun-barrel of extraordinary length, and no force of argument can induce him to believe that such a weapon has no advantage over one of similar gauge and only half or two-thirds the length.

Although the length of the barrel of the Enfield rifle musket is 3 feet 3 inches, the extra length of the barrel is not of the least advantage as regards range. The object intended is, that when used as a pike, with the bayonet fixed, it may not be shorter than those of the enemy; or the consequence would be that of giving the enemy a great advantage in a bayonet charge.

There is, unquestionably, considerable advantage in grooving the barrels of rifles. The grooves should be twisted or spiral, but not more than one or two rotations through the whole length of the barrel; for, although a rapid twist has the effect of increasing the friction, and consequently diminishing the velocity, still a better accuracy is obtained with a spiral groove than with a straight one.

Colonel Jacobs says he found from experiments that the "amount of twist requires to be proportioned to the length of the barrel, and that four-fifths of a complete turn, in that length, is about the best twist for all purposes."

The twist in the grooves of the barrel gives a rapid spiral motion to the bullet, and counteracts the tendency of an elongated bullet to fly the wrong end foremost.

In order to insure accuracy at long ranges, there are two things indispensably necessary, viz., a heavy bullet and a rapid twist in the grooves of the barrel.

Jacobs' original rifle for military purposes is thus described by the inventor: "Single barrel, thirty inches long, very stout near the breech,

\* *Rifle Practice*; by Col. John Jacobs, C.B.

24 gauge, four grooved; grooves to take one complete turn in forty-eight inches of length; patent breech; good locks, mainspring connected with tumbler by link, half-cock little above nipple, trap in butt; full stock barrel, attached to stock by bands secured with spring catches; steel ramrod, with deep hollow head, so as not to press on the shell tubes in loading; sword bayonet twenty-four inches long, of the best cast steel; case-hardened iron mountings, and no brass or bright metal anywhere about the piece; folding-sight five inches long, with slide: both the sight itself and its slide to be made with springs to prevent their working loose. Weight of the whole, with sword included, ten-and-a-half pounds."

Colonel Jacobs says: "Numerous experiments have shown that the 32 gauge bore is better than the 24—the ball being made two-and-a-half diameters in length."

The spherical ball of the 32-gauge rifle weighs 32 to the pound. With this weapon, the Col. tells us, "a tolerably good shot can with certainty hit an object the size of a man once out of three times at a thousand yards distance; and the full effective range is about two thousand yards—the bullet at that range still flying with deadly velocity. The charge of powder used is only 2 drachms for a bullet of the weight of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz."

With the 24-gauge rifle Col. Jacobs made excellent practice at two thousand yards range; the bullets at that distance penetrating 4 inches into "very hard dry sunburnt bricks—that is, having sufficient force to go through two or more men."

The result of Col. Jacobs' extensive and valuable experiments have assured him that with the bullets he uses "a moderately light and perfectly handy rifle may be made to possess as much effectual power at a distance of three thousand yards as the old two-grooved rifle with the round ball at three hundred yards."

With regard to the arrangement of sights, Col. Jacobs says that a double 24-gauge rifle of his invention, 24 inches long, and to fire iron-pointed bullets two-and-a-half diameters long, and with two-and-a-half drachms of powder, requires a sight four-and-a-half inches high for two thousand yards' range—the distance of the sight-piece from the muzzle being 19 inches. The other elevations may be judged of from this.

"With regard to the sizes of rifles, I think 32 gauge is large enough for anything, and that 24 inches is long enough for the barrel, of *any calibre whatever*. The grooves should be full deep, of breadth equal to that of the lands, and may turn once in three feet of length.

"The 24 gauge is, however, quite unexceptionable, and I think the best rifle I have is of that calibre.

"The balls and shells of two and a-half diameters long are, I think, the best."

For general or military purposes, with shells, the 32 gauge is recommended. But if bullets only are to be used, one of smaller calibre will be found to answer admirably. And he says it is found that the double rifle performs better than the single rifle. The weight of the single barrel, to perform satisfactorily, must be equal to that of the pair of barrels in the double rifle.

Jacobs' best army rifle is thus described:

"Double-barrelled 32 gauge, 4 grooved, deep grooves of breadth

equal to that of *lands*, to take four-fifths of a turn in the length of the barrel; barrels the best that can be made, 24 inches long; weight of pair of barrels alone about 6lbs., not less; the ends of the lands to be rounded off at the muzzle: patent breech, no side vents, first sight exactly parallel to the bore, the muzzle sight being raised if necessary for this purpose: four points to be inserted inside the barrel near the breech for tearing open a blank cartridge when rammed down whole: full stock, well bent, of the best heart walnut wood, attached to barrels by bands: best plain case-hardened mountings, folding sight attached to the barrel 20 inches from the muzzle, five inches long, secured by spring below, protected by projecting wings when lying flat on the barrel, the slide of this sight to be well secured by springs at its back so as never to work loose; the slide to come down quite low on the sight, the top of the sight and bottom of its slot to be notched. The sight, &c., to be strongly made and nicely finished, marked and engraved for distances as per scale; leaf-sights, folding-flush for 100 and 200 yards, muzzle-sight to be fine. Best locks, strong main-springs, and heavy cocks. Half-cock half-an-inch above nipple (not less). Triggers easy to pull, plenty of play in the cocks, external vents in nipples to be small.

"The balls and bands of size and depth to fit the barrel nicely, but *easily*, with a patch: exact diameter of bore in decimals of an inch .529, of shell or ball .524: plugs of shell-moulds to fit Jacobs' shell-tubes ('long 16 gauge,' as made by Ely), plugs, or coves of shell-moulds to have wooden cross handles. Best double-edged straight sword with blade 30 inches long, to attach to rifle by ring round the muzzle of both barrels, as well as by spring-socket, with scabbard and belt complete (scabbard of strong wood covered with leather). The sword to be made of good steel or case-hardened iron, half basket hilt. Short powder-flask of copper, covered with hog's skin: charges  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $2\frac{1}{4}$ , 3 drachms; spare tops with charges 2,  $2\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  drachms: stout steel ramrod, with deep hollow head so as not to press on the shell-tubes in loading: the rod below the head not to be filed away too much, as, if thin, it is liable to split on the iron balls. Grip of ramrod at both ends to be well roughened. Stout spare ramrod with knob handle and deep hollow head; brass tube of the length of the barrels, for loading with powder when cartridges are not used; patch punches ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches); small stoves, cleaning apparatus, case, &c., &c. Strong leather sling to attach by good steel loops and screws; rifle to fit into case with the sling attached."

The rifle-makers recommended by Col. Jacobs are Messrs. Wilton and Daw, 57, Threadneedle-street, London, and Messrs. Swinburn and Son, 16 and 17, Russell-street, Birmingham.

Col. Jacobs made several apparently excellent carriages for rifles, very strong and heavy, with screw adjustments both for altitude and azimuth, when, to his amazement, he found that the very best results obtained were not half so accurate as those made from the shoulder. By confining the rifle the metal is put in a state of strong vibration on the piece being discharged, and the barrel rings like a bell, and as a natural result, however firmly it may be fixed, accuracy cannot be ensured. These vibrations do not take place when the rifle is fired from the shoulder—or at all events they are so slow and imperceptible as not to affect the course of the bullet.

## THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BY UNCLE SCRIBBLE.

## GORSHAMPTONSHIRE.—OUR PROFESSIONAL DEALER.

There is as wide a difference between "horse-dealers," as in any other class of men; perhaps a wider one. From the glossy hat and brilliant broad-cloth of the most highly respectable Member for Greenstreet, to the rough cords and brown boots of the coping ruffians of Shoreditch and Whitechapel, there are as great and charming varieties as between the three hundred-guinea weight-carrier of the Pytchley or Quorn country, and the well-fired and ragged-hipped screw of the provincial stagger. A gentle urbanity, and equivocal, but long-winded eloquence, eminently distinguish the former: a barefaced lying, and somewhat declamatory style of broad Saxon, proclaim the villanous pretensions to fair dealing of the other. The one loves and affects the society and custom of the first gentlemen of the land; the other draws in his wake a train of cadgers, cab-proprietors, and dogs'-meat-men; who, after taking out his three-pounds-ten in Sunday drives with his *missus*, ends by converting his valuable purchase into pork sausages, or high-class beefsteaks for the million; not that I say anything against horseflesh as a valuable article of animal food, but I prefer a little more fat, and the something of the real Tartar flavour.

In a county like Gorsehamptonshire, the latter class of dealer never shows himself at all; it can be no market for his wares. There are, of course, here and there stables, from which more moderate-priced horses emanate. Fifty, seventy, and a hundred pounds will, by care and good selection, secure many a customer whose purse keeps no pace with his inclinations. Honest in their way, and respectable enough, are many of these dealers; and when well placed, and themselves tolerably good horsemen, they pick up the crumbs which we should like to see fall into the mouths of the farmers, who generally contrive to cut their own throats, as breeders, by a very misplaced and short-sighted economy. Few men understand a horse out of condition; it requires a critical eye to detect the fine points and undeveloped capacities of a long-coated and moderately groomed animal; whilst half the world are ready to jump down the throat of a sleek, round-barrelled, fresh-looking hunter, though his shoulders may be a trifle deficient, and his feet none of the soundest. One part of the trade of the professional dealer is to put his purchase into form; and, in a cheap horse, appearance is worth at least one-third of the real value.

Not, however, of this sort was our Professional Dealer, when I first saw him in Gorsehamptonshire. We had just drawn Velvet-top Field side, on a fine sunny-looking morning towards the end of the season, and drawn it blank, to the terrible dismay of the master, and about two hundred and fifty as good men as ever soiled pigskin; and the horrible suspicion that a *reverend divine*, the proprietor of the cover, and who ought to have had some feelings of Christianity, had destroyed the foxes, did not tend to allay the tumult. However, nothing was to be

done by cursing and swearing (there never is, if one would but recollect that at the time); and something might be done by a brisk trot to a neighbouring gorse, where a truly pious and good man took care of poor Reynard, and fed him, not unfrequently, on the stray cocks and hens of his neighbours. As we trotted along at that leisurely pace for which our huntsman is so remarkable, as giving plenty of time for observation, and with a view to the convenience of those single-horse men who occasionally honour Gorsehamptonshire with their company, I saw a stout and most flourishing-looking party, on one of the neatest horses I had seen for some time. There was a general glossiness and substantiality about him that certainly bespoke wealth; there was a fine old-fashioned aristocratic roll in the well-brushed hat, that seemed to bespeak high birth; there was a freshness about his almost spotless pink, his thick well-cleaned baggy buckskins, and ample white-topped boots, that set the owner down as somebody. Yet, whilst others were laughing and talking to one another, this most respectable character seemed almost deserted; occasionally with a placid countenance he raised his hat, as some bold and free-and-easy young scion of nobility, or a hard-riding cavalry man cantered past. It might have been the bow of a topping tradesman, it is true; but it was more like the dignified condescension of the Duke of D—— or the late Earl of S——, rebuking by his extreme politeness the haphazard style of recognition so peculiar to the youth of our beloved island. One or two things struck me as a little odd in this illustrious person; his apparent isolation was remarkable in a field, where all were inclined to associate with some one or other; and he was attended, like Jupiter, by a couple of satellites (I believe he had four) dressed like grooms, not of the best style, to whom he seemed to me to be imparting some secret information; or bidding them moderate their efforts. I thought the face was familiar to me; yet where had I seen such brilliancy? When could I have been in company so exalted? Not at Crock's; no, *certainly* not. I was not a member of that august association. Was it in Oxford, years ago; or in Piccadilly, last season, in Thoroughpin's yard? Why, I'll be hanged if it is not John Thoroughpin himself! Yes! No! Yes, but it is though! And there goes Mr. Templar to talk to him. What does he say? "Thoroughpin, he won't do." "Won't do, Mr. Templar?" muttered Mr. Thoroughpin, between his teeth; "then pray send him back, Sir, and we will see what can be done better in a day or two. I've some good 'osses just come in. I 'ope you liked the young 'un." "Pretty well; I think he'll *make* a good horse."

As if to make assurance doubly sure, there was a quiet look exchanged between satellite No. 1 and his master; and away went the boy close in attendance upon Mr. Templar, handling his horse like a Centaur, and looking as innocent as a sucking dove, as if he were just taking the air for pleasure, and had never sold a horse in his life. And this was John Thoroughpin, of Oxford and Cambridge, of Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, and of Piccadilly, London. The most respectable man in the trade. Never did any one in his life—may have sold a bad horse once or twice at a rather long figure, but not intentionally. What a magnificent swell he is! How condescending to the young, who occasionally address him; but not *on business*: Mr. Templar can do anything; but not little boys without much money in



their pockets: still, on all he smiles benignly, and looks down from his high horse, for Gorsehamptonshire is not Piccadilly. In the meantime one boy has received orders to wait on Mr. Templar, and to let him see "The Freshman" perform over a fence or two; whilst the other lad has been specially retained to show young Felix Moneybags, and his friend Sir Hopeful Hopeful, Bart., of Hopeful Castle, a "remarkably nice young horse; a very excellent horse at water, sir, and wants nothing but such hands as Mr. Moneybags' upon him to make him a most valuable animal." So that for these gentlemen you see Piccadilly does come down into Gorsehamptonshire.

The career of Mr. John Thoroughpin is a singular one; creditable to himself and the clergyman of the parish school in which he had his education; and almost as good as that of Whittington and his Cat, as a sign-post on the road on which the young should travel. He was little, and of no account; he is a man of much self-importance, and not altogether useless in his generation. He began life as the possessor of two cows and a pony; he is the possessor of the finest stable of sale horses in England (at least the world chooses to think so), and four sons—a cornet of dragoons, an undergraduate of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, a revenue and salt collector in the north-west provinces of India, and a clerk in the Ordnance Office, with a taste for mechanical science. That's what I call a lucky man; but how in the name of all that is fortunate he could be ass enough to come down into Gorsehamptonshire, with a pack of beagles, a rubicund nose, and a scarlet coat, aping the country gentleman, or the bloated aristocrat, is more than I know.

His father was an eminent dairyman, who died just at the climax of his misfortunes, leaving behind him two cows and a pony, with about £20 in an old stocking, the savings of a long life of unprecedented dishonesty in the chalk-and-water business. Young John inherited all his wealth, but only a part of his character; and finding a friend in the clergyman of his parish, his property was realized and invested, until such time as he should be capable of self-management. Having precocious intellect for figures, he was not long before he demanded his goods, and, despite of remonstrances from his benefactors, put himself into the hands of a livery-stable-keeper in London. Here he distinguished himself by an intuitive eye for shape and make, and a sort of good manner uncommon amongst boys of his age. He was never known to deceive, when his own interests appeared to be better served by speaking the truth—a rule he had rigidly adhered to up to the present time. He soon became a favourite with the best men who frequented his master's yard; and an opening offering, when he was about twenty-three years of age, to conduct a business of the same sort at Oxford, he was not long in availing himself of it. He was soon a favourite with the undergraduates. A scrupulous dresser, always well-behaved beyond his years, with a graceful deference to undergraduate ignorance, and an excellent tap, how could he fail to become popular. Years brought whiskers; more experience; considerable knowledge, not only of horse flesh, but of the trade; whilst Oxford remained, as it ever will remain, unspeakably green and susceptible of being done. And, indeed, such is my sense of the temptations placed in his way, that I feel inclined to say with the great Lord Clive, when he returned from India with about £40,000 per annum, "By heavens, gentlemen, when

I think of the opportunities John Thoroughpin had, I am perfectly astonished that he was so moderate." Be that as it may, he increased in size, and wisdom, and importance; he became a universal authority in Oxford on the subject of horseflesh; he was always open to a change, if the original purchase did not turn out well, and the more frequent the change the better he was pleased; he was supple, and convenient; took a bill, with a good name upon it, and was not particular about the time; held up his head amongst the dealers, who hated him, and managed his own affairs so comfortably, that, what with doing as little wrong as could well be expected, and seldom or never being found out when he did, he positively was near being known as "honest" John Thoroughpin, which would have ruined him outright. As it is, he has attained and retained as much honesty as is supposed to belong to the trade.

By way of increasing his importance, which was his first consideration, and his money, which was only second to it, Mr. Thoroughpin had established livery stables in Cambridge, Cheltenham, and Leamington; at all which places respectable men (by which I mean, after the pattern of John himself) were installed, whose system was simple and highly-practical. The orders were, to pay great attention to the manners and coats of themselves and their horses; to buy good-looking ones, rather than performers, excepting on particular occasions, and to change as often as need be; to be quiet, and obsequious to real customers; to discourage the needy and adventurous; to keep their eyes open and their mouths shut, until the proper time, and then to reverse the order of things by knowing nothing and opening wide enough. Respectability of appearance was to be the motto of the Stable; and everything, from the stud-groom to the lowest helper, was to have a look of substantiality about it.

By these means John Thoroughpin throve above all men: and his very faults favoured his advancement. For when the purchase did not quite come up to the purchaser's preconceived notions of his bargain, which indeed was generally the case, he could always be taken back: a process so singularly remunerative to the dealer, that we wonder at any dealer being such a fool as to proceed upon any other principle; indeed, we doubt whether the system has not become almost universal by this time. John Thoroughpin put it in practice everywhere and upon every occasion; and it is but justice to admit, that at the third deal, or fourth at the utmost, you got what you wanted at not more than four times its value. By these means, at forty years of age, he was the great man he has been ever since. Oxford and Cambridge, where he had taken root, were pots too small for his growth, and he decided upon London as the future base of his operations. Circumstances favoured his intention.

A general crusade was entered upon by the dons against the innocent amusements of the young gentlemen entrusted to their charge. They were lenient enough towards drinking, swearing, and general immorality; but hunting and driving (even a donkey-cart without permission) were condemned under all sorts of penalties; and even the respectability of Mr. Thoroughpin would not have saved him from being discommoded. Oxford was therefore no longer the place for such a tip-top swell as he; and within a very short time the whole concern was disposed of, and he was safely settled in Piccadilly. From that day Thoroughpin

became Mr. Thoroughpin *to all men* ; and his head man, Tom Mace, became *Mr. Mace to his master*. Never was such a pair ! and whilst the latter was exhibiting the neatest of boots and the lightest of hands in the Vale, or with H.M.'s stag, Mr. Conyers or Parry in Essex or Hertfordshire, the former undertook the heavy business in Gorsehamptonshire and the weight-carrying provinces amongst the upper-crust of sporting society. I had known Thoroughpin for years ; I had ridden his horses, been dunned by his foreman, paid his bills, and drank his beer fifty times over. I knew his littleness and his greatness ; but I never expected such a wonderful brilliancy, such a startling effect, as this horse-dealing apparition produced upon me now.

Nor must it be imagined that this was a flying visit. Since the days of the rail, such things were well enough for Jem This or Tom That. But Mr. Thoroughpin must have a little place in the country. So he soon found a neat, well white-washed, verandahed box, within easy distance of four packs of hounds and a cavalry barrack. Hence, he reaches London in a couple of hours, twice a-week ; for the Piccadilly concern requires the eye of a master, and is too lucrative to be given up. Happily for the Cornet, the Indian civilian, the Cambridge undergraduate, and the Government clerk, John Thoroughpin thinks there is no man equal to a Piccadilly horse-dealer, if he only does business on the gentlemanly terms he has been accustomed to, and sends his boys to Harrow. To do the boys justice, there is no great fault to be found with them ; but they devoutly hope that their respectable father will, some day or other, turn gentleman in real earnest, and take those white letters off the Piccadilly-yard doors. The father's is a pardonable vanity ; the sons' a natural and almost universal vulgarity ; the "*Esse quam videri*" of domestic life is a virtue difficult of accomplishment for us all.

I have no doubt that our friend Thoroughpin has still his trials ; he has reached, what he imagines to be, the top of the ladder ; but he has begun already to see that his ladder is a low one, out of Piccadilly. He is already beginning to sink the horse-dealer, excepting to the favoured few. He has a fine broad-rim'd hat of a very imposing character ; a scarlet broad-skirted coat ; a convenient and dignified deafness ; and other symptoms of approaching dissolution. I hear, too, that his beagles are not so acceptable to the farmers in his neighbourhood, as if they belonged to Tom Smith, the Pecklebury dealer—a hard-riding, unpretending sort of fellow, and a capital judge of a sixty-pound four-year-old ; or to Captain Smasher of the Royals, who, if he was nothing else, was a gentleman by birth and position in the county, and seemed to have a prescriptive right to break the fences and ride over the grass on non-hunting mornings.

But with these little drawbacks to happiness, Thoroughpin is a very good fellow, and leads a comfortable life. He owes no man anything, excepting his customers, and

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

He is a dignified member of a very undignified class ; and, as he once observed, has thought it his duty to raise the profession to which he had the honour to belong ; which he certainly has done by a career of unqualified success ; by toadying the great and wealthy ; by catering to

the ignorance and absurdities of the weak, who could pay for it ; and by scrupulously avoiding all who were not likely to further the interests of John Thoroughpin.

"Due when?"

"To-morrow, sir."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Moneybags, sir."

"Oh ! yes, let him renew, if he likes. Who's the other?"

Major Hardservice, of the 131st : balance of account for that charger that was killed in the Crimea."

"Ah ! that's a bad business. Put it into the hands of Docket and Turnkey : we can't afford to lose it."

In fact, as you see, Mr. Thoroughpin is thoroughly *respectable*, and very likely to remain so.

## THE HUNTING-FIELD AND THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY ZIG-ZAG.

[*Concluded from 209.*]

Since the first part of this paper appeared, in March last, the report of a commission appointed to investigate the condition of our cavalry has oozed out in the *Times*. It appears to be just what might have been expected from the commissioners—two octogenarian stewards and the Earl of Lucan ; Lord Cardigan protesting. No change it seems is suggested in the weight of the men or the accoutrements, but, according to the Horse Guards precedents, the cut of the uniform of certain regiments is to be changed. Of course nothing in the way of reform of cavalry was to be expected from such a commission. It remains to be seen if the *Times*, backed by the hard-riding volunteers of infantry or cavalry, who happen to be peers and M.P.'s, can make any impression on the Secretary of War. Perhaps, as tests and hints, Zig-Zag's facts and notions may not be without use.

Of course I am quite prepared for the stereotyped burst of indignation which is always raised when the rules of common sense and universal experience are brought to bear against the routine absurdities of a class. Sailors, and very gallant sailors too, treated steam propulsion with the greatest contempt long after the merchant navy had adopted it ; when the Admiralty did accept paddle-wheels, they would not have the screw ; and when after a long resistance the Admiralty tardily adopted the screw propeller, they were only the more obstinate in rejecting the use of iron-ships. With this knowledge of the official mind I shall not rely on mere common-sense arguments and precedents of civilian experience, but make use of the evidence of military authorities in support of the assertion with which this paper set out, *i.e.*, that military-school horsemanship is in its most important features a delusion and a sham. And it is quite time that something was said and done by parties with more influence than Zig-zag ; for already the military authorities have commenced spoiling

those troops of mounted volunteers that escaped the impediments of piqued saddles, sheepskins, tight trowsers, and fixed spurs. In the huntingfield, the other day, a hard-riding farmer, a member of one of the smartest of the mounted volunteers, told me, with a good deal of vexation, that he thought he must resign, as the new cavalry drill-sergeant threatened to let down all the stirrup-leathers two inches; and if he, "one of the hardest men in the — hunt, was to be made to look like a raw recruit, the sooner he was out of it the better."

Already signs are to be found amongst the metropolitan mounted volunteers, of an inclination to discard the class of horses which go well across country, in favour of leggy chargers, all heads and tails, thus making at the first step a farce of the mounted movement.

Unless the volunteers and their horses can move over an enclosed country as easily and safely as twenty per cent. of the hunting farmers of a real hunting country, they are of no use.

The late Captain Nolan is admitted on all hands to have been one of the most accomplished horsemen that ever led a troop of cavalry. He began his career in the Hungarian Hussars; after he entered the British Army, he not only served in India as riding master and adjutant, but travelled through Europe for the special purpose of examining the various systems of cavalry drill and horsemanship. In one of the best books ever published on the subject, he came to the conclusion that military horsemanship was a mistake, and the great part of cavalry costume and trappings, and the great number of patterns of cavalry saddles, were impediments to effective service. These opinions were shared by that famous Indian captain, the founder and commander of Jacob's Horse, and by all the leaders of Indian irregular cavalry, down to the last who has written on the subject, Captain Shakspeare. But then all these valiant Indian soldiers and accomplished horsemen were bred infantry soldiers, learned their riding, spear in hand, as hunters of boar and bear, and were never trammelled by school rules. A cavalry officer of the royal army, who served on the staff in the series of campaigns against the Sikhs, has often admitted to me that the Sikh cavalry were too much for us, and that, led by Europeans, they would have swept our army away, with their little horses and their sharp swords.

Nolan, who also knew all about the Sikhs, says—(I do not copy but condense):—

"The Ironsides of Cromwell kept their natural seats, and rode on the field of battle as they would have ridden across country, and rode down the famished cavaliers of Charles' army. But in the time of Marlborough, France and Germany came to be considered as the great emporia of military science, and thither repaired young Englishmen, to study the practice and theory of war. The French have never been an equestrian nation of people, and both French and Germans fell into a very stiff and artificial mode, introducing pedantry into the riding-school, and depriving both man and horse of their capabilities. Yet our *military* riding is to this day imported from the continent. I say *military*, because none of our dragoon or hussar officers would for one moment think of riding across country

with a military seat. *Yet in the business of war our cavalry ought to be able to perform whatever is done in hunting.*"

The balance-seat, in which neither the rump nor the calves of the legs are used for sitting fast, originated in times when knights sheathed in complete armour galloped a short course with lance in rest. It was the only seat possible under the circumstances: the long stirrup was a necessity, as it supported the leg at the point where the weight of the armour pressed it down. If an armed knight lost his balance, no strength of muscle could save him. Our military authorities still stick to this tradition.

"The established cavalry seat," according to a military manual, (it appears to have been somewhat modified since the last war) "is upright, the knee drawn back, and the heel in a perpendicular line with the point of the shoulder. The man's legs from the knee down are carefully brought away from the horse, in order to prevent what is called *clinging*, and he is taught to ride by balance." "If this system," says Nolan, "is right, then I have thrown away many years in the study and practice of horsemanship, and all who are bold riders at home and the best cavaliers of the East are wrong." But the military school rider not only declines to make use of the powers that Nature and the hunting experience of England have given him for obtaining the firm seat which so powerfully assists in a hard cut with a sword or an effective thrust with a lance, but he also insists on wearing himself and his horse out by the foreign system of trotting. "Instead of lightly rising to the action of the horse, he bumps up and down, falling heavily on the horse's loins, and hanging on the reins to prevent the animal slipping from under him, whilst he is thrown up from his seat."

"An English dragoon in marching order, trotting ten miles in this way on a powerful high-actioned English horse, is almost sure to sore his horse's back, while he wears out his own constitution; for the strongest-chested man feels the effects of it. He tires his horse more in these ten miles than he would in fifty if he rose in the trot: he shakes his bit to pieces, and wears out his overalls."

"Who can tell me," continues our military historian, "the advantage of this method of riding?" It may be, as a foreign school-rider said, "*beaucoup plus elegant*;" but certainly it will spoil and drive away as many volunteers as the balance-seat.

But, although it is contrary to common sense that horses and men should be sacrificed to appearances, and although military foxhunters do not practice what they preach, the balance-seat, the long stirrup, the bumping trot, are part of the solemn faith of some of our most influential cavalry officers, as the following anecdote, which I had the other day from an officer of Lancers, who had distinguished himself in more than one general action, will show.

Some years before the Crimean war, while it was still thought consistent with sanity to dress horse soldiers in tight cherry-coloured cloth trousers undisfigured or protected with leather, a Lieut.-Colonel of light cavalry, a first flight man in the "shires," and an amazing martinet in his own regiment, was so much delighted with the manner in which a young subaltern, an excellent cross-country rider, had won a

military steeple chase, that he invited him to his country house in the hunting season, and, while there, treated him with the greatest attention and hospitality. Some time afterwards a troop became vacant, and our hard-riding subaltern, being first for purchase, sent his papers; to his surprise, he was informed that the Lieut.-Colonel refused his sanction. Much discomfited, he waited on the chief to ask the cause of this unusual and unexpected obstruction. The Colonel frigidly replied: "Do you remember one evening at Tally-ho Park, in a conversation on the school style of riding, you pronounced it 'all d—d humbug!' I can't sanction such an opinion in a subaltern in my regiment; you will therefore go to the riding school, and until I am satisfied with your drill, I shall not sign your papers."

Now, this young officer was perfect in his drill, and, sword in hand, could probably have given an account of any officer in the regiment; but, he was punished for speaking with disrespect of a military fetish.

The Colonel himself, whom I have before now followed admiringly in a fast forty minutes, only puts on his balanced seat, and bumps with his padded uniform. When "a hunting he doth go," he takes up his stirrup leathers two holes, puts on an easy fitting coat, and sits close down to his horse, not forgetting the use of his calves.

Does anyone really believe that it is easier to charge a bullfinch than a square of infantry or a brigade of cavalry, or that a man cannot hit harder with a sword when glued to his saddle with rump, thighs, and calves, than if balanced in parade fashion?

"All experienced cavalry officers acknowledge that the more docile and best-tempered horses are difficult to manage in battle: they sometimes go mad with excitement, and then prove the most dangerous enemy the horseman has to contend against. When the horse, in his fright, forgets his (school) education, then the artificial horseman is lost. Balanced on his fork, it is of no use pulling at his horse if he tries to bolt, for with legs and stirrups behind him, the rider at the slightest pull falls forward, and has the greatest difficulty in keeping his balance."

To be sure, one unexpected advocate of the balance seat has appeared lately in Sir Francis Head, whose admiration for the traditions of the past induces him to say a few words in favour of the military seat. He suggests that it is better adapted for thrusting before and behind, and turning the body round, than the hunting seat. But Sir Francis does not practise what he preaches; as the Pytchley men, who have often admired his little timber-jumping thoroughbreds can vouch. The dexterous Eastern horsemen ride shorter than even our hunting men, and their lance stroke is deadly enough.

The question really to be investigated, and worth investigation, is whether in actual contests the artificial or the natural horsemen have proved the more dangerous and deadly customers. I mean by natural the ordinary style of the horseman, of whatever country, before he passes into the hands of a military riding-master. The Mahratta and Sikh has his style, the Cossack his, and the English his—all differing, but all "to the manner born." The English sits on a chair, the Eastern squats on his heels, and that makes a difference.

Nolan gives instances of the comparative effect of the artificial and natural system of cavalry, in accounts of two actions—one between

English hussars and French dragoons, and one between English dragoons and Sikh cavalry.

In 1799 the three troops of the 15th Hussars, commanded by the late Marquis of Anglesey, then Lord Paget, charged 500 French horsemen twice—the first time driving them back on their reserves after a sharp contest, and the second time pursuing them about half-a-mile. The loss of the 15th was only three men and four horses killed; Lieut-Colonel Erskine, nine men, and three horses wounded. In the second instance Captain Unett with a squadron of the 3rd Dragoons charged through the Sikh horsemen—small men, and as compared with Sikh infantry, poorly mounted, for the Sikhs put their finest men in the infantry—and found their way back "*with honour.*" The casualties in the squadron were not less than forty-six.

Colonel Steinbach, in his "History of the Punjaub," mentions that the cavalry of the Sikh army was inferior in every respect to the infantry, "mean-looking, ill-dressed, and wretchedly mounted." Well may it be asked, how comes it, if our system be good, that such men should have been able to not only cope successfully with English Dragoons, but to kill and wound more than ten times as many as fell in two fierce combats with French Hussars? In an engagement in India between the Nizam's irregular horse and a much larger body of insurgents, the latter were defeated with great slaughter. Captain Nolan was astonished at the doctor's report of the killed and wounded, and the number of limbs lopped off. On examination it appeared that the horsemen who had performed these feats were men of ordinary size, mounted on what we should call ponies; and "the sword blades were old Dragoon blades cast from our service, with hilts and handles mounted after their own fashion—*i. e.*, to fit each man's hand—ground as sharp as razors from heel to point, and worn in wooden scabbards. "Wooden scabbards," he continues, "being elastic, bend; they are not in a man's way; when dismounted they do not get between his legs and trip him up; they make no noise; a sentry on a dark night might move without betraying his position to an enemy by the clanking of the rings against the scabbard. At present the rattling noise in column announces the approach of a column miles off, and makes it difficult to hear a word of command in the ranks. Straw or hay must be wrapped round the scabbard when an attempt is to be made to surprise an enemy."

"How do you strike," our English captain asked an old native trooper of the Nizam's, "to cut off men's limbs—do you draw it?" "We never draw in any way; a sharp sword struck hard will cut in anyone's hands."

But these are not the notions of our Horseguard authorities, where, according to tradition, the cavalry ever since Waterloo has been the amusement of gentlemen of fortune, who enter the army to kill time or to gain social position, but not in the least as a profession; and the average merits of such officers are usually confined to undaunted ignorant courage, and a wonderful knowledge of the details of tailoring. The cavalry has long been at the mercy of the dandies and the pedantic parade-school riders; the two have influence enough to overpower even such a man as Sir James Scarlett. The yeomanry has always been an amateur imitation of a difficult art, so drilled and trained as to make the least possible use of the natural advantages as horsemen of English



farmers and country gentlemen. If volunteer cavalry were permitted to introduce innovations by imitating the Indian irregular cavalry, by retaining their natural style of horsemanship, and by modifying the equipment of hunting-men into a military costume, it would be a reflection on those eminent cavalry martinets who are driven crazy by a button in the wrong place.

The Duke of Manchester had influence enough to get his own way, and arm and dress his squadron on a rational model. He adopted black boots and white cord breeches, a scarlet tunic that might pass for a hunting coat, a felt helmet very like a hunting cap, and a sword in a leather scabbard. Military critics, of Indian and foreign experience, at the great Hyde Park Review, enthusiastically declared that these Huntingdonshire and Bedfordshire irregulars looked "as much like work" as any cavalry they had ever seen. But such good fortune did not fall to the share of a wealthy middle-class man in one of the metropolitan counties, who was willing to go to some expense and devote that powerful recruiting engine, a well appointed dinner, to the raising a squadron of horse. The scarlet hunting frock was dismissed, as too smart and too loose; the long black boots were objected to, as likely to lose their bloom when blacked; the hunting saddle was declared inadmissible, and finally a select few were worried into making Guys of themselves, as bad copies of regular light cavalry, bound to bump up and down in the style which is not pleasant for a hunting man to look at in a trained dragoon, and painfully ridiculous when the patient is a grown man unlearning all that made him fond of a winter gallop or a summer canter.

Although it is the fashion, perhaps a wise one, amongst high political authorities to declare that they do not and never did fear an invasion, no one except the select peace party believes them. If we did, the trouble and cost, time and money of the volunteer army would be an atrocious absurdity. The proper question to ask is, "What would be the use of irregular cavalry in the event of a hostile army landing on our shores?" There can be no doubt that if a force could be raised in numbers at all proportionate to the number of horsemen who in England ride for business or pleasure, their value would be incalculable, judging by what armed horsemen of a very inferior character effected during the Russian campaign, against the brilliant brigade of cavalry commanded by that famous cavalier Murat, some time King of Naples.

It is not to be doubted that on fitting occasion, in spite of the disadvantage, when in line, of horses not subdued to the dull obedience of troop horses, picked squadrons would be found to charge home in a style worthy of the countrymen of the doomed six hundred at Balaclava, and make a fearful impression on an enemy landing on sloping shores, or struggling through lanes, or across hedge-rows, or thrown into confusion by shell and shot.

Such might be the duty of volunteer light-horsemen, and they must be trained and prepared for it, because a cavalry taught to believe it is never to charge, would soon cease to respect itself or to be respected by brave men. But there are other not less important duties than charging, for which volunteer horsemen acquainted with the country, properly armed and trained, are specially adapted. "Cavalry," says a military writer, "ought to be at once the eye, the feeler, and feeder

of an army ; with good and numerous cavalry an army is in comparative security. It reaps the fruits of victory, covers a retreat, and retrieves a disaster." Properly armed, confident in their own strength and speed of their horses, a few daring men could hang like shadows round an enemy's column, reconnoitre their movements, approach, dismount, pick off their officers, while the enemy could neither catch them nor drive them away. Englishmen could make their way across country, where no foreign dragoon could retreat or follow.

But the example of the important part played by the Cossacks, mounted on mere wretched ponies, in the defence of Russia during the French invasion, proves the value of numerous irregular and *really light* cavalry, over the small, select, expensive, over-weighted horsemen who form that branch of our service. A French cavalry officer, speaking of the retreat from Russia, says : "The Cossacks rendered the war so dangerous, especially to the officers entrusted with making reconnaissances, that many of them preferred forwarding the reports which they received from the peasantry, to going to a distance and exposing themselves to the attacks of the Cossacks. Hence the Emperor was no longer correctly informed of the state of affairs." And General Morand says : "These rude horsemen are ignorant of our *divisions*, of our regular *alignements*, and of all that order which we so overweeningly estimate. Their custom is to keep their horse close between their legs : their feet rest in broad stirrups, which support them when they use their arms. These men are always on the alert : they move with extraordinary rapidity. The French cavalry flashing in gold and steel under the rays of the sun, burning with eagerness and courage, exhausted itself against the irregular force of Cossacks, which did more for Russia than all the regular armies of that empire. Every day they were to be seen on the horizon, extended over an immense line, while their daring flankers came, and braved death even in our ranks. We formed and marched against this line, which, the moment we reached it, vanished, and the horizon no longer showed anything but birch trees and pines. *But* an hour afterwards, while our horses were feeding, the attack was resumed, and a black line again presented itself ; the same manœuvres were resumed, which were followed by the same result. Thus the finest and bravest cavalry (but weighed down, aldermanic Centaurs, as Napier has it), more numerous than the Cossacks, supported by light artillery, exhausted itself against men whom it despised."

Now, if the Cossacks, mounted on ponies, and wretchedly armed, were, from their rapidity of movement, so formidable, what would be the value of the horsemen of a whole county, mounted on our swift active horses, and armed with the best weapons England could manufacture ?

But to obtain such a force, we must abandon all the traditions of the Household Brigade, and of the fancy regiments, over which for *long years* tailordom has reigned supreme, and take a leaf out of the books of those Indian heroes, who combine the experience of the soldier with the experience of the sportsman, who have again and again, like the gallant Anderson in China, successfully led their irregular horse against tremendous odds, and for mere amusement, mounted on mere ponies, have speared the boar, the bear, and even the tiger. Such a man is Captain Henry Shakspeare, author of a capital recently-published work

on Indian spur and spear sport,\* to which he adds a chapter on irregular cavalry, because, as he expressly states, writing in 1859, "The perfection to which artillery and the weapons used by infantry have been brought, require that attention be paid to the improvements of cavalry—an arm of war which alone may be said to have deteriorated during the last hundred years."

The gist of Captain Shakspeare, like General Napier, General Jacob, Captain Nolan, and a long list of other real soldiers, contends that the essential quality required to make cavalry formidable is *pace*; that as you cannot mount your squadrons on four-hundred guinea thoroughbred horses equal to twenty stone, you can only get pace by dismissing all superfluous equipments, and putting light weights on well-bred horses. He gives the following estimate of the accoutrements really required, and their weight:

## A LIST OF ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS.

	lb. oz.
A slightly curved sword (which is the best form for both point and edge) in a wooden scabbard covered with leather.....	2 0
Sword and waist-belt, with pouch filled with twelve rounds.....	2 8
Single carbine, carrying twenty bullets to the pound, with leather sling (or pistol of the same bore 2lbs.) .....	6 0
A hunting saddle, with holsters, to fasten on with leather surcingle.....	17 0
Saddle-cloth, of thin finely-woven felt, or double-milled very thick broad- cloth, to cover saddle and holsters, with surcingles.....	1 8
Double bridle and head-stalls and a light chain; bits, and standing or run- ning martingale, as the horse may require.....	
A military cloak, to fasten with two straps behind the saddle.....	5 0
Total.....	34 0

On particular service there may be added picketing-pin and chain, and food for trooper and his horse.

In pursuing his argument, and recommending light, broad-shouldered, active men, as well as light accoutrements—an important question if volunteer cavalry are to be numerous, for they cannot be numerous if limited to tall men—Captain Shakspeare says: "Not that a light man is a better soldier than a heavy man, but it is impossible to procure speedy horses capable of carrying large men in a campaign, or even on a long march"—as Lord Cardigan's expedition into the Dobrudscha proved, when more than half the party were dismounted by the sore backs of the horses.

"It is the speed of the horse that makes the charge of cavalry effective, not the weight or the strength of the rider. Weight only disables the horse. The impetus of the horse and trueness of the weapon are the destructive agents. A boy who is master of his weapon, and able to manage a powerful blood-horse, would kill the most powerful giant on foot, for he would only to have to wheel round and round him until he was helpless with fatigue, and then spear or sabre him. The Sikhs who cut up our cavalry at Aliwal, lopping off heads and arms and legs, were not stronger than English boys.

Again, Captain Shakspeare says, "A camp follower, with a sharp sword or a fresh pony, will kill a giant soldier on a giant horse, wearied by the weight of his rider, done up and at a standstill. The giant's only

\* "Wild Sports of India;" by Captain Henry Shakspeare, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Horse.

chance is to jump off and fight it out on foot ; but that chance is a poor one, for the mounted man can ride round and round any footman until he is exhausted, and then rush in and cut him down or spear him through." Again, he says, what is particularly applicable to mounted volunteers, who never can rival the machine-like perfection of regular cavalry, "Instead of so much drilling in a body or on parade, let the horseman be taught to act singly. Wherever there is resistance, such resistance, after the charge, separates the body more or less ; the issue then depends on individual courage, horsemanship, and effective weapons—chiefly on the ability of the horse to carry the rider to the end, which an over-weighted horse can scarcely do."

But, although I have expressed so much confidence in the military value of our national horses and horsemanship, I do not mean to assert that a thrusting flyer in a pasture country, where fences are taken at the stride, can become a formidable trooper without a serious education for himself and his horse. The training that makes a horse a flyer must be unlearned before he is fit to carry a soldier through a single combat. In a single combat the great art is to keep your adversary on your right, and get on his left side, and this can only be done by having your horse so trained and so in hand that he will turn on his haunches as on a pivot. Few horse can learn this without losing speed. It has much the same effect on a horse as a close country where the fences are taken standing.

But our ideas of the size and quality of horses essential for cavalry are altogether too grand and expensive, too much based on our small select cavalry force. There is a reason for each troop being somewhat of a size, but there is no reason why, in those districts where horses are small, troops should not be raised of horses fourteen hands high, or even under if the riders are of proportionate size and weight ; and horses from fourteen to fifteen hands will generally be found more enduring and more easily trained, without losing their fencing qualities.

Captain Shakspeare observes : "The European system requires from six to twelve months to break a horse for the ranks, and even then he will often only go steadily in his troop, and will not turn at speed, or yield to habit and allow the rider to take him across country by himself. A colt in India is bought out of an Arab dealer's lot to-day ; to-morrow he is out hog-hunting or on parade, and by dint of the sharp bit and standing martingale is at once mastered and made to go straight. In a fortnight he is not known from horses that have been working in the ranks for years." And he explains, in a passage too long for quotation, how this is done ; and Captain Nolan, who published the system of having remount horses, which he had successfully practised in India and in England, and who maintained that the English horse was as easily trained as any Eastern-bred, says, "Our soldiers are never taught to turn their horses quickly, or make half-pirouettes with them, which is of all things the most necessary in a fight, because the advocates of the old system suppose that it requires years to teach to pirouette. \* \* \* By the new system horses are brought to do it both fore and hind legs in a very few lessons."

Once make our volunteer cavalry rational and attractive, by a roomy saddle, a neat yet easy dress, and a drill in which the individual qualities of the horseman will be developed, and plenty of men will be found

to devote their leisure hours to training their horses and acquiring their drill as zealously as the infantry ; thus we may possess an arm of defence worthy of our character as horsemen, and worthy in numbers, as well as in efficiency, to take the field with our Cadmean riflemen.

"HERE'S SPORT INDEED!"

SHAKESPEARE.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XXIII.

There never was a period when the manly sports of "Merrie England" were carried on with greater spirit than at the present ; and a comparison—however "odiferous," according to Mrs. Malaprop, "all caparisons" are—between those of the reign of Victoria and those of the third George would entirely substantiate our assertion. It is true that the cruel and brutal amusements of bull-baiting, and shying sticks at the Shrove Tuesday cock, are no longer tolerated, and the public are satisfied at seeing the monkey tribe disporting themselves at the Zoological Gardens, instead of testing their pugnacious qualities against the canine race at the Pit in Westminster, as was the case in the days of the celebrated Jocko Maceaco. Cock-fighting has ceased to be publicly carried on, although many a quiet main is fought *sub rosa* in the metropolis, and at sporting localities in the provinces ; and the breed of these brave, "never say die" birds has not in the slightest degree degenerated since the time when, under the auspices of the highest nobles of the land, almost every county in England produced its feeder "who handled his bird, and showed how mains were won."

COCK-FIGHTING.—This is so evidently of Grecian origin, that the inhabitants of Delos and Tanagra were lovers of this sport at a very early period, when several cities of Greece were eminent for their splendid breed of chickens. It was adopted by the Romans about four-hundred-and-seventy-one years before the Christian era ; or, according to some authors, immediately after the Peloponesian war. They had likewise a breed of pens at Alexandria in Egypt, which produced the best fighting cocks ; but, although it is certain that these fowls at first fought full-feathered, it was not long before feeders were made use of, as in the modern mode. But at Athens cock-fighting was partly a political and partly a religious institution, and was there continued for the purpose of improving the valour of their youth, and by degrees became a common pastime, as well as in all other parts of Greece. On the other hand, the Romans paired quails, as well as cocks ; and, according to Herodian, the first quarrel between Bassianus and Geta arose about the fighting of the quails and cocks ; notwithstanding this, the Romans did not begin to match the latter until the commencement of the decline of the empire. It is not positively known when cock-fighting was first introduced into England : we have no notice of it earlier than the reign of Henry the Second. William Fitz-Stephen describes it then as the sport of school-boys on Shrove Tuesday : the theatre was the school, and the school-master, it seems, was the comptroller and director of the sport. The

practice was prohibited in the 39th of Edward the Third, but became general under Henry the Eighth, who was personally attached to it, and established the cock-pit at Whitehall, to bring it more into credit. James the First was so remarkably fond of it, that, according to Monsieur de la Broderie, who was ambassador from Henry the Fourth to this king, he constantly amused himself with it twice a week. Under Elizabeth it was not less in vogue; and the learned Roger Ascham at that time favoured the world with a treatise on the subject. There were then pits in Drury and Gray's-inn-lanes, and another in Jewin-street; but the practice was a second time prohibited, by an act under the Protectorship, in 1654.

It is a fact, and a most melancholy one, that all sports are more or less cruel, and many perhaps quite as objectionable in that respect as cock-fighting. Yet the practice of putting on artificial spurs, and the knowledge that the conquerors seldom are allowed to live to enjoy their triumph, make this once-popular pastime repugnant to the humane feelings of a large mass of the people. Bull-baiting too, which, in our "sallad days," when, as the Queen of Egypt says, "we were green in judgment," we well recollect being carried on in Tophill Fields, and at many a suburban and country fair, has fallen into disuse, and the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals would soon pounce down upon any costermonger who was daring enough to indulge in this bovine barbarity. Another, equally inhuman sport, that of bear-baiting, has long since ceased to be indulged in; and the "Pit" in Westminster, famous, or rather infamous in by-gone days, when "Slender Billy" reigned supreme in Duck-lane, has ceased to exist; and splendid mansions, capacious hotels, extensive warehouses, handsome streets, now occupy the site of the lowest, dirtiest, and most filthy alleys, courts, and lanes; while powdered footmen, smart waiters, dapper shop-boys, aristocratic dames, tenant the district formerly the resort of dog-fighters, pigeon-fanciers, house-breakers, pick-pockets, coiners, horse-chaunters, and the lowest and most degraded of the prize-fighting community. The annual Easter staghound at Epping, which attracted Cockneys to that rural spot, famed for its sausages and sport, no longer exists, and few remember the day when a tame deer, decorated with ribands, was uncartered before a pack of currish, half-bred, mongrel hounds, of all sizes and shapes, and galloped after by a veteran huntsman on a broken-down hunter, and some hundred Johnny Gilpins from the east end, whose sole object seemed to be to ride over the straggling pack. To return to sports.

Racing has commenced with a vigour that proves this popular amusement is on the ascendancy. It came in after the fashion of March winds, "like a lion:" let us hope it will not "go out like a lamb." A very large assemblage of the genuine supporters of the turf honoured the Northampton and Pytchley Hunt Races with their presence, including Lords Exeter, Derby, Ailesbury, Spencer, Pomfret, Coventry, Strafford, Wilton, Hopetoun, Granville, Suffield, Lincoln, Sefton, Courtenay, Winchelsea, Norreys, Stamford and Warrington, Uxbridge, Euston, Hartington, Strathmore, Canterbury, Curzon, Andover, and Bateman; Sir H. Des Vœux, Sir J. Hawley, Sir W. Booth, Sir L. Newman, &c. Lord Stamford carried off five stakes, including the Northamptonshire cup, won by Newcastle, who seems to have improved

greatly since he has been indulged with Turkish baths. Lord Coventry made a successful *début*, by carrying off the Great Northamptonshire Stakes with Danaë. The absence of Admiral Rous from the above meeting was a subject of deep regret, especially as it was caused by illness; indeed, a race without this leviathan handicapper, is very much like “Hamlet” without the Prince of Denmark. We hope soon to hear of the gallant officer’s recovery.

The Grand National Hunt and Market Harborough Steeple Chases were also well attended; and as the course, though severe, was not a break-neck affair, much sport was produced. The great topic of conversation was the retirement of Mr. Henley Greaves from the mastership of the Warwickshire hounds, the successorship of Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Honourable W. B. North, who will continue to hunt the same country, and the newly-elected Master of the Heythrop, the Earl of Coventry, *vice* Hall resigned; an appointment which has given universal satisfaction—the noble owner of Crome being one of the most popular noblemen of the day.

We scarcely remember any year that has produced more sport in April than the present: we had ten excellent race meetings, and double that number of steeple-chases. The winter of 1860-1 has not been propitious either for hunting or shooting. The lengthened frost, the snow-storms, the gales of wind, all combined to put an end to the former popular sport, while the paucity of game told much against the latter. The Earl of Stamford has, in his own person, realized the truth of the old saying, that a bad beginning makes a good ending. His lordship, early in the season, was bit by a fox, by which his foot was much lacerated. Happily, however, thanks to a good constitution, he soon recovered from the effects of the accident, and was enabled to resent the affront offered him by the vulpine race, by killing many a fox after a glorious Leicestershire run. At the commencement of the hunting-season there was every reason to fear that the noble Earl would give up the Quorn hounds; but, fortunately for the lovers of the “noble science,” and much to the delight of all Meltonians, “the winter of the discontent” of a few illiberal spirits was “made glorious summer” by the liberality and forgiving disposition of the noble master. We hope that the lovers of hunting in every county throughout the United Kingdom will bear in mind the excellent axiom of “never riding a willing horse too hard;” and that they will, whenever called upon to take part in the expenses of the hunt and preservation of foxes, come forward with handsome subscriptions to defray some portion of the outlay. While upon the subject of hunting, it will be gratifying to our readers to hear that the Duke of Beaufort is now in a fair way of recovery from his recent severe affliction. His Grace is now able to take airing in his carriage; and it is confidently hoped that he will soon be equal to mounting his horse, an exercise he is devoted to, especially in the hunting-field. We sincerely trust that before next season the noble Plantagenet—for noble he is in every sense of the word—will be again seen cheering on the Beaufort pack.

To show what our ancestors deemed good sport, we quote the following extract from a sporting diary kept by a celebrated lover of the noble science, dated December 1st, 1775: “The hounds of Sir Charles Turner, Bart., of Birkleatham, hunted at Aureyholm Woods, near

Haworth, and found the noted old fox *Cæsar*, who made an extraordinary chase. After a round of four miles he led to Smeaton, through Hornby and Appleton, then back again to Hornby, Worsell Moor, Piersburg, Limpton, Craythorn, Middleton, Hilton, Newton, Marton Ormsby, then upon Hambleton, through Kirkleatham Park, Upleatham, Skelton, Kilton. Sir Charles Turner tired three horses. Robert Colling, Esq., of Haworth, was the last and only horseman who called off the hounds that started when they first found the fox. Near five o'clock in the afternoon there were only three hounds in pursuit, one of which was bred in the month of January before. The chase was upwards of fifty miles! In the previous year Sir Charles made a match with the Earl of March for 4,000 gs. a-side, to be performed on the Fell near Richmond. The conditions of the match were that Sir Charles Turner should ride ten miles within the hour, in which he was to take thirty leaps, each leap to be one yard one-quarter and seven inches high. Sir Charles performed it upon a galloway, to the astonishment of every person present, in 46 minutes and 59 seconds."

Again, we find from the journal of an old Meltonian the following description of a run in November, 1794: "On Wednesday Mr. Meynell's hounds had one of the severest runs from Ashby Pastures ever remembered in this country; the whole was one continued burst of an hour and fifty minutes, without the interval of a single check, notwithstanding the change of a fresh scent after about the first hour. As it was not end-ways run, the huntsmen and three or four others, who had skirted with judgment, came up just after the fox was killed; but the only four people who lay well with the hounds throughout were Messrs. Cholmondeley, Forrester, Morant, and Sir Harry Featherstone, and their horses were all very much distressed at the end. The rest of a very numerous field were completely beat from the first, and never made their appearance at all. The unrivalled superiority of the hounds was as remarkable in their carrying so fine a head during every part of such a severe race as it always is in a cold hunting chase."

To show the difference that exists between the master of the Royal hounds in the reign of Queen Victoria and that of the ancient Kings of Wales we give the following historical record:

"In the hunting-season he was entertained, together with his servants and dogs, by the tenants who held lands in villinage from the king. Hinds were hunted from the middle of February to midsummer, and stags from that time to the middle of October. From the ninth day of November to the end of that month he hunted the wild-boar. On the first day of November he brought his hounds and all his hunting apparatus for the king's inspection, and the skins of the animals he had killed in the preceding season were divided according to a settled proportion between the king, himself, and his attendants. A little before Christmas he returned to the court, to support his rank and enjoy his privileges. During his residence at the palace he was lodged at the kiln-house, where corn was prepared by fire for the dogs. His bugle was the horn of an ox, valued at one pound. Whenever his oath was required he swore by his horn, hounds, and leashes. Early in the morning, and before he put on his boots, and then only, he was liable to be cited to appear before a court of judicature. The master of the hounds, or any other person who shares with the king, had a right to



divide, and the king to chose. It was his duty to accompany the army on its march with his horn, and to sound the alarm and the signal of battle. His protection extended to any distance which the sound of his horn could reach. The laws declared that the beaver, the marten, and and the stoat were the king's, wherever killed; and that with the furry skin of these animals his robes were to be bordered. The legal price of a beaver's skin was stated at 10s."

In a former chapter we gave an account of the wonderful sagacity of a hound belonging to Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley, and we now record one of a similar character, that occurred in the pack of a huntsman of 1793:

When Mr. Smyth (known among sportsmen by the familiar appellation of Old Joe Smyth), and Mr. Taylor kept their fox-hounds at Whinwick, in Northamptonshire, they used sometimes to go for a fortnight's hunting to Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. On one of these expeditions, it was judged prudent to leave a favourite hound, called Dancer, at home, on account of his not being quite sound. Their first day's hunting from Lutterworth produced an extraordinary chase, in which hounds and horses were so tired, that it was deemed necessary to stop that night at Leicester. On returning the next day to Lutterworth, they were told that a hound of a certain description, from which it was known to be Dancer, came thither soon after their going out the preceding morning, had waited quietly till towards the evening, had then shown signs of uneasiness, and in the morning disappeared. It was, of course, concluded that, disappointed of finding his companions where he expected, Dancer had returned to the kennel at Whinwick; but what was the surprise and concern of his masters on returning home, to hear that he came back from Lutterworth, stayed one day at home, and then disappeared! Every possible inquiry was made, and at length it was discovered, that not finding the pack either at Lutterworth or Whinwick, Dancer had proceeded into Warwickshire, to a Mr. Newsome's, where the hounds had been for a week some months before. The exercise of a reasoning faculty, beyond instinct in the brute creation, was perhaps never more strongly exemplified than in the preceding instance."

We regret to find that in many counties in England, men calling themselves gentlemen are found encouraging the destruction of foxes. We have already hinted to one, who from his position in society ought to know better; and if the outrage continues, we shall feel ourselves called upon to publish the names of all Vulpecides, thus holding them up to the scorn of every true-bred sportsman; in the meantime we shall content ourselves with giving an extract from a letter of a nobleman to his agent in Leicestershire, written nearly seventy years ago, and which, as we can vouch for its authenticity, fully merits a place in the *Sporting Review*. We hope the hint thus given will not be thrown away. It bears date;

"St. James's, October 12, 1792.

"On the 2nd instant, I returned you, in a parcel by the mail, the notices you sent me to sign. I hope you received them early enough to serve upon my tenants in due time, without inconvenience to yourself. I must desire, that all those tenants who have shown themselves friends to the several fox-hunts in your neighbouring counties, viz., Lord Spencer's, Duke of Rutland's, Mr. Meynell's, Lord Stamford's, &c., may

have the offer and refusal of their farms, upon easy and moderate terms; and, on the other hand, that you will take care, and make very particular inquiry into the conduct of those tenants who shall have shown a contrary disposition, by destroying foxes or encouraging others to do so, or otherwise interrupting gentlemen's diversion, and will transmit me their names and places of abode, as it is my absolute determination that such persons shall not be treated with in future by me, upon any terms or consideration whatever. I am convinced that land-owners, as well as farmers, and labourers of every description, if they knew their own interest, would perceive that they owe much of their prosperity to those popular hunts, by the great influx of money that is annually brought into the country. I shall, therefore, use my best endeavour to induce all persons of my acquaintance to adopt similar measures, and I am already happy to find that three gentlemen of very extensive landed property in Leicestershire, and on the borders of Northamptonshire, have positively sent, within these few days, similar directions to their stewards, which their tenants will be apprised of, before they retake their farms at next Lady-day. My sole object is, having the good of the community at heart, as you and all my tenants know that my sporting days have been over some time ago."

The veteran who wrote the above letter was in every sense of the word a sportsman; and as an English fox-hunter, few in early life excelled him. *Tempora mutantur.*

The present generation of sportsmen is as different from those of the last generation, as gas is to oil, railway to coach-travelling, or the Great Eastern to the Margate hoy. We need not enumerate the qualities of a squire of our days, but we may give those of one of the last age.

The country squire of Fielding's time, the independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without top-boots. His time was principally spent in hunting, shooting, or angling. His travels never exceeded the distance of the country town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the neighbouring market-town, with the attorneys and justices, and from whence he generally returned *Bacchi* and "backy" *plenus*. The squire went to church regularly on a Sunday, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish-officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the next ale-house, where he usually got mortally drunk. He never played at cards except at Christmas, when a family pack, much fingered and thumbed, was produced from the mantel-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the North Pole, and undertaken with scarcely less precaution.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, striped with timber, called callimanco-work; or of red brick, large casemented bow-

windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study ; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks ; among the out-offices of the house a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his dogs. Near the gate was a large wooden horse-block, for the conveniency of mounting. The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantel-piece with fowling-pieces and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the good broad-sword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags'-horns. Against the wall was pasted King Charles's golden rules, and an almanack. In his window lay "Baker's Chronicle," "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," "Glanvil on Witches," "Quincey's Dispensatory," "Braeken's Farmery," and the complete "Sportsman." In the corner by the fireside stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion ; and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats. Here at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a large glowing fire, made of the roots of trees and other great logs, while he recounted exploits in hunting, related who had been the best sportsman of his time, and told and listened to hereditary tales of the village respecting a ghost and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the meantime the jorum of old October home-brewed ale was in continual circulation. The parlour, which was never opened except on particular occasions, was furnished with Turkey-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors (which he valued as much as Charles Surface did that of his uncle Noll), running-horses, and hunting pieces.

We now turn to amusements of the present month, commencing with cricket.

No game has kept up its popularity more than this national game. Matches, however, and the way of playing them, are very different from what they were during the last and early part of the present century, for we read of the following :

"What was termed a slave and slave cricket-match, and which from its length had a real claim to that title, took place at Lord's Cricket Ground, June 3rd, 1793, between Brudenell, Esq., heir to the Cardigan Estates, and Welsh, Esq., for 50 guineas. The following was the result :

FIRST INNINGS.			
	Balls.	Hits.	Runs.
Brudenell, Esq., b Welsh, Esq.....	50	34	29
SECOND INNINGS.			
Brudenell, Esq., b Welsh, Esq. ....	22	13	14
	<hr/> 72	<hr/> 47	<hr/> 43
Welsh, Esq. :			
FIRST INNINGS.			
Welsh, Esq., b Brudenell, Esq. ....	54	23	9
SECOND INNINGS.			
Welsh, Esq., b Brudenell, Esq. ....	84	47	26
	<hr/> 138	<hr/> 70	<hr/> 35'

About this period almost every match of cricket was for 1,000 guineas, seldom less than 500 guineas, and in the season of 1794, we find eight matches of 1,000 guineas, and five of 500 guineas : amount-

ing to 10,500 guineas. That was "keeping up the ball with a vengeance!"

To prove that the game of cricket is of ancient date, we give the following extract :

In the Wardrobe Account of the 28th year of King Edward the First (A.D. 1300), published more than sixty years ago by the Society of Antiquarians, among the entries of money issued for the use of his son, Prince Edward, in playing at different games, is the following item : "Domino Johanni de Leek capellano domini Edwardi fil ad creag et alios ludos per vices, per manus proprios, apud Westm. 10 die Aprilis." It is remarked in the preface, that there is no word in the glossaries, that comes near the sense of a game, in which "creag" could have been used ; but some light may be thrown upon it by the following extract of a letter from Mr. Maurice, jun., to Mr. Roger Gale, dated May 13th, 1743, and printed in *Biblioth. Topog. Britan.* : "On discourse of plays, observing that the instrument used thereat generally gives the denomination to the game, and recollecting all I could of the ball-plays used by the Greeks and Romans, and consulting Ballinger '*De Ludis Vet.*' Rouse, Godwyn, and Kennet, find nothing of cricket there—a very favourite game with our young gentlemen. I conceive it a Saxon game—'cricece,' a crooked club, as the bat is wherewith they strike the ball ; as billiards I take to be a Norman pastime, from the 'billart,' a stick so called, from which they do the like thereat." The variation of "creag" from "cricece" is certainly not very great ; and, considering the long lapse of time, cricket cannot be deemed an extraordinary corruption of either of those words. Is it not, therefore, a probable conclusion, from the above-cited article in the Wardrobe Accounts, that cricket was an old English game ; that, almost five hundred years ago, it was nearly so denominated ; and that then it was a favourite pastime with the Prince of Wales. Nor is it unlikely that John de Leek, his Highness's chaplain, might be his play-fellow.

Another authority—Mr. Barrington—has suggested that, in a proclamation of Edward III., A.D. 1363, cricket is alluded to, under two Latin words denoting the ball-and-bat sport ; as also in stat. of 17 Edward IV., A.D. 1474, by the pastime of "handyn and hand out."

Cricket will now commence in good earnest ; and the programme already issued for matches in 1861 exceeds that of last season. During the last month, the lovers of aquatic amusements have been gratified with some excellent rowing-matches ; and the Prince of Wales' and London Yacht Clubs have already made their opening trips ; and on the 11th of this month the Royal Thames Yacht Club are to assemble at Blackwall, and will proceed to Gravesend on a cruise. Great additions have been made to the list of club-yachts. The worthy Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget, who is never so happy as when on board his vessel, is having a yawl of 105 tons built by Harvey of Wivenhoe. We wish his lordship a better fate than he had with the Alma. The first meeting of the Four-in-hand Club will take place during the month ; and we question whether there is a more brilliant sight in "Merrie England" than the assemblage of the well-appointed "teams" belonging to this society, that weekly

draw up in the park, previous to a drive to Greenwich or Richmond. It brings back to one's memory the mail-coach procession on the birth-day of George III., when even Royalty deigned to look out of the palace-windows at the drags; for in an old newspaper we find the following account:

"On the 4th of June, 1794, when the Drawing-room broke up, their Majesties and the Princesses appeared at one of the bow windows of the Palace, fronting St. James's Street, to see the mail-coach procession. Eighteen coaches, entirely new, each drawn by four beautiful blood horses, decorated with ribbons, passed before the Royal Family, in the following order:

1 Bristol	7 Leeds	13 Dover
2 Bath	8 York	14 Portsmouth
3 Exeter	9 Norwich	15 Chester
4 Liverpool	10 Ipswich	16 Wisbeach
5 Manchester	11 Edinburgh	17 Gloucester
6 Shrewsbury	12 Poole	18 Worcester

The orderly deportment and discipline of the coachmen and guards, who were dressed in royal liveries, deserved much praise. Their Majesties seemed highly pleased with the sight, which was one of the most agreeable and lively exhibitions of the day."

Alas! "the light (coaches) of other days has faded" away; but, before we take leave of the past, let us give our readers an idea of a state carriage of 1795, and which comes up to the *beau idéal* of a Lord Mayor's coach of the present day:

"THE NEW CHARIOT USED BY LORD JERSEY, AS MASTER OF THE HORSE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The body of this superb chariot is painted, on a yellow ground, with gold stripes, and a broad fringe border, composed of the arms and crest of the Prince of Wales, with ornaments of festoon and oak-leaves, heightened with gold, on a rich Antwerp blue; the royal arms, garter, and supporters, in ermine mantles, on the doors and front and back of the chariot. On the side-panels, the Order of the Garter, with his Royal Highness's peculiar crests and coronets, in ermine mantles; the seat-cloth and lining crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, deep fringes, festoons, and tassels, on which the royal arms are richly embroidered. The carriage, elegantly carved, is a crane-neck, the fore-ends of which are composed of laurel, and the hind of palm-branches, encircling medallions bearing the Prince of Wales's crest, and terminating with a plume of feathers, enclosing the springs, with stars and the Order of the Garter. On the front foot-board, in *alto-relievo*, is the representation of a wild-boar hunt. The transom bears the head of Apollo, with emblems of that deity. The back part consists of winged horses, the ornamental parts of which, displaying a head of Mercury, support and enclose the springs; and on an Hercules' club, in the centre, is the crest of the Prince of Wales, with medallions, plumes of feathers, and stars. Two elegant cornucopias form the wings; and the whole is enriched with drapery of festoons and oak-leaves. The cranes and wheels are ornamented with ribbons, foliage leaves, and other devices. The harness is likewise fancifully executed, with various ornaments in silver, and is a great addition to the splendour of the chariot. This chariot was at first designed for the Princess of Wales; but, being only suitable for state occasions, it has been appropriated for Lord Jersey, Master of the Horse."

To resume: Many of our leading sportsmen now proceed to foreign parts for the purpose of shooting, fishing, and wild-beast-hunting. A visit to the Prairies, a trip to Norway, an excursion to the Cape, are not looked upon as more difficult than a journey to York was eighty years ago. Egypt has now attraction for the sportsman; for we find that Lord Londesborough, in one of his sporting excursions on the Nile, shot no fewer than 1,600 geese. Of these, 42 were brought down at one shot. His lordship, following

the good old advice given by Colonel Hawker, has had a duck-punt fitted up expressly for the service. We are gratified to find that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has forwarded by a special messenger to Chicago, in the United States, a present for the Hon. John Wentworth, mayor of that city: it consists of two pointer dogs—a male and a female—and two valuable Southdown sheep—a ram and ewe. Courtesies like the above, when emanating from so distinguished a source, are highly calculated to keep up a good feeling between England and America. As the “blue ribbon” of the Turf will be contended for during the present month, we must remind our readers of a prophecy we made last September, from which we quote a verse:

“Custance he is mounted. They are off! Oh, how fleet  
He skims o’er the course! See the field—they are beat!  
And look ye, douce mon (I said how ’twould be),  
The Derby is won by that de’il o’ Dundee!  
Come, fill up my cup! come, fill up my can!  
Let’s quaff off a bumper, my own *Merry* men,  
And drink to Auld Scotland, the land of the free,  
The birth-place of honour—of bonny Dundee!”

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## S P O R T S F O R M A Y .

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BY AUCEPS.

All Nature in its joyous exuberations hails the Spring season as the jubilee of the rejoicing year. The dreary months of winter have changed their frowning aspect, and have given way to a more relaxed and renovated character, represented by the gentle smiles of Spring. The air is soft and bland, the sun is, now, the potential parent of all animated existence, and the hill and the valley each teems with the fulness of creative greatness. The waters, which were a short time since manacled in the icy fetters of congelation, now flow unrestrained in their wonted course; and the funny tenants of the crystal flood having emerged from their hyemal torpor, now burst forth into new life, affording an ample fund of recreative amusement to the devoted angler.

The various classes of the feathered tribes which come under the denomination of game, whether the same pertain to the forest, the moor, or the field, are each and all, during the present month, exempted from the persecuting hand of the sportsman. *May* should be regarded as a “*truce* month” for game of every class and description, that the latter may be enabled to carry out the necessary laws of Nature, towards extending the propagation of each varying species.

How wise is the great dispensing hand of Providence in this particular! how beautiful are the links which unite the creature with the Creator!

This month, all insect life, operated upon by the genial influence of a glowing sun, teems with vigour; whilst the scaly inhabitants of the waters, eager and alert to seize with greedy appetite their heedless prey, depend upon a succession of perpetual changes as the season progresses to its close.

Boys are to be met with, in every field throughout the country, following up the cruel diversion of bird-nesting—a practice by no means commendable. Leave the ovivorous cuckoo to extirpate the feathered race in *embryo*, but let not the human hand wantonly sacrifice the infantine progeny of a wise creation. Weasels and snakes are at this interval busily occupied in destroying what hedge-birds' eggs they may alight upon, and there are many other incidents of a conflicting character employed to thwart too large an increase of the feathered colonies, without the ruthless custom of bird-nesting by idle boys, whose young hearts become hardened and obdured by the practice adverted to.

The angler is, at this period, in the zenith of his delight. The sportive May-fly toying throughout the day, on vacillating wing, over the rippling surface of the glassy stream, invites the spangled trout to its presence, and falls an unconscious victim to its watchful and unsparing enemy. Trout fatten prodigiously upon the *ephemera*; they have been known to gain half-a-pound in weight within the space of a fortnight, so long as the *larvæ* of the case-worm continue to riot over the surface of the waters. Palmer caterpillars, too, about this time abound in the meadows, and are most eagerly devoured by the above class of fish. I have succeeded in taking trout, as well as salmon peel, with a red palmer caterpillar, when these fish have been disposed to refuse every other kind of bait.

There are some very desirable trout streams to be met with, in different parts of the kingdom, over which a fly cannot be cast, such being encompassed by woods. I some years since was residing at Lymington, in the county of Hants, a pleasant and agreeable market-town situate on the Solent, which separates the Isle of Wight from the Southampton shore. Hereat I met with two distinct rivers, the "Eff" and the "Arne," both of which take their rise in the New Forest. These waters contained no other class of fish but trout and eel, and the streams for the most part intersected a long course of woodland. In some spots the water was not more than half a foot in depth, while in others deep pits presented themselves, and in the latter aqueous abysses some very heavy trout were known to shelter themselves. It was utterly impracticable to use the artificial fly, for the boughs and branches of oak, ash, and other timber literally impended over the stream; independent of which, the banks were fringed with a motley course of brushwood, which would have baffled the best efforts of an angler, however expert he may have been, in the art of securing his fly when near home. Finding the attempt of throwing out a fly unavoidable, I had recourse to the system of dapping; and whether it might have proceeded from the circumstance of the stream having been carefully fished, or from some other cause, I will not pretend to guess; but such a day's sport, after its kind, I never experienced in the whole course of my life. From a spot called Sway in the New Forest, downward to the village of Quay Haven, a distance of five miles, I succeeded in capturing no less than forty-five brace of trout, some of them exceeding three pounds in weight. The specimens were both of the gold and silver kind; that is to say, the heavier fish were richly tinged with an orange hue, whilst the smaller samples were white like the salmon. Independent of trout, I took with a worm some dozen of fine silver eels, which appeared to abound in this water: the same run from a quarter to a pound in weight.

During the present month the salmon-trout visits the fresh-water rivers, which communicate with the estuaries; and I have, at periods, made a good catch of these migratory wanderers, but I never met with any exceeding three pounds in weight.

The most desirable river I have had occasion to fish with the fly is the Itchin, which takes its rise near Alresford in the county above-named. At a portion of the river under consideration, which passes through Alresford Park, the residence of Lord Rodney, the trout run to a prodigious size, and must have, some of them, located in this water for a long term of years. It has never been, I believe, netted; and it is upon the above account that the fish have been so long preserved. Last June, a fine fish of the aforementioned kind, a pure *Trutta fluviatilis*, was taken by a person trolling with a minnow, which weighed eighteen pounds five ounces; and I have been warrantably assured by creditable persons living in the neighbourhood, that trout have been at sundry periods captured from this lake, which have exceeded twenty pounds in weight. In the Lake of Geneva such heavy samples have, I believe, been taken; but in England they seldom arrive at such a weight.

Pond-fishing may now be practised with success. Carp, perch, tench, roach, and gudgeon are in full season, and may be taken with worms, and paste made from stale bread. The rivers at this period teem with piscous life—comprising pike, barbel, bream, dace, roach, the ruff or pope, eel, and lampreys. All these may be taken by a worm; but for pike, the most inviting bait will be found to prove, a live frog. I was, some years since, angling at the gunpowder mills, which are erected at the extremity of Hounslow Heath, in Middlesex; and I was puzzled, for a considerable length of time, how to draw a jack to my hook, for I was baiting with gudgeon. Not a fish seemed to near my hook, although I knew that pike were plentiful in this water. At length one of the magazine attendants approaching me, questioned me as to what sport I had experienced? On my replying to him that I had met with none, he asked me what my bait consisted of? I told him it was a gudgeon. "They won't smell gudgeon this weather," said he; "go into the meadow, by the side of the gutter, and catch up a frog, try that on your hook, and I'll pound it, it won't be long before you will strike a fish, and a good one most likely." I did as my inquiring friend instructed me to do; and in less than five minutes, after I had committed the frog to the basin over which I stood, a thumping pike approached the bait, seized it, lowered down in the water, and gorged it as his prey. I ultimately struck the voracious tyrant, and upon landing him, desiered a fine jack, about two feet long, and which, upon taking the same home, I found to weigh six pounds. I could not, however, meet with another frog, although I searched for one for a considerable length of time, so that I was obliged to give up a further trial of my skill upon that occasion.

I have heard from other fishermen, who were old practitioners, and they have assured me that a live frog will attract a pike when no other kind of bait will. But angling is not the only diversion limited to the month of May.\* The manly game of cricket is now commencing in all the metropolitan and rural districts, and if the weather, during the

\* For the dates appointed for the respective "coming off" matches, the Monthly Almanack for the present month can be referred to.



month, should prove dry and otherwise favourable, some very interesting matches will come off by the end of the month. Boat-racing, too, will occupy the attention of many of the rowing clubs established on the Thames, and other noted rivers. A remark, however, may not be out of place here, and it is this, viz., that since the volunteer rifle corps have been formed, there has been a very sensible falling off of the members of the rowing clubs. This defect, however, may yet be remedied by the scions of oarsmen, who might feel disposed to follow in the wake of their seniors.

The turf will be all full of life, bustle, and business, during this month, and many a cool thousand will be given and taken upon the old principle of "play and pay." There are some parts of England, where, during the present month, many old English games are kept up in good spirit. In certain villages, little fairs, called revels, are held, at which country folk attend, and in which they take a very lively interest. At these feasts a May-pole is erected, which, plentifully greased all the whole length of the staff, a leg of mutton, or some other joint of meat, is infixed at the upper extremity of the pole. Boys are then suffered to compete for the prize, and he who should first succeed in gaining the ascendancy to the object of his desire, removes it from its position, and descends with it to the ground, he is declared the lucky winner upon the occasion. An hour or more is often occupied in accomplishing this manner of task; for many a boy, when half way up the pole, slips down again, with a greasy run. Swains and lasses, decorated with various coloured flowers, are accustomed to dance, on May-day, around the May-pole; for, in some rural localities, the first of this month is annually looked upon as the husbandman's holiday—jumping in sacks, protruding a wheel-barrow blindfolded, females racing against each other for a new smock, wrestling, and the barbarous game of single stick are still held up as distinguishing characteristics of May-day, whilst the athletic game of quoits, throwing the hammer, and other muscular and manly exercises, are brought to bear upon this occasion. May is the opening month of the year for the life of enjoyment.

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## THE CRICKET SEASON

Opened most appropriately on Easter Monday, early as it fell this year, on the banks of the Trent, where the Nottingham Eleven "tasted" 22 of their colts, and beat them in one innings, with 47 to spare. W. Shaw did well in bowling, as he got Daft's, Parr's, and Grundy's middle stumps, the two latter for a round "O." Daft made 32 before his went, Clarke 31, Brampton 13, and Jackson crowned the score with "34 run out." Tinley and Jackson were both in force, the former disposing of 17, and the latter of 11 of the colts. H. Newham did very well his first innings, but, fearful of tarnishing the memory of his 15, absented himself in his second, where T. Burrows scored the same number. H. Parr placed a 10 to his name in the second innings, and had a stop put to his career by a catch from the renowned G. P., who contributed nothing else to his side's victory, either in batting, bowling, or fielding. So far nothing else of public importance has come off.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

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"I belong to the unpopular family of Telltruths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."—*Rob Roy*.

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Indication has already been afforded of there being too many in the field, by the dropping off, one after another, of the theatrical aspirants for public favour. The supply has been over-abundant to the demand, and as a consequence, "seasons," as they are technically termed, have been brought to a premature conclusion.

THE LYCEUM was a notable instance. This theatre was only opened, after a very brief recess, on Easter Monday, for what was styled in the bill "the summer season;" but, strange to relate here, before the approach of a day with the slightest distinction to such a balmy period, the house in question closed. The fact is, however Madame Celeste may have been unfortunate in having to contend with strong opposition in the attraction offered by her neighbours, there is no question that mismanagement has something to do in bringing about an unprofitable result to her undertaking. With the exceptions of the engagement of Mr. Drew, and the production of the "Christmas Extravaganza," and the melodrama of "The House on the Bridge of Notre Dame," there really has been nothing above mediocrity. Even the engagement of such a comedian as the one named, was not turned to proper account. The pieces in which he appeared were meagre and poor in the extreme. The latest of the batch, "MacCarthy More," although stated to be written by Mr. Samuel Lover, especially for Mr. Drew, was lamentably deficient in interest, and in no way calculated to develop the humour of the actor. The uphill work he had, to carry a weak drama through, was painfully apparent. Indeed, without his assistance and the aid rendered by Mr. Calcott as scene painter, there is no doubt that "MacCarthy More" would not have enjoyed even the brief existence which such powerful auxiliaries served to secure. With the experience gained by the past, it is much to be hoped that Madame Celeste will enter upon her winter campaign with more fixed plans than hitherto, and that an amended course of tactics will be the means of finally producing a more profitable result.

It would be altogether superfluous to offer any comment upon the closing of DRURY LANE, as there the seasons are so many and various, that it is almost impossible to speak with any certainty about a theatre which to-day might be open and to-morrow shut.

"A new and original comedy" is indeed a marvel in these degenerate days, when manager after manager looks to France for material to furnish his company with characters, and his audiences with strongly-seasoned dishes for weak digestion. Such is the description in the HAYMARKET bill, of the novelty by Mr. Stirling Coyne; and it is but fair to observe that in this instance the authority quoted does no violence to the announcement. "Black Sheep" is the title of the new work; and when it is declared that such is the worst part of the whole, it may easily be conceived it is as it deserves to be, a successful affair. It is

perfectly true that the story is neither very new nor powerfully interesting, and that the three acts might be condensed without detracting from the merits of the piece. Still it is amusing, and likely to answer the desirable purpose of riveting the attention of the audience. That something was required, after such elaborated nonsense as "A Duke in Difficulties," to keep alive the dormant faculties of the spectators, was but too patent. In accomplishing this the author is aided by the company, the various members of which spare no exertion in their laudable endeavours to realize a favourable verdict. Foremost is Mrs. Chas. Young, who although not fortunate enough to be provided with a part equal to her acknowledged talent, does all that could under any circumstances be done for such a heroine. Mr. Howe likewise contrives, as the hero, to make all that the character is capable of being made. With Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Compton as active agents, it may be easily supposed that there is no lack of laughter produced by the mirthful sayings and doings of such a pair. The former, as a humbugging pretended philanthropist, is made up after the approved fashion, and in resemblance is not very dissimilar to one who in these times of quackery and pretension has made some notoriety and money.

Much as the plan so perseveringly pursued by managers, of giving translations from the French, is to be condemned, it must be acknowledged that one of the most admirable of this order has just been brought out at the ST. JAMES'S. A scrap of paper, from the French of "Les Pattes de Mouche," although already familiar to a London audience, as "The Billet-doux," is likely to furnish amusement for some time. The present adaptation differs widely from the former one by Mr. Charles Mathews, and does no discredit to Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who is answerable for this adaptation. Mr. Wigan imparts more than unusual interest to the character of *Prosper Couramont*, and throughout acts with considerable care, which is enhanced by gentlemanly bearing. The other characters are generally well sustained, that of *Matilda* being particularly well acted by Miss Moore.

Farces have not been very abundant of late; of the two claiming attention, precedence must be given to the *pièce de circonstance* at the ADELPHI. "The Census," which is what such trifles should be—very amusing. Mr. Toole, as the *Head of the Family*, makes the most of the perplexing situation he is placed in by the requirement, on the part of the Government, that he should make a correct return. How to fill in his Census schedule with a proper regard to accuracy, he is sorely puzzled, by the many difficulties thrown in his way by "relations," "boarders," "servants," and "visitors." At last, however, every obstacle is overcome, and the experiment of the Adelphi Census is so successful, that it will be taken repeatedly.

The next farce is the "Pasha of Pimlico," at the ST. JAMES'S, Mr. J. M. Morton having adapted it from a foreign source. With all its extravagance it is very successful, and is made not the less amusing from the well-directed efforts of Mr. Charles Young to produce mirthful sounds.

Music is now to be heard in every quarter of the metropolis, and in every form. At COVENT GARDEN, Italian Opera will have all to itself, it being understood that the old house in the Haymarket will not be opened this season. Many as the concerts at the several halls are, it would be difficult to cite any, which in interest and for novelty surpass

those of the Swiss Singers at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, under the well-directed management of Mr. Mitchell, of Old Bond-street.

Amongst the miscellaneous entertainments the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION affords an admirable proof of the energy and highly appreciated exertions of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. Their modern illustrations from real life are just what they should be, being in every way arranged to produce amusement. In causing such a pleasant result, this clever couple are assisted by a powerful auxiliary in Mr. John Parry.

THE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, at the Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre, continue to create considerable interest, by the drollery of their doings and the quaintness of their sayings. The long-continued popularity of their singing and dancing may be also instanced as convincing proof of the strong hold they enjoy of public opinion.

It requires sound judgment and much practical sense to know what old theatrical piece will bear being reproduced. The number of failures in this respect made of late years have been by no means limited, but an exception to the general rule was made at Easter at the HAYMARKET, when the once famous melo-drama of "The Miller and his Men" was revived with a success fully warranted. The whole performance and the manner in which it has been placed upon the stage may be cited as being of no ordinary kind. The principal characters are spiritedly sustained by Mr. Howe as *Grindoff*, Mr. W. Farren as *Lothair*, and Mr. Compton as *Karl*. The music by the late Sir Henry Bishop is given with great effect, while the scenery lends additional *éclat* to this old friend with a new face. On the other hand, the revival of "Popping the Question," lately made at the OLYMPIC, only serves to exhibit the decided inferiority of the modern over the cast of bygone years.

With the exception of the new drama, "Mac Carthy More," at the LYCEUM, Easter, this present year of Grace, was only observed by novelty appearing in the shape of burlesque at the STRAND—Mr. Byron's "Aladdin" forming the attraction at that theatre. The dialogue is after the approved fashion of the class of entertainment to which it belongs, receiving every justice at the hands of the talented company of so well-conducted a house. Mr. Swanborough, senior, has now assumed the management vacated by his daughter, who, according to report, has entered into a matrimonial alliance.

## L I T E R A T U R E.

"THE ENGLISH SPORTSMAN IN THE WESTERN PRAIRIES." By the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. *Hurst and Blackett, Great Marlborough-street.*

We do not overrate this book, when we place it amongst the most interesting and entertaining works which the season has yet produced. It cannot fail to obtain a large extent of popularity and circulation. In the scenes and adventures in the prairies, the writer produces passages which may stand without disadvantage side by side with the best writings of Cooper. The volume, which is beautifully illustrated, is full of incident, and contains a considerable amount of anecdote, information, and adventure. We can cordially recommend it to our readers. We perceive, by the advertisements, that Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce a new work from the pen of Lord William Lennox, entitled, "Recreations of a Sportsman."

## STATE OF THE ODDS, &amp;c.

THE MAMHEAD STUD,—Prioress has dropped a filly to Gemma di Vergy, since our article was written.

## SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.

By Messrs. Tattersall, at Hyde Park Corner.

On Monday, March 25 :

THE PROPERTY OF MR. P. BARLING.		GS.
Romeo, by California out of Ridotto (Mr. Wood) .....	260	
Magician, by Simoom out of Mincepie's dam (Mr. Phillips).....	70	
Smut, by Longbow out of Defamation, 4 years (Mr. Lawrence) .....	30	
Gourd, by Nutwith out of Glenara, 6 years (Mr. Vivian) .....	22	

On Monday, April 22 :

THE RABY HOUNDS AND HORSES.		
Five Couples (Hon Mark Rolle, North Devon) .....	100	
Four-and-a-half Couples (Hon. Mark Rolle) .....	85	
Five Couples (Mr. Wilkinson, the Hurworth) .....	88	
Five Couples (Mr. R. Watson, the Carlow, Ireland) .....	57	
Four-and-a-half Couples (Mr. Errington).....	55	
Pive Couples (Mr. Wilkinson, the Hurworth) .....	82	
Five Couples (Colonel Luttrell, West Somerset) .....	40	
Five Couples (Sir David Baird) .....	31	
Five-and-a-half Couples (Mr. Wilkinson) .....	35	
Six Couples (Mr. Marriott, East Essex) .....	20	
Six Couples (Mr. A. Whieldon, the Vine).....	20	

HUNTERS.			
	GS.		GS.
Woldsman.....	150	Grey Middleham .....	46
General .....	140	Shanckton .....	45
Salop .....	130	Yorkshire Lass .....	44
Negress .....	100	Merry Lass .....	36
Helen.....	93	Harry Longlegs .....	31
Gipsy.....	56	Spendthrift .....	27
Citizen .....	53	Langton .....	25
Desmond .....	52	Scotsman .....	24
Rocket .....	52	Cossack .....	21
Blarney .....	49		

We have to record the death of the famous mare Alice Hawthorne, the winner of the Chester, Goodwood, and Doncaster Cups, as well as of other good races, and the dam of Thormanby, Oulston, Lord Fauconberg, Findon, Sweet Hawthorne, and some others. She was twenty-three years old.

In compliment to one of the most spirited and open-looking Two-Thousands known for many years, we give the table of the month's business, though the race is decided the day the Magazine appears. The favourite has been

"Everything by turns and nothing long."

On the same showing we might be induced to altogether omit the Chester Cup, which does not increase in interest the nearer that the issue approaches. There has, however, just been a spurt in favour of Ben Webster, consequent on his running in Ireland, and William

Day so far is interpreted with Schism. Otherwise, it is still Chère Amie, Man-at-Arms, and Wallace, a significant reading of the handiwork of the handicapper. The Derby is a yet further foregone conclusion, and Dundee is fast coming to even betting. He has had a capital month, and is evidently well cared for, while the strength of "the tackle" has been shown every time it has been tried. The most formidable of the others, at present, are the three kappa—Kildonan, Kettledrum, and Klarikoff; but with the two latter much of course will depend upon the result of "the Guineas," a race of more than even usual import for Epsom. Neighbour, King of Kent, and Overton, have had a good time of it; while the second horse Folkestone is gone, and the rage for Rouge Dragon somewhat abated. But the "danger signal" rests over Kildonan, about whom all "the good money" has been "had!"

THE DERBY. [RUN MAY 29.]	April 1.	April 8.	April 15.	April 22.	April 25.
Dundee .....	4 to 1	5 to 1	Newmarket 4 to 1	7 to 2	7 to 2
Rouge Dragon .....	15 .. 1	15 .. 1	—	—	14 .. 1
Kildonan .....	—	—	50 .. 1	100 .. 6	—
Big Ben .....	100 .. 6	15 .. 1	20 .. 1	20 .. 1	—
Neighbour .....	—	25 .. 1	22 .. 1	—	—
Kettledrum .....	20 .. 1	—	25 .. 1	—	—
King of Kent .....	40 .. 1	20 .. 1	35 .. 1	25 .. 1	—
Overton .....	—	—	—	33 .. 1	—
Preceptress .....	—	—	—	—	40 .. 1
Robin Hood .....	33 .. 1	50 .. 1	40 .. 1	—	—
Sweet Hawthorn .....	50 .. 1	40 .. 1	—	—	—
Matador .....	—	28 .. 1	50 .. 1	—	—
Imaus .....	—	—	—	—	1000 .. 15
Nautilus .....	50 .. 1	—	—	—	—
The Roe .....	100 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Janus .....	—	—	100 .. 1	—	—
THE 2,000 GS. STAKES. [RUN APRIL 30.]					
Kettledrum .....	7 .. 1	—	10 .. 1	13 to 2	9 .. 2
Klarikoff .....	7 .. 1	—	7 .. 1	7 .. 1	9 .. 2
Preceptress .....	—	—	—	100 .. 8	10 .. 1
Overton .....	12 .. 1	12 .. 1	11 .. 1	9 .. 1	10 .. 1
Diophantus .....	7 .. 1	10 .. 1	12 .. 1	8 .. 1	100 .. 6
Russley .....	—	—	20 .. 1	100 to 7	100 .. 6
Sweet Hawthorn .....	10 .. 1	10 .. 1	6 .. 1	4 .. 1	100 .. 6
Neighbour .....	—	8 .. 1	—	100 .. 6	100 .. 6
Gardener .....	—	20 .. 1	—	—	—
Matador .....	9 to 1	8 .. 1	14 .. 1	—	—
Knight of St. Patrick .....	—	—	—	—	33 .. 1
Janus .....	—	—	33 .. 1	—	—
Knight of the Thistle .....	11 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Walloon .....	—	30 .. 1	—	—	—
Elborus .....	—	—	—	—	50 .. 1
Copernicus .....	—	—	—	25 .. 1	50 .. 1
THE CHESTER CUP. [RUN MAY 8.]					
Chère Amie .. 4 6 8	9 .. 1	—	—	7 .. 1	7 .. 1
Wallace .....	4 8 2	—	—	13 .. 2	7 .. 1
Man-at-Arms .. 4 7 0	11 .. 1	—	—	—	10 .. 1
Ben Webster .. 4 7 8	—	—	—	20 .. 1	12 .. 1
Light .....	5 7 8	—	—	100 .. 6	—
Swt. Hawthorne 3 6 2	—	—	—	20 .. 1	—
Butterfly .....	4 7 10	20 .. 1	—	—	—
Horace .....	4 6 0	25 .. 1	—	—	—
Herne .....	6 6 2	—	—	—	—
Schism .....	5 8 0	30 .. 1	30 .. 1	30 .. 1	25 .. 1
Killigrew .....	6 6 6	—	—	—	—
Bluestone .....	3 5 7	—	50 .. 1	—	—

Miss Eleanor, 5 yrs, 10st - - - Mr Thomas 3  
Caliban, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - Kendall 4  
Ceres, 6 yrs, 9st 10lb - - - Mr Woods 5  
5 to 4 agst Prince of Orange, and 5 to 2 agst Miss Eleanor. Won by five lengths; nothing else near.

**Hunt Cup Steeple Chase of 30l.; about 3 mi.**  
Balzarine, by Flatcatcher, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr Wood 1  
Monmouthshire, 12st (inc 7lb ex) - - - Mr W. Bevil 2  
Cliff Pigeon, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Thomas 3  
The Unknown, 12st (inc 7lb ex) - - - Mr J. Hich 0  
Archbishop, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Davison 0  
Merlin, 11st - - - Mr E. R. King 0  
Huntsman, 11st - - - Major Melville 0  
Lord Lovell, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Dickson 0  
Flamingo, 5 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Banks 0  
Wildrake, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Capt Knight 0  
Pirate, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Lingdon 0  
The Recorder, 12st (inc 7lb ex) - - - Mr Melville 0  
6 to 4 on Bridgroom, 8 to 1 agst Monmouthshire, 10 to 1 each agst Balzarine and Pirate, and 100 to 8 agst Lord Lovell. Won by a length and a-half; a bad third; Merlin fell. Bridgroom, aged, 12st (inc 7lb ex), (Mr Edwards) was weighed for, but did not get to the post in time to start.

### GRAND MILITARY AND CHELTENHAM STEEPLE CHASES.

**THURSDAY, March 21.—Grand Military Gold Cup, with 235l.; 3 mi.**

Inniskillen, by Tupsley, 12st - - - Hon F. G. Ellis 1  
The Warrior, 12st - - - Capt Tempest 2  
Laudanum, 12st - - - Viscount Talon 3  
Grey Peter, 11st 9lb - - - Capt Molyneux 4  
Nimrod, 11st 9lb - - - Mr S. Starke 0  
Ralph, 11st 9lb (car 11st 12lb) - - - Viscount Royston 0  
Pacha, 12st 5lb (inc 5lb ex) - - - M. de Ligniere 0  
Medora, 13st (inc 14lb ex) - - - Capt Barclay 0  
Lutterworth, 12st - - - Mr Rowland 0  
The Orphan, 12st - - - Capt Boyce 0  
Jack Tar, 12st - - - Capt Hawkes 0  
Repulse, 12st - - - Mr Benyon 0  
5 to 2 agst Medora, 4 to 1 each agst Inniskillen, Grey Peter, and Ralph, and 6 to 1 agst Lutterworth. Won by two lengths; a bad third; Ralph, Medora, and Laudanum fell, and Grey Peter and Nimrod refused.

**Consolation Scramble Steeple Chase of 48l.; 2 mi.**  
Comet, by Comet, 12st 7lb (7lb ex) - - - Mr F. Lotan 1  
Slasher, 12st - - - G. Barry 2  
Baronet, 12st - - - Capt Tempest 3  
Garibaldi, 12st - - - Ld Royston 4  
Yucca, 13st - - - Viscount Talon 0  
The Filterer, 12st - - - Capt Paynter 0  
Even on Slasher, 5 to 2 agst Comet, and 4 to 1 agst Baronet. Won by two lengths; a bad third; Yucca refused.

**Sweepstakes of 250l.; 3 mi.**  
Jack Tar, 10st 9lb - - - Capt Oakes 1  
Smoke, 11st - - - Capt Riddi 2  
Linkboy, 11st - - - Capt Molyneux 3  
Repulse, 11st - - - Mr Benyon 4  
Slasher, 11st 2lb - - - Major Green 0  
Yucca, 11st 7lb - - - Viscount Talon 0  
Lincoln, 10st 9lb - - - Mr Annesley 0  
Constance, 12st - - - Capt Barclay 0  
2 to 1 agst Smoke, and 4 to 1 each agst Linkboy and Constance. Won by twenty lengths; Constance, Slasher, and Linkboy fell; Yucca refused, and Lincoln, Repulse, and Smoke ran out of the course.

**FRIDAY.—Grand National Hunt Steeple Chase of 105l.; over 4 mi.**

The Freshman (h b), 12st - - - Mr Edwards 1  
Laudanum, 12st - - - Viscount Talon 2  
Ebony, 12st - - - Mr Thomas 3  
Wareley, 12st - - - Hon F. Ellis 4  
Ralph, 12st - - - Mr Lingdon 0  
Chatterbox, 12st - - - Mr F. Rowland 0  
Horror (Mr Hoof's), 12st - - - Mr G. Barry 0  
Volunteer (Mr Ford's), 12st - - - Mr F. Lotan 0  
Willoughby, 12st - - - Mr Bryer 0

7 to 4 on Freshman, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by five lengths; two lengths between second and third; Horror, Willoughby, and Chatterbox fell.

**Military Writer Steeple Chase of 130l.; 3 mi.**  
Smoke, 13st 7lb - - - Capt Boyce 1  
The Dodger, 13st 7lb - - - Mr Blundell 2  
Medora, 11st 7lb (inc 14lb ex) - - - Capt Barclay 3

The Warrior, 13st 7lb - - - Capt Tempest 4  
Greatnorth, 13st 7lb - - - Col Shirley 0  
3 to 1 each agst Smoke and The Dodger. Won by a length; two lengths between second and third; a bad fourth.

**Southern Plate of 40l.; 2 mi. 4 fur.**  
Brunette, by Rochester, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Rowland 1  
Puff Puff, 9st 4lb - - - G. Stevens 2  
Sunbeam, 9st 4lb - - - W. White 0  
5 to 4 agst Sunbeam, and 2 to 1 agst each of the others. Won by a length and a half; Sunbeam fell.

**Military Veterans' Steeple Chase of 135l.; 3 mi.**  
The Martyr, 13st 7lb (inc 14lb ex) - - - Mr Blundell 1  
Birdcatcher, 12st 7lb - - - Hon F. Ellis 2  
King Edward, 13st 7lb (inc 14lb ex) Capt Towneley 0  
6 to 4 on Martyr, and 2 to 1 agst each of the others. Won by six lengths.

**SATURDAY.—Cleeve Plate (Hp.) of 29l.; 2 mi. 4 fur.**  
Comet, by Comet, 9st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) Mr F. Lotan 1  
Puff Puff, 10st 2lb - - - G. Stevens 2  
Venison, 9st 4lb - - - Tarrant 3  
Sunbeam, 10st 2lb - - - G. Holman 0  
5 to 4 agst Sunbeam, and 5 to 2 agst each of the others. Won by half a length; a bad third.

**Grand Steeple Chase Plate (Hp.) of 252l.; 4 mi.**  
Freshman, by Galanthus, 10st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - Mr Edwards 1

Jerusalem, 11st 6lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - G. Stevens 2  
Doubtful, 10st 3lb - - - Mr Thomas 3  
Medora, 10st 3lb (inc 10lb ex) - - - Mr Rowlands 4  
Ace of Hearts, 9st 5lb - - - W. White 0  
The Monmouthshire, 9st 4lb - - - Mr W. Bevil 0  
Deception, 9st - - - A. Sadler 0  
Cloughbally, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - Tarrant 0  
2 to 1 agst Doubtful, 3 to 1 agst Jerusalem, and 5 to 1 each agst Freshman, Monmouthshire, and Ace of Hearts. Won easily by two lengths; a bad third; Cloughbally refused, and Monmouthshire fell.

**Selling Steeple Chase Stakes of 40l.; 3 mi.**  
Haphazard, by Brush, 10st - - - Jarvis 1  
Linkboy, 10st - - - Mr Edwards 2  
Beautiful Star, 10st - - - Enock 0  
2 to 1 on Linkboy, 5 to 2 agst Haphazard, and 5 to 1 agst Beautiful Star. Won in a canter by ten lengths. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 41 g.

**Scurry Steeple Chase Handicap of 27l.; about 2 mi.**  
Grey Peter, by The Streamer, 9st - - - Mr W. Bevil 1  
Sunbeam, 9st 10lb - - - G. Holman 2  
Shylock, 9st 2lb - - - W. White 3  
Nimrod, 9st - - - J. Holman 4  
Comet, 9st 9lb - - - Mr F. Lotan 5  
Volunteer, 9st 2lb - - - J. Edmunds 0  
Slasher, 9st (car 9st 2lb) - - - G. Stevens 0  
Wanderer, 8st 10lb - - - A. Sadler 0  
5 to 2 agst Slasher, 3 to 1 agst Comet, 4 to 1 agst Sunbeam, and 5 to 1 agst Grey Peter. Won by a neck; six lengths between second and third.

### PONTELAND.

**MONDAY, March 25.—Hunters' Hurdle Stakes of 21l.**  
Gentle Annie, 10st 9lb - - - Atkin 1 1  
Gaylad, 11st - - - Smith 3 2  
Colleen Bawn, 11st - - - Auston 2 3  
Capon, 11st - - - Harrison 0 0  
First heat won easily; Capon fell. Second heat won by a length.

**Farmers' Handicap of 14l.**  
Camphor, 3 yrs - - - Wright 1 1  
Capon, 3 yrs - - - Harrison 2 2  
Maid of Nun-street, aged - - - Fox 4 3  
Little Mary, 3 yrs - - - W. Lawson 3 dr  
The Jew, 4 yrs - - - Auston 0 0  
First heat won by a length; The Jew bolted. Second heat won by a neck.

**Beaten Stakes of 5l.**  
Capon, 6 yrs, 11st - - - 1  
Little Mary, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - 2  
The Jew, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - 0  
Won by a neck. The Jew bolted.

### HARTFORD STEEPLE CHASES.

**SATURDAY, March 30.—Cheshire Hunt Cup of 45l.; about 3 mi.**

Maid of Arley (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 10lb Wakefield 1  
Polly (h b), 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Turner 2  
The Plover (h b), aged, 12st - - - Capt Tempest 3  
Johnny Raw (h b), aged, 12st - - - Capt Starke 0

Spider (h h), aged, 12st - - - Mr Arden 0  
Speed the Plough (h b), aged, 12st 10lb A. Clarke 0  
2 to 1 on The Plover, 3 to 1 agst Johnny Raw, 5 to 1  
agst any other. Won by two lengths; four lengths  
between second and third; Spider fourth; Speed the  
Plough refused.

*Hartford Stakes of 50l.; about 3 mi.*  
Astley, aged, 12st - - - Mr Melverley 1  
Captain (h b), aged, 12st - - - Capt Starkie 2  
6 to 4 on Captain. Won by three lengths.

*Open Selling Steeple Chase Stakes of 29l.; about 3 mi.*  
Tenderer (h b), aged, 10st 7lb - - Mr Melverley 1  
Conrad (h b), aged, 11st - - - Mr Gaman 2  
Nelly Whitefoot (h b), aged, 11st - Mr Fletcher 3  
Johnny Raw (h b), aged, 10st 7lb - Johnson 0  
Yelverton (h b), 5 yrs, 12st - - Whitten 0  
6 to 4 agst Conrad, and 2 to 1 agst Tenderer. Won  
by three lengths. The winner, entered for 29 sovs.,  
was sold for 36gs.

### EDINBURGH SPRING.

SATURDAY, March 30.—*Caledonian Cup* *Stakes of 15l., and Silver Cup; once round.*

Antiquary, 6 yrs - - - Mr R. Calder 1  
Treslinu, 6 yrs - - - Mr Erskine 2  
Destiny, 5 yrs - - - Mr Paterson 3  
Morrice, aged - - - Mr Porteous 4  
Sunrise, 6 yrs - - - Mr J. Hope 5  
Heather Belle, aged - - - Sir D. Baird 6  
6 to 1 agst Antiquary, and 2 to 1 agst Morrice.  
Won by a length; a bad third.

*Edinburgh Welter Handicap of 50l.; once round, and a dis.*  
Weardale, by Burdale, 5 yrs, 9st 10lb Mr Deans 1  
Aubone, aged, 9st 4lb - - - Mr Erskine 2  
Wellington, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb - - Mr Stenhouse 3  
Bloomsbury, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb - - Mr J. Hay 4  
Tousle, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - Mr Porteous 0  
6 to 4 agst Weardale, 2 to 1 each agst Aubone and  
Wellington, and 5 to 1 each agst Tousle and Blooms-  
bury. Won by half a length; a neck separating  
second and third; Tousle walked in.

*Open Hunters' Selling Stakes of 21l.; once round, and a dis.*  
Weardale, 5 yrs - - - Mr Erskine 1  
Shamrock, aged - - - Mr Porteous 2  
Mary, aged - - - Mr Wallace 3  
2 to 1 on Weardale. Won easily by three lengths.  
The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 36 sovs.

*Ladies' Whip Stakes of 10l., and Gold-mounted Whip;*  
1 mi.

Carbineer - - - Mr Baguel 1  
Referee - - - Mr Burdon 2  
Deaunter - - - Mr Saunders 3  
Magnum - - - Capt Atkinson 0  
Anna - - - Capt Mann 0  
Even agst Carbineer and Referee. Won easily by  
twenty lengths.

*Scurry Handicap of 14l.; one mi.*  
Aubone, 10st 4lb - - - Mr Porteous 1  
Wellington, 10st 12lb - - - Mr Stenhouse 2  
Bloomsbury, 11st - - - Mr Erskine 3  
Even agst Bloomsbury, 2 to 1 agst Wellington, 3 to  
1 agst Aubone. Won by a neck.

### HENLEY-IN-ARDEN STEEPLE CHASES.

MONDAY, April 1.—*Farmers' Stakes of 28l.; 3 mi.*  
Peppermint, 11st 7lb (ear 12st 7lb) Mr Croft + 1  
B g by Archy, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - Mr Rich + 2  
Wilful, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Copson 3  
Physician, 11st 7lb - - - Mr T. Ivens 0  
Little Sally, 11st 7lb (ear 11st 9lb) Mr P. Robbins 0  
A dead heat. Second heat won cleverly by two  
lengths.

*Hunters' Stakes of 25l.; 3 mi.*  
Metal, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Guyas 1  
Diana, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Price 2  
The Worcestershire Beacon, 11st 7lb Mr T. Ivens 0  
Border Chief, 10st (ear 10st 11lb) - Mr Rich 0  
Won by twenty lengths.

*Hunt Stakes of 14l.; 3 mi.*  
Border Chief, 11st 5lb (inc 5lb ex) - Whittenham 1  
Freshwater, 11st - - - Mr Parker 2  
Slasher, 11st - - - Mr Price 3  
The Worcestershire Beacon, 11st - Mr Sandy 0  
Ch g, aged, 11st 5lb (inc 5lb ex) - Bonehill 0  
Won in a canter by two lengths; same between  
second and third.

### SPRINCILL STEEPLE CHASES.

MONDAY, April 1.—*Springhill Steeple Chase of 47l. 5s.;*  
about 3 Irish mi.

Conjuror, by Conjuror, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr P. Newman 1  
All-in-my-eye Betty Mortio, 4 yrs, - - - Mr Kennedy 2  
11st 7lb - - - Mr J. Newman 3  
The Wren, aged, 14st 3lb - - - Mr Markey 0  
Tackle Toby, 4 yrs, 11st 12lb - - Mr G. Knox 0  
The Major, 5 yrs, 12st 12lb - - - Mr Green 0  
Banagher (h b), aged, 12st 7lb - - Mr Gavanj 0  
5 to 2 agst Tackle Toby, 3 to 1 agst Conjuror, and 6  
to 1 agst Banagher. Won by ten lengths.

*Farmers' Steeple Chase of 25l.; heats, 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
Too Too, by Windfall, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb - - Mr McDonnell 1 1  
(inc 5lb ex) - - - Mr Lindie 0 2  
Sarah Bell, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Burnett 2 0  
Kiss-me-Quick, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Kennedy 3 0  
Iron Duke, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Wilson 0 0  
Queen of the Glen, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Blake 0 0  
Blacktip, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Tobin 0 0  
Marie, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Magnrie 0 0  
Johnny, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mooney 0 0  
Oceann Queen, aged, 12st 7lb - - -  
Off-she-goes, 4 yrs, 11st - - -

*Open Steeple Chase of 30l.; about 3 mi.*  
Tackle Toby, by Windfall, 4 yrs, 10st - Mr Thomas 1  
George, aged, 12st - - - Mr Russell 2  
Pompey, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - Mr Wilson 3  
The Wren, aged, 12st - - - Mr Kennedy 0  
Daisy Plucker, aged, 12st - - - Mr Newman 0  
Wicked Will, 4 yrs, 10st - - - Mr Gavanj 0  
Trinculo, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - Mr P. Newman 0  
2 to 1 agst George, 3 to 1 agst Trinculo, and 4 to 1  
agst The Wren. Won cleverly by three lengths.

### CANTERBURY SPRING.

TUESDAY, April 2.—*Open Hurdle Race (H) Plate*  
of 50l.; about 2 mi., over six hurdles.

Gaylad, by The Knight of Avenel, 4 yrs,  
10st 6lb (inc 6lb ex) - - - Headland 1  
Egbert, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb (inc 6lb ex) - Nightingall 2  
Advent, aged, 10st 8lb (inc 6lb ex) B. Lead, jun. 3  
Mary Stuart, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb (inc 6lb ex) G. Eatwell 4  
Dove, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb (inc 6lb ex) - - - Searle 5  
Longrange, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb (inc 6lb ex) R. Sherrard 0  
Estella, aged, 10st 2lb - - - Mr Ward 0  
Reform, 6 yrs, 9st 5lb (inc 6lb ex) - Hornby 0  
Full Cry, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb (inc 6lb ex) - Morgan 0  
Quarter Day, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (inc 6lb ex) - Taylor 0  
Won by two lengths; three lengths between second  
and third. Longrange refused.

*Hunters' Stakes of 38l.; about 1 mi. 4 fur, over six  
hurdles.*  
Savernake, aged, 10st 13lb (inc 6lb ex) B. Land, jun. 1  
Allington, 6 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Ward 2  
Lynstead Lass, 3 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - Mr Curtis 3  
Bodger, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Eggraton 4  
Grey Friar (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mr Wynne 0  
Sybil, 5 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - Mr Burbage 0  
Caprice, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (inc 6lb ex) - G. Searle 0  
Emerald, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Capt Travers 0  
Elvira, aged, 11st 6lb - - - Mr Grant 0  
Rocket, aged, 11st 13lb - - - Mr Colhard 0  
Won by a length; three lengths between second and  
third. Caprice fell, and Elvira broke down. The  
winner, entered for 30 sovs., was not sold.

*Easter Plate; 4 mi.*  
Longrange, 6 yrs, 10st - - - R. Sherrard 1  
Lucknow, 4 yrs, 10st - - - G. Searle 2  
Tacket of Lence, 5 yrs, 10st - - - Mr P. Egan 3  
Mary Stuart, 4 yrs, 10st - - - G. Eatwell 0  
Emerald, aged, 10st - - - Mr Ward 0  
Won easily by three lengths; a bad third.

*Scurry Stakes of 15l.; Round Mile*  
(inc 6lb ex) - - - G. Eatwell 1  
Mary Stuart, by Annandale, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb  
Lucknow, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb (inc 6lb ex) - G. Searle 2  
Caprice, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - Mr Martin 3  
Dove, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb (inc 6lb ex) - Hornby 0  
Full Cry, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Morgan 0  
Sybil, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Burbage 0  
Won by half a length; a length between second and  
third. The winner, entered for 60 sovs., was not sold.



## ATHLONE STEEPLE CHASES.

**TUESDAY, April 2.—Selling Race of 31l.; heats,**  
about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Nannie, by Thunderbolt, aged, Mr Thomson 1 1  
10st 8lb - - - - - J. Broderick 2 2  
Helter Skelter (late Jack's the Lad), aged, M. Broderick 3 dr  
10st 8lb - - - - -  
O'Neiza, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb - - -  
Each heat won easily.  
**Garrycastle Handicap of** about 3 mi.  
(inc 7lb ex) - - - - - D. Broderick 1  
Arab Maid, aged, 10st 12lb - - - D. Meany 2  
Mary Anne (h b), 6 yrs, 9st 11lb (inc 3lb  
over) - - - - - Joe Wynne 3  
Musician, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb - - - Mr Thomson 4  
Newcastle, aged, 9st 5lb - - - Hanlon 0  
Steel Boy, aged, 10st 6lb - - - Carter 0  
Brunette, 6 yrs, 9st - - - M. Broderick full  
2 to 1 agst Arab Maid, 4 to each agst O'Connell,  
Musician, and Mary Anne, 5 to 1 agst Newcastle.  
Won by three lengths; two lengths between second  
and third; and a neck between third and fourth.  
**Railway Plate of 30l.; heats, 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
Nannie O'Le ry, by Vortex, aged,  
11st 9lb - - - - - M. Broderick 1 1  
Jumpaway, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - Graney 4 2  
Woodview, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - J. Meany 2 fell  
Shepherd, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Rooney 3 full  
Allspice, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - Mr Thomson fell dis  
Both heats won cleverly.

**WEDNESDAY.—Glynwood Hunt Challenge Cup value**  
100l., and 65l.; about 3 mi.  
12st 5lb - - - - - Mr Thompson 1  
Peter Simple, aged, 12st 12lb - - - Mr Wm. O'Ryan 2  
Glendalough, 4 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Callanan 3  
Pedlar, 6 yrs, 13st 2lb - - - Mr C. Usher 0  
6 to 4 agst Pedlar, 2 to 1 agst Musician, 6 to 1 agst  
Glendalough, 8 to 1 agst Peter simple. Won by three  
lengths. Pedlar broke down.

**Athlone Handicap Stakes of 60l.; heats, about 1 mi.**  
4 fur.  
Nannie, by Thunderbolt, aged, Mr Thomson 3 1 1  
8st 12lb - - - - - M. Broderick 2 2 2  
Nanny O'Leary, aged, 10st 2lb - - - J. Hanlon 1 fell  
Post Horn, aged, 9st 2lb - - -  
First heat won by a length, and the second easily.  
**Consolation Stakes of 31l.; heats, 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
Post Horn, by Windfall, aged, 10st 7lb Graney 1 1  
Brunette, aged, 10st 7lb - - - D. Broderick 2 2  
Peter Simple, aged, 10st 7lb - - - M. Broderick 3 3  
Woodview, 10st 7lb - - - J. Meany 4 dr  
Both heats won cleverly.

NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD HUNT  
STEEPLE CHASE, AND SPRING MEETING.

**TUESDAY, April 2.—Harriers' Hunt Cup Steeple**  
Chase of 44l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Old Joe, aged - - - - - Mr H. Wilkinson 1  
Lincoln Green, 6 yrs - - - - - Mr W. Cowen 2  
Cock Robin, aged - - - - - Mr Miller 3  
Gadlad, aged - - - - - Mr J. Hadlow 0  
Bonnie Dundee, aged - - - - - Mr G. Tait 0  
Fanny, 6 yrs - - - - - Mr Fife Scott 0  
6 to 4 each agst Old Joe and Fanny, 3 to 1 agst Lin-  
coln Green, 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by twenty  
lengths. Fanny bolted.  
**Tyne Spring Handicap of 83l.; North Derby course.**  
Jim, by West Australian, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb Fawdon 1  
Joey Jones, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Sinclair 2  
Peggy Tait (h b), 5 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - Swainson 3  
Prince of Denmark, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - G. Aldcroft 0  
Sweetbriar, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - Halliwell 0  
The Laird of Prudhoe, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Aikney 0  
Sir Harry, 5 yrs, 8st - - - - - Calvert 0  
Homeward Bound, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - - Hibberd 0  
The Geny, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - Herrington 0  
Moss Rose, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - Metcalf 0  
Camphor, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (car 6st 12lb) - - - Wright 0  
Laird of the Craggs, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Heslop 0  
2 to 1 agst Jim, 5 to 2 agst Homeward Bound, 3 to 1  
agst Sweetbriar, 5 to 1 each agst Prince of Denmark,  
Peggy Tait, Joey Jones, and Camphor, and 10 to 1  
agst any other. Won by half a length; a length be-  
tween second and third; Sir Harry and Laird of  
Prudhoe where the next two.

## Selling Stakes of 46l.; T.Y.C.

Jeremiah Moderate, by Snowden Dunhill,  
4 yrs - - - - - W. Abdale 1  
Fast Runner, 3 yrs - - - - - Swainson 2  
Sir Harry, 5 yrs - - - - - Calvert 3  
Maid of Athol, 3 yrs - - - - - Hibberd 0  
G by Augur—Vinaigrette, 2 yrs - - - Blackburn 0  
Maggie, 5 yrs - - - - - Sinclair 0  
Gentle Annie, 5 yrs - - - - - B. Fox 0  
2 to 1 each agst Fast Runner and Jeremiah Mo-  
derate, 3 to 1 agst Maggie, and 6 to 1 agst Sir Harry.  
Won by a length; half a length between second and  
third. The winner was not sold.

## Northumberland Hunt Plate of 20l.; 2 mi.

The Jew, 4 yrs - - - - - Mr J. Walker 1  
Bonnie Dundee, aged - - - - - Mr W. Tait 2  
Old Joe, aged - - - - - Mr Wilkinson 3  
Sardina, aged - - - - - Major Bell 4  
Lincoln Green, 6 yrs - - - - - Mr W. Cowen 0  
Maid of Nun-street, aged - - - - - Mr Bullock 0  
Gaylad, aged - - - - - Mr J. Hadlow 0  
M by Muley Moloch - - - - - Calvert 0  
Cock Robin, aged - - - - - Mr Miller 0  
Prodigious, aged - - - - - Mr H. Milvain 0  
Fanny, 6 yrs - - - - - Mr Golightly 0  
Even on Fanny, 2 to 1 agst Sardina, 5 to 1 agst Old  
Joe, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by a  
length.

WORCESTERSHIRE HUNT STEEPLE  
CHASES.

**TUESDAY, April 2.—Worcestershire Hunt Cup of 6l.;**  
about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Handy, 12st - - - - - Mr Rix 1  
Game Chicken, 12st - - - - - Mr C. Marson 2  
Rebecca, 12st 10lb (inc 10lb ex) - - - Mr W. Essex 3  
6 to 4 on Handy, 5 to 2 agst Rebecca, and 5 to 1 agst  
Game Chicken. Won easily by two lengths; bad  
third.

## Crowle Stakes of 22l.; Cup Course.

Speculation, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Rix 1  
Rector, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr J. Calder 2  
Fancy, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr W. Handy 3  
Dapple Grey, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr J. W. Smith 0  
Shropshire Lass, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr A. Calder 0  
Jack, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Palmer 0  
Charley, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr G. George 0  
The Rejected, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr C. Marson 0  
2 to 1 agst Speculation, 3 to 1 agst The Rejected,  
and 5 to 1 agst Rector. Won in a canter by six  
lengths.

**Scurry Stakes of 7l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.**  
Rector, 12st - - - - - Mr J. Calder 1  
Fancy, 12st - - - - - Mr A. Calder 2  
Odd One, 12st - - - - - Mr Heine 3  
The Rejected, 12st - - - - - Mr C. Marson 0  
Volunteer, 12st (car 12st 4lb) - - - Mr E. Mytton 0  
5 to 4 agst Rector, and 2 to 1 each agst Volunteer  
and The Rejected. Won by a length and a half; a  
bad third.

## NORTHAMPTON.

**TUESDAY, April 2.—Trial Stakes of 140l.; 1 mi.**  
Malta, by Gibraltar, 3 yrs, 7st - - - A. Edwards 1  
Crater, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - G. Fordham 2  
Gallus, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - Wells 3  
Wing, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Challoner 4  
Lupus, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Clement 0  
Connamum, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - W. Bottom 0  
Helena (h b), 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - H. Grimshaw 0  
Sweetnaue, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - W. Boyce 0  
Atherstone, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Drew 0  
Cosmopolite, 6 yrs, 9st 3lb - - - - - E. Sharp 0  
5 to 2 agst Crater, 4 to 1 agst Malta, 5 to 1 agst  
Atherstone, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won cleverly  
by half a length; three lengths between second and  
third; a length between third and fourth.—M. 56 s.

## Whitlbury Stakes of 440l.; about 6 fur.

Imanus, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb A. Edwards + 1  
Manrico, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - J. Adams + 2  
Bas Bleu, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - Wells 3  
Ethel, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - Pearson 4  
Nubush, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (inc 5lb ex) L. Snowden 0  
Doefoot (h b), 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (inc  
5lb ex) - - - - - J. Snowden 0  
Knightsbridge, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - - J. Osborne 0  
Ivanhoff, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - -  
C 2

Forester, 5 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - G. Fordham 0  
Tutor, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - J. Daley 0  
F by Orlando—Barcelona, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb Parsons 0  
Twinkle, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - Page 0  
9 to 2 agst Imaus, 6 to 1 each agst Doefoot, Bas  
Bleu, Tutor, and Morrice, 7 to 1 agst Nutbush, and  
8 to 1 agst Forester. A dead heat; Bas Bleu finished  
three lengths off.—1m. 20s. Deciding heat: 5 to 4  
on Imaus. Won by two lengths.—1m. 20s.

Stand Plate (Hp.) of 50l.; 1 mi.

Miss Lancashire, by Longbow, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - T. French 1  
Jingling Johnny, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - W. Bottom 2  
Fitch, 5 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - L. Snowden 3  
Lustre, 5 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - Gardner 0  
Edmund Keen, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - Clement 0  
Bayonet, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - Wheatley 0  
Isthmian, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - A. Edwards 0  
Necromancer, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Midgley 0  
Biddy Nuts, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - Matthews 0  
B f by Taurus—Taurion, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb J. Daley 0  
7 to 4 agst Miss Lancashire, 6 to 1 each agst Isth-  
mian and Jingling Johnny, 100 to 15 each agst Necro-  
mancer and Fitch, and 8 to 1 agst Bayonet. Won  
easily by a neck; a bad third.—1m. 54s.

Great Northamptonshire Handicap of 1,285l.; 2 mi.  
Danne, by Kingston, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - J. Adams 1  
King of Kent, 3 yrs, 7st - - - H. Grimshaw 2  
Moorecock, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Challoner 3  
Lady Trespass, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - J. Osborne 0  
Horror, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - G. Fordham 0  
Avalanche, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - Custance 0  
Simple Simon, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - L. Snowden 0  
King of Diamonds, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - Charlton 0  
Moorhen, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - W. Bradley 0  
Plumper, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Drew 0  
Donner and Blitz, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - Oram 0  
Merrimac, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - A. Edwards 0  
Ambush, 5 yrs, 7st - - - Mitchell 0  
Jacintha, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - W. Bottom 0  
3 to 1 agst Danne, 5 to 1 each agst King of Kent  
and Merrimac, 10 to 1 agst Horror, 100 to 7 each agst  
King of Diamonds and Plumper, 100 to 6 agst Ava-  
lanche, 20 to 1 agst Moorecock, and 100 to 3 each agst  
Moorhen and Jacintha. Won very easily by a length  
and a half; two lengths between second and third;  
King of Diamonds was fourth, two lengths from the  
third, Avalanche fifth, Horror sixth, and Moorhen  
next; Simple Simon broke down.—3m. 56s.

Pythley Stakes of 85l.; 5 fur. straight.

Leontes, by Tadmor, 6 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - A. Edwards 1  
Libellous, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - Grimshaw 2  
Griffin, 5 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - H. Taylor 3  
The Nun, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - Mitchell 0  
Apollo, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - J. Daley 0  
Yafa, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - E. Taylor 0  
Dr Nichol, 4 yrs, 7st - - - J. Adams 0  
Monatebank, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Whiteley 0  
5 to 4 on Leontes, and 5 to 1 agst Apollo; before he  
bolted 6 to 1 was taken about Dr Nichol. Won by a  
head; four lengths between second and third; Monate-  
bank was fourth, two lengths from the third; Dr  
Nichol broke away before the start, and ran the entire  
circuit of the course. The winner, entered for 60 sovs.,  
was bought in for 200 gs.—1m. 20s.

Queen's Plate of 105l.; 2 mi.

Joskin, by West Australian, 5 yrs, 10st G. Fordham 1  
Defender, 5 yrs, 10st - - - Kendall 2  
Doefoot (h b), 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - J. Snowden 3  
Artless, 5 yrs, 10st - - - J. Gooter 4  
Mlle de Chantilly, aged, 10st 2lb - - - Wells 0  
Master Bagot, aged, 10st 2lb - - - Charlton 0  
Queen Bee, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - L. Snowden 0  
Ataman, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - E. Harrison 0  
2 to 1 each agst Master Bagot and Doefoot, 100 to  
15 agst Mlle de Chantilly, and 10 to 1 agst Joskin.  
Won easily by two lengths; six lengths between sec-  
ond and third.—3m. 55s.

Plate of 75l.; Spencer Plate Course (about 5 fur.)  
The Nun, by The Confessor, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb Mitchell 1  
The Quaker, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - Midgley 2  
5 to 4 on The Nun. Won by a length and a half.  
The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was not sold.—  
1m. 13s.

Nene Handicap of 65l.; Spencer Plate Course (about

5 fur.)  
Rattlesnake, by California, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb Challoner 1

Leontes, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - A. French 2  
Tiara, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Duckler 3  
Ziella, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - G. Fordham 0  
Prince Imperial, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - T. French 0  
Enfield, 5 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - Johnson 0  
The Quaker, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - Midgley 0  
5 to 2 agst Enfield, 4 to 1 agst Rattlesnake, 5 to 1  
agst Ziella, and 100 to 15 agst Prince Imperial. Won  
easily by a length; two lengths between second and  
third; Ziella a bad fourth.—1m. 12s.

WEDNESDAY.—Delapré Handicap of 140l.; about

4 fur.  
Liberalty, by Hospitality, 2 yrs, 5st 9lb Whiteley 1  
Lord of the Tees, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - Reeves 2  
Mountbank, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - H. Grimshaw 3  
White Wave, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - G. Fordham 0  
Maid of Honour, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - H. Bell 0  
Enfield, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - W. Johnson 0  
Mercury, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - W. Bottom 0  
Br f by Pelion—Rosary, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - J. Daley 0  
B f by Tadmor—Taurion, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb Mitchell 0  
3 to 1 agst Liberalty, 4 to 1 agst White Wave, 2 to 2  
agst the Rosary nily, and 8 to 1 agst Lord of the Tees.  
Won by a length and a half; two lengths between  
second and third. The winner, entered for 100 sovs.,  
was claimed.—36s.

Racing Stakes of 70l. for 3 yr olds; 1 mi.

Imaus, by Newminster, 3st 3lb (inc 7lb ex) A. French 1  
Kildonan, 8st 5lb - - - G. Fordham 2  
Strike, 8st 5lb - - - J. Covey 3  
2 to 1 on Kildonan, and 3 to 1 agst Imaus. Won in  
a canter by a length; a head between second and  
third.—1m. 59s.

St. Liz Handicap of 625s.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Atherstone, by Touchstone, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb W. Bottom 1  
Wombat, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - Wheatley 2  
Sawcuter, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb (car 5st 11lb) J. Daley 3  
Calpe, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb - - - T. French 4  
Gallus, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Wells 0  
Lady Trespass, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - Challoner 0  
Fitch, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - Dickenson 0  
Ambush, 5 yrs, 7st - - - Wiltshire 0  
Oliver, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - H. Grimshaw 0  
Rockley, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - Drew 0  
Dreadnaught, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Pearson 0  
Black Diamond, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - Reper 0  
Snappdragon, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - Shaw 0  
Lucy, 4 yrs, 6st - - - Whiteley 0  
Ivanhoff, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Doyle 0  
Belleisle, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Buck 0  
Zodiac, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb - - - H. Taylor 0  
9 to 4 agst Oliver, 7 to 1 each agst Sawcuter and  
Rockley, 5 to 1 each agst Calpe and Black Diamond,  
and 10 to 1 agst Atherstone. Won by a length; a  
head between second and third; same between third  
and fourth.—2m. 10s.

Althorp Park Stakes of 340l., for 2 yr olds; T.Y.C.

(about 4 fur.)

King of Hearts, by Daniel O'Rourke,  
8st 10lb - - - A. French 1  
Duke Rollo, 8st 10lb - - - A. Vells 2  
B f by Vortex—Man Friday's dam, 6st 6lb J. Adams 3  
Over the Sea, 8st 6lb - - - L. Snowden 0  
Patriot, 8st 10lb - - - Cresswell 0  
Bloodhound, 8st 10lb - - - G. Fordham 0  
The Tutor, 8st 10lb - - - G. Fordham 0  
B c by Fazzoletto—Crystal, 8st 10lb H. Grimshaw 0  
Golden Fleece, 8st 6lb - - - A. Day 0  
Lass o' Gowrie, 8st 6lb - - - Rayner 0  
11 to 6 agst King of Hearts, 5 to 1 each agst Golden  
Fleece, Patriot, and Duke Rollo, and 10 to 1 agst the  
Crystal colt. Won by a neck; five lengths (on suf-  
ference) between second and third; Tutor was fourth,  
and Lass o' Gowrie next.—54s.

Earl Spencer's Plate (Hp.) of 710l.; New Spencer

Plate Course (5 fur.)

Fravola, by Orlando, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - Page 1  
Spanish Fly, 3 yrs, 6st (car 6st 3lb) - - - W. Bottom 2  
Spicebox, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - H. Grimshaw 3  
Miss Julia, aged, 9st 6lb - - - L. Snowden 0  
Sweetensue, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - W. Boyce 0  
Lupulus, 4 yrs, 8st - - - G. Fordham 0  
Tiara, 6 yrs, 8st - - - Duckler 0  
Ariadne, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - Cresswell 0  
Zitella, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - Challoner 0  
Edmund Keen, 4 yrs, 7st - - - J. Snowden 0  
Tough Me Not, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - J. Daley 0  
Parasite, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - Keating 0

Newburgh, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - Mitchell 0  
 Dr Nichol, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - T. French 0  
 Polybion, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - Buck 0  
 Bluestone, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - J. Adams 0  
 Ch f by Stockwell—Selina, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb H. Taylor 0  
 Robia, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Midgley 0  
 Icarus, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - Bradford 0  
 Criemhilde, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb - - - Wheatley 0  
 6 to 4 agst Spanish Fly, 8 to 1 agst Spicebox, 10 to 1  
 each agst Lupulus and Bluestone, 100 to 8 agst Touch  
 Me Not, 100 to 7 each agst Polybion and Icarus, 20  
 to 1 agst Tiara, and 30 to 1 agst any other. Won in a  
 canter by a length and a half; half a length between  
 second and third; Polybion was fourth, half a  
 length from the third, and Tiara fifth.—1 m. 8 s.

#### Selling Stakes of 40l.; 1 mi.

Antelope, by Fallow Buck, 2 yrs, 5st 9lb - Midgley 1  
 Yafa, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - E. Taylor 2  
 5 to 4 on Yafa. Won by a head. The winner, en-  
 tered for 30 sovs., was bought in for 31 gs.—1 m. 59 s.

#### Northamptonshire Cup Stakes of 30l.; 2 mi.

Newcastle, by Newminster, aged, 9st 4lb A. French 1  
 Black Diamond, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - H. Grimshaw 2  
 Timandra, 5 yrs, 9st 1lb - - - Payne 3  
 Dubious, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - Whiteley 4  
 Even on Black Diamond, and 7 to 1 agst Newcastle.  
 Won by a neck; a bad third. The winner, entered  
 for 500 sovs., was not claimed.—4 m. 1 s.

Sweepstakes of 40l., for 2 yr olds; Althorp Park Stakes  
 Course (about 4 fur.)  
 Twinkle, by Turnus, 8st - - - Page w.o.

#### TADCASTER STEEPLE CHASES.

WEDNESDAY, April 3.—*Hunters' Stakes of 62l.;*  
*about 3 mi. 4 fur.*

Fanny, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Capt Wombwell 1  
 Jack in the Green, aged, 12st - - - Mr C. Fox 2  
 Kingsterdale, aged, 12st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - Mr G. Robinson 0  
 5 to 4 agst Fanny, 6 to 4 agst Kingsterdale, and 4  
 to 1 agst Jack in the Green. Won by three lengths  
 Kingsterdale refused; both Jack in the Green and  
 Fanny fell.

#### Farmers' Stakes of 36l.; about 3 mi.

Wildgoose, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Cowper 1  
 Sir Charles, aged, 12st 7lb (inc 14lb ex) Mr Bullock 2  
 Fanny (Barrett's), aged, 12st 7lb - - - Dixon 3  
 Napoleon, aged, 12st 3lb (inc 10lb ex) - - - Matson 4  
 Fanny (Ash's), aged, 12st 7lb - - - R. Cowper 0  
 What a Pity, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (car 11st) Mr Robinson 0  
 Columbine, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Kettlewell 0  
 Bolton, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Jenson 0  
 2 to 1 agst Sir Charles, 5 to 2 agst Napoleon, 4 to 1  
 agst Fanny (Barrett's), and 6 to 1 agst Wildgoose.  
 Won by a neck; three lengths between second and  
 third; a length between third and fourth. Columbine  
 refused, and Fanny (Ash's) fell, and broke her leg.

#### Selling Hunt Stakes of 12l.; about 2 mi.

Cinderella, by Bran, aged, 10st 7lb - T. Ablett 1  
 The Courtier, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Nelson 2  
 Charity, aged, 11st - - - Mr Crawshaw 3  
 5 to 4 agst The Courtier, 5 to 2 agst Cinderella, and  
 4 to 1 agst Charity. Won by a length; same between  
 second and third. The winner, entered for 20 sovs.,  
 was sold for 47 gs.

#### NEWBRIDGE STEEPLE CHASES.

WEDNESDAY, April 3.—*Newbridge Silver Challenge*  
*Cup, value 30l., and 15l.; about 2 mi.*

Medora, 4 yrs, 9st - - - Joe Wynne 1  
 Carlo Mio, 4 yrs, 9st - - - Doyle 2  
 Vivandiere, aged, 9st - - - W. Cusack 0  
 Young Cruisken, 3 yrs, 9st - - - Murphy 0  
 The Witch, aged, 9st - - - James Wynne 0  
 Emily, aged, 9st - - - Byrne 0  
 3 to 2 agst Medora. Won easily.

*Military Race, a Gold Whip, and 3l.; about 2 mi.*  
 Victory, 10st 2lb - - - Mr Machell 1  
 Prince Ernest, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Fox 2  
 Won by three lengths.

#### Farmers' Selling Race of 32l.; about 2 mi.

Wolverine, by Loup Garou, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb Hanigan 1  
 Yelverton (late Locomotive), aged, 10st 7lb Mr Knox 2  
 Don Pedro, aged, 11st - - - Nolan 3  
 Tom Steele, aged, 11st - - - Mr Donohoe 0  
 Caustic, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb - - - W. Cusack 0  
 Thelwall, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Joe Wynne 0

The Pooka, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Walsh 0  
 Medora, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - J. Doyle 0  
 2 to 1 agst Wolverine, 3 to 1 agst Yelverton, 4 to 1  
 each agst Thelwall and Don Pedro. Won by two or  
 three lengths; a bad third.

#### GRAND NATIONAL HUNT AND MARKET HARBOROUGH STEEPLE CHASES.

THURSDAY, April 4.—*Grand National Hunt Steeple*  
*Chase of 580l.; about 4 mi.*

Queensferry, by Tupsley, 5 yrs, 12st - Mr Burton 1  
 Limner, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Capt Barclay 2  
 Socks, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr G. Walker 3  
 Borderer, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr C. Hewett 0  
 Ch h by Faugh a-Ballagh, 5 yrs, 12st Mr Robinson 0  
 Gaslight, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Barry 0  
 The Dandy, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Col Coles 0  
 Bantry, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Thomas 0  
 Who's Who, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Webster 0  
 Selby, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Wallace 0  
 The Nigger, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Edwards 0  
 Sir Henry (late Kaffir), aged, 12st - - - Mr G. W. Parker 0  
 Robin Redbreast, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Goodman 0  
 Bijou, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Marsh 0  
 The Jester, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Lington 0  
 Brunette, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr H. Mason 0  
 Fern, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Gordon 0  
 3 to 1 agst Queensferry, 4 to 1 agst Robin Redbreast,  
 7 to 1 agst The Nigger, 10 to 1 agst Sir Henry, and  
 100 to 8 agst any other. Won by thirty lengths; no-  
 thing else near. Borderer fell, and The Nigger broke  
 down.

#### Farmers' Steeple Chase Sweepstakes of 104l.; about 4 mi.

Flora Temple, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Wood 1  
 Volunteer, aged, 12st - - - Mr J. Perkins 2  
 Black Rose (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr G. Jackson 0  
 Smallhopes, aged, 12st - - - Mr C. Hewett 0  
 Limner, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr J. E. Bennett 0  
 5 to 4 agst Flora Temple. Won in a canter by  
 twenty lengths.

#### Match, 100l.; 4 mi.

Slasher, by Buzzard, 10st - - - G. Stevens 1  
 Royalty, 11st - - - Mr Thomas 0  
 5 to 2 on Slasher. Won in a canter.

#### Furdon Hill Steeple Chase Plate of 68l.; 2 mi.

Bridgroom, by Smallhopes, aged, 12st - Mr Burton 1  
 Sir Charles, aged, 12st - - - Mr H. Mason 2  
 The Monk, 12st - - - Mr Wood 0  
 Comeaway, aged, 12st - - - Mr Harris 0  
 3 to 1 on Bridgroom, 4 to 1 agst Sir Charles, and  
 10 to 1 agst each of the others. Won in a canter. Sir  
 Charles and Comeaway fell.

#### ISLE OF WIGHT STEEPLE CHASES.

THURSDAY, April 4.—*Open Handicap Steeple Chase*  
*of 65l.; about 3 mi.*

Levity, aged, 9st 6lb - - - Mr Cameron 1  
 Thistlewhipper, aged, 9st 8lb (car 9st 10lb) - - - Mr Bidgood 2  
 Polly (h b), aged, 9st (car 9st 4lb) - - - Mr M'Clean 3  
 The Dodger, aged, 10st - - - Hall 0  
 Amorous Boy, 6 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - Mr Johnson 0  
 Won in a canter by twenty lengths. Amorous Boy  
 refused, and The Dodger and Polly fell.

#### Isle of Wight Hunt Steeple Chase of 40l.; 3 mi.

True Lass (h b), aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Legh 1  
 Cornma (h b), aged, 11st 7lb (car 11st 8lb) - - - Mr Richarda 2  
 Novelty, aged, 12st (inc 7lb ex) - - - Mr Brading 3  
 Pastime (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Strange 0  
 The Shadow (h b), 11st 7lb - - - Mr Bidgood 0  
 Lady Imogene (h b), aged, 12st (inc 7lb ex) Mr Mew 0  
 Triumph, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Cameron 0  
 Won by half a length; a bad third. The Shadow  
 and Novelty fell.

#### Isle of Wight, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Sussex Steeple

*Chase of 50l.; 3 mi.*

Fearless, by Faugh a-Ballagh (h b), aged,  
 12st 9lb (inc 17lb ex) - - - Mr Cameron 1  
 The Rogue, aged, 12st 10lb (inc 17lb ex) Mr Brading 2  
 Margaret (h b), aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Grant 0  
 Won in a canter. The Rogue and Margaret fell.

#### Farmers' Stakes of 21l.; 3 mi.

The Rogue, 19st 7lb - - - Mr Brading 1  
 Polly, 12st - - - Mr M'Lean 2

The Shadow, 11st - - - - Mr Kent 3  
 Spindle, 10st 7lb - - - - Mr Farnor 0  
 Blink Bonny, 10st 7lb (car 10st 9lb) - Mr Strange 0  
 Won by four lengths; a bad third. Spindle and  
 Polly fell. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold  
 for 50 gs.

### CATTERICK BRIDGE (YORKSHIRE.)

THURSDAY, April 4.—*Craven Handicap of 93l.; 1 mi.*  
 Loptcatcher, by Birdcatcher, 3 yrs, - - - - Madden 2  
 6st 7lb - - - - H. Grimshaw 1  
 Malpas, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - Madden 2  
 Miss Dunstable, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (car 6st 13lb) - - - - J. Snowden 3  
 Willie Wright, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Blackburn 4  
 Longshot, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - Bullock 0  
 Trothlight, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - Egerton 0  
 The Drone, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - Fawcett 0  
 Jim, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - Ward 0  
 Stockton, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - Ward 0  
 Maid of the Mist, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb Mr G. S. Thompson 0  
 Bab at the Bowster, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - Metcalfe 0  
 3 to 1 agst Loptcatcher, 4 to 1 each agst Willie  
 Wright and Malpas, 5 to 1 agst Miss Dunstable, and  
 6 to 1 agst Stockton. Won by a neck; a head each  
 separating second, third, and fourth; Stockton was  
 fifth, and Trothlight sixth.

*Match, 100l.; New T.Y.C.*  
 Wallachia, by Hospodar, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb J. Osborne 1  
 Br f by Newminster—Flighly, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb Bullock 2  
 6 to 4 on Wallachia. Won cleverly by half a length.  
*Thirteenth Easby Triennial Produce Stakes of 70l., for*  
*2 yr olds; New T.Y.C.*  
 Sir William Armstrong, by Rifleman, - - - - Charlton 1  
 8st 2lb - - - - Chaloner 2  
 King of Kars, 8st 2lb - - - - Chaloner 2  
 7 to 4 on Sir William Armstrong. Won in a canter  
 by two lengths.

*Brough Handicap of 121l.; 2 mi.*  
 Garrison Beauty, by Rifleman, 3 yrs, - - - - Sinclair 1  
 7st 5lb - - - - Sinclair 1  
 Syringe, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - Bullock 2  
 Sir Harry, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - Hibberd 3  
 Greta, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - Hibberd 4  
 Maid of Chesterfield, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - Chaloner 5  
 North Wold, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - - H. Grimshaw 6  
 5 to 4 agst Greta, 3 to 1 agst Syringe, and 4 to 1 each  
 agst North Wold and Sir Harry. Won cleverly by a  
 length and a half; half a length each separating sec-  
 ond, third, and fourth.

*Second Year of the Twelfth Easby Triennial Produce*  
*Stakes of 50l., for 3 yr olds; from the end of the*  
*straight run in (once round and in).*

Sambo, by Goorkah, 8st 7lb - - - - J. Osborne 1  
 Castaway (Late Lily), 7st 9lb - - - - Charlton 2  
 5 to 2 on Sambo. Won easily by six lengths.

*Third Year of the Eleventh Easby Triennial Produce*  
*Stakes of 95l., for 4 yr olds; 2 mi.*  
 Bironne, by Voltigeur, 8st 9lb - - - - J. Osborne 1  
 Crumond, 8st 7lb - - - - Chaloner 2  
 3 to 1 on Bironne. Won cleverly by a length.

FRIDAY.—*Scramble of 41l.; straight run in (about*  
*4 far.)*

Br f by Newminster—Flighly, 2 yrs, 8st 9lb Buck 1  
 Birdlime, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - Howey 2  
 Twinkle, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Grimshaw 0  
 V. R., 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Chaloner 0  
 Gaudy, aged, 9st 2lb - - - - Withering 0  
 Maid of Athol, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Hibberd 0  
 Jeremiah Moderate, 4 yrs, 9st - - - - Abdale 0  
 Sambo, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - J. Snowden 0  
 3 to 1 agst the Newminster filly, 4 to 1 agst Sambo,  
 5 to 1 agst each other. Won by a length; a neck be-  
 tween second and third.

*Business Handicap of 52l.; 6 far.*  
 Longshot, by Longbow, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - Bullock 1  
 Brasser, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - Calvert 2  
 Miss Dunstable, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - J. Snowden 3  
 Maid of the Mist, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - Mr Thompson 0  
 Jim, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - Fawcett 0  
 Interest, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Grimshaw 0  
 Boo Kaloom, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - Chaloner 0  
 Wallachia, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - Howey 0  
 Queen of Naples, 2 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - Blackburn 0  
 The Mountain Doe, 2 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - Buck 0  
 7 to 4 agst Interest, 5 to 1 agst Longshot, and 4 to 1  
 agst Wallachia. Won by three-quarters of a length.

### Bedale Hunt Plate of 50l.; 2 mi.

Red Robin, 6 yrs - - - - Mr Simpson 1  
 Eremit (h b), 4 yrs - - - - Mr Thompson 2  
 Murphy, aged - - - - Mr Cookson 3  
 Rugged Robin, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Mrs Polly, aged - - - - - 0  
 Beckey Sharpe, 5 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Eggsauce, aged - - - - - 0  
 Roserea, aged - - - - - 0  
 Ellen, 6 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won by two lengths; same between second and  
 third.

### Hornby Handicap of 131l.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Garrison Beauty, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (inc 7lb ex) Charlton 1  
 Loptcatcher, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb (inc 5lb ex) Grimshaw 2  
 Willie Wright, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - 3  
 The Drone, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - 0  
 Maid of Chesterfield, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - 0  
 The Prophet, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - 0  
 Professor Dick, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - 0  
 Sambo, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Weatherwitch, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - 0  
 Lady Bird, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - 0  
 Lancelin, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - - - 0  
 2 to 1 agst Professor Dick, 3 to 1 agst Garrison  
 Beauty, 4 to 1 agst Loptcatcher, 5 to 1 agst any other.  
 Won by half a length; two lengths between second  
 and third.

*Match, 25l., catch weights; 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
 Marquis of Woodhorn, by Golden Age, 5 yrs - - 1  
 Red Lion, 3 yrs - - - - - 2

### TALLAGHT STEEPLE CHASES.

THURSDAY, April 4.—*Dublin Trade Plate of 50l.;*  
*about 2 mi.*

Rose Fagan, aged, 12st - - - - Mr C. Watson 1  
 The Cob, aged, 11st 6lb - - - - Mr T. Watson 2  
 The Dodger, aged, 11st 4lb - - - - Mr Eschaw 3  
 Lizzy, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - Mr Fagan 0  
 Annie Lee, aged, 11st 4lb - - - - Mr Ryan 0  
 Carlo Mio, 6 yrs, 11st - - - - Capt Fortesque 0  
 Bonne Nait, aged, 11st 4lb - - - - Mr Cassidy, jun 0  
 Screamer, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - Mr Ryan 0  
 Won easily.

*Dublin Car-owners' Challenge Cup (Hp.), value 30l.,*  
*and 49l.; about 3 mi.*

Little Bob, by Moss Trooper, 6 yrs, - - - - J. Hanlon 1  
 10st 4lb - - - - J. Hanlon 1  
 Jacqueline, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - Joe Wynne 2  
 Ben Bruce, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - E. Noonan 3  
 Miss Maria (late Black Nanny), aged, - - - - Keating 0  
 8st 8lb - - - - Keating 0  
 Won by a length.

*Cookstown Handicap Plate of 20l.; heats, about*  
*1 mi. 4 fur.*

The Cob, aged, 10st - - - - Mr T. Watson 1  
 Gentle Judy, aged, 10st 6lb - - - - Heyland 3  
 The Heir, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - - J. Hanlon 2  
 Beda, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - Mr Heaviesides dia  
 Lady Yelverton, aged, 10st - - - - Higgins dia  
 The Dove, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - Igce dia  
 Both heats won cleverly.

### CROXTON PARK.

FRIDAY, April 5.—*Farmers' Plate of 50l.; heats, 2 mi.*

Gr m, by Idus, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb Coleman, jun 1  
 10st 4lb - - - - Coleman, jun 1  
 Br m, by Record, 4 yrs, 11st Mr T. J. Burrows 3  
 Forester, aged, 12st 8lb - - - - Mr J. Watson 2  
 Br h, by Prizefighter, aged, 12st 8lb Mr T. Pinder 5  
 Yellow Dwarf, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - Mr Stokes 4  
 Sutton, 6 yrs, 12st 8lb - - - - Mr W. Woodroffe 6  
 First heat: 5 to 4 agst Record. Won by six lengths;  
 a length between second and third; a bad fourth.  
 Second heat: 2 to 1 on Idus mare. Won easily by two  
 lengths; a bad third.

*Croxtan Park Plate (Hp.) of 105l.; 1 mi.*

Von Stroom, by The Flying Dutchman, - - - - Johnson 1  
 4 yrs, 7st 1lb (car 7st 2lb) - - - - H. Hanlon 2  
 Confession, 5 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - - Wheatley 2  
 Brudfield (late Pedlar), 4 yrs, 6st 13lb W. Bottom 3  
 5 to 4 agst Brudfield, and 6 to 4 agst Von Stroom.  
 Won in a canter by half a length; a bad third.

*Granby Handicap of 560l.; Granby Course (about*  
*1 mi. 4 fur.)*

Comforter, by Stockwell, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb Mr Clarke 1  
 General Hesse, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - E. Little 2

Ipawich, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb - - - Mr Beville 3  
 Defender, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Capt Townley 0  
 Rosamond, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - Osborne 0  
 Emblem, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Mr Edwards 0  
 Greenwich Fair, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Mr Wood 0  
 Oliver, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - Plumb 0  
 Mavourneen, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - Mr Boynton 0  
 Ataman, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb - - - Mr Thomas 0  
 Rosabella, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - G. Fordham 0  
 Caliban, 3 yrs, 9st 11lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - Kendall 0  
 4 to 1 agst Emblem, 5 to 1 agst Comforter, 7 to 1  
 each agst Oliver, Ataman, and Mavourneen, 8 to 1  
 agst General Hesse, and 10 to 1 agst Caliban. The  
 race was run through, Emblem coming in first by four  
 lengths; Caliban second; and Ataman third, two  
 lengths from the second. It proved a false start.  
 Comforter and General Hesse being left at the post.  
 Rosabella, Defender, and Rosamond were afterwards  
 drawn. 6 to 4 agst Emblem, 2 to 1 agst Comforter.  
 Won cleverly by three-quarters of a length; a head  
 between second and third; Greenwich Fair a bad  
 fourth; Caliban fifth.

**Waltham Plate of 120l.**; about 6 fur.  
 Nicholas, by Orlando, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - Bottom 1  
 Caller Out, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - Robertson 2  
 Sporting Life, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - G. Fordham 0  
 6 to 4 agst Nicholas and 2 to 1 agst Sporting Life.  
 Won easily by a length.

**Billesdon Cowl Stakes of 85l.**; once round.  
 Haycock, 12st - - - Capt Little 1  
 Leading Article, aged, 12st - - - Mr Clarke 2  
 Spiteful Dick, 13st 12lb - - - Mr Edwards 3  
 Tredgar, 12st - - - Mr Coventry 4  
 Pegtop (h b), aged, 12st - - - Mr B. Wright, jun 0  
 Little Wonder (h b), aged, 12st 10lb - - - Mr C. Pears 0  
 Deceiver (h b), aged, 12st - - - Hon. F. Morgan 0  
 Knuckleduster, 5 yrs, 12st 11lb - - - Mr Scobell 0  
 Newstead, 5 yrs, 13st 11lb - - - Capt Townley 0  
 Sultan (h b), 12st - - - Major Painter 0  
 Thistle (h b), 12st - - - Mr Wood 0  
 Reynard, aged, 12st - - - Mr Coleman 0  
 Horsens, aged, 12st 5lb - - - Mr Thomas 0  
 2 to 1 agst Newstead, 6 to 1 each agst Spiteful Dick  
 and Leading Article, and 8 to 1 agst Haycock. Won  
 by a length; a head between second and third; a bad  
 fourth.

**Scurry Stakes of 1l.**; 4 fur.  
 Mistake, by Rataplan, 3 yrs, 10st - - - Mr Storrer w. o.  
**Belvoir Castle Stakes of 300l.**, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi.  
 Sawcutter, by Idle Boy, 8st 3lb - - - Perry 1  
 Red Pole, 8st - - - Cusance 2  
 Mantrap, 8st 3lb - - - Swift 3  
 Jangling Johnny, 8st 3lb - - - G. Fordham 4  
 Hellens, 8st 7lb - - - Osborne 5  
 B c by Surplice—Concertina, 8st 3lb  
 (car 8st 5lb) - - - A. Day 6  
 2 to 1 agst Sawcutter, 7 to 2 agst Red Pole, and 4 to  
 1 agst Jangling Johnny. Won cleverly by two lengths;  
 same distance separating second and third; a bad  
 fourth.

**Cup (H.P.) of 245l.**; 2 mi.  
 Dilkoosh, by Pontifex, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb Mr W. Beville 1  
 The Irish Emigrant, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - Mr Thomas 2  
 Desmond, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - Mr Boynton 3  
 Harriett, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - Mr Scobell 4  
 Pitman, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb (inc 5lb ex) - - - Capt Little 0  
 Xanthus, aged, 10st 2lb - - - Mr Morgan 0  
 6 to 5 agst Pitman, 4 to 1 agst Dilkoosh, and 5 to 1  
 agst Harriett. Won easily by two lengths; a bad  
 third.

### THE HOO.

**SATURDAY, April 6.—Farmers' Plate of 40l.**;  
 once round (about 1 mi. 4 fur.)  
 Remnant, by Tom Cribb, 11st - - - Mr W. Beville 1  
 Pilgrim, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Boynton 2  
 Fanscombe, 5 yrs, 13st 2lb - - - Mr Wood 3  
 Antic, 12st - - - Mr Akers 0  
 The Hack, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Clarke 0  
 Alice, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr Lington 0  
 Straw Bonnet, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Crawley 0  
 Kate Garrou, 10st - - - Mr Edwards 0  
 Jessie, 9st 10lb - - - Mr Chatter 0  
 Lucy, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - Mr Hobson, jun 0  
 7 to 4 agst Remnant, 3 to 1 agst Pilgrim, and 5 to 1  
 each agst The Hack, Fanscombe, and Antic. Won  
 by a length and a-half; a head between second and  
 third. Kate Garrou was a bad fourth.

### Hunters' Stakes of 65l.; once round.

Wild Drake, by Springy Jack,  
 11st 12lb - - - Mr C. E. Prime 1  
 Chippenham, 11st 12lb - - - Mr J. Layton 2  
 Innkeeper, 11st 12lb - - - Mr J. Langton 3  
 Queen, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr J. Crawley 4  
 5 to 4 agst Chippenham, and 6 to 4 agst Wild Drake.  
 Won by six lengths; a length between second and  
 third.

**Claret Stakes of 130l.**; once round (about 1 mi. 4 fur.)  
 Sharpshooter, by Rifleman, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb Mr Wood 1  
 Nuthatch, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - Mr Boynton 2  
 Lovett, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Mr W. Beville 3  
 The Greek, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Mr Edwards 4  
 6 to 4 agst The Greek, 7 to 4 agst Lovett, 5 to 2 agst  
 Sharpshooter, and 3 to 1 agst Nuthatch. Won by a  
 head; half a length between second and third; a bad  
 fourth.

**Selling Stakes of 90l.**; 4 fur.  
 The Don, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb - - - Mr Beville 1  
 Mountbank, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Mr Hobson, jun 2  
 Phoebe Mayflower, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - Mr Boynton 3  
 Dapple, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - Mr Batson 4  
 6 to 4 on The Don, 5 to 2 agst Mountbank, and 7 to  
 2 agst Dapple. Won by a neck. The winner, entered  
 for 50 sovs., was bought in for 51 gu.

**Beaten Hares' Stake of 10l.**; once round.  
 Pilgrim, by Orlando, 11st 12lb - - - Mr Boynton 1  
 Kate Garrou, 9st 7lb - - - Mr W. Beville 2  
 Fanscombe, 5 yrs, 12st 12lb - - - Mr Wood 0  
 The Hack, 4 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Edwards 0  
 Lucy, 3 yrs, 9st - - - Mr Hobson, jun 0  
 5 to 4 agst Fanscombe, 3 to 1 agst Pilgrim, and 6 to  
 1 agst Kate Garrou. Won by a length; Fanscombe, a  
 bad third.

**Scurry Stakes of 25l.**; 4 fur.  
 Griffin, by Augur, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Thomas 1  
 Massa (late Negro), 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Edwards 2  
 Vulture, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Capt Townley 3  
 Actress, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Boynton 4  
 Index, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Lington 5  
 6 to 4 on Griffin, and 5 to 2 agst Massa. Won by  
 half a length; three-quarters of a length between  
 second and third; a bad fourth. The winner, entered  
 for 40 sovs., was not sold.

### KILKENNY HUNT STEEPLE CHASES.

**SATURDAY, April 6.—Hunters' Plate of 40l.**; 3 mi.  
 Ellen, by Cornuna, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb Mr D. Smithwick 1  
 The Maiden, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb - - - Mr Little 2  
 Whitefoot, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - Mr Carroll 3  
 Gamecock, aged, 13st 4lb - - - Mr L. J. Power 0  
 The Baron, 6 yrs, 13st 2lb - - - Mr M. Purcell 0  
 Too Too, 6 yrs, 13st 2lb - - - Mr E. Smithwick, jun 0  
 Signpost, 6 yrs, 13st 2lb - - - Mr Reade 0  
 Won in a canter. Too Too and Signpost fell.

**Farmers' Plate of 20l.**; heats, 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Blueskin, aged, 12st 6lb - - - Lator 1  
 Volunteer, aged, 12st 6lb - - - Lator 1  
 Yelverton, 3 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - 0  
 Blueskin came in alone; the other two having fallen.

### ESSEX AND SUFFOLK HUNT STEEPLE CHASES.

**MONDAY, April 8.—Bramford Stakes of 31l.**; about  
 2 mi.

Katherine, by Sotterley, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Wake 1  
 Harkaway, aged, 12st - - - Mr White 2  
 Atlas, aged, 12st - - - Fairweather 0  
 Bowie Knife, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Capt Onslow (97th) 0  
 Won easily. Atlas belted soon after starting.

**Essex and Suffolk Hunt Steeple Chase of 80l.**; about  
 3 mi.

Gaslight - - - Mr White 1  
 Royal - - - Gedyney 2  
 Vixen - - - Mr Paske 3  
 Lurline - - - Capt Onslow 0  
 Lady Jane - - - Webb 0  
 Katherine - - - Mr Wake 0  
 The Earl - - - Fitzgerald 0  
 St Anthony - - - Mr Strutt 0  
 Won by a length. Lady Jane, Lurline, and The  
 Earl fell.

**Garrison Stakes, a sweepstakes of 29l.**; 3 mi.  
 Perfection, 12st - - - Mr Blake 1  
 Eve, 12st - - - Mr White 0

Golightly, 12st - - - - - 0  
Lurline, 12st - - - - - Capt Onslow 0  
Won easily. Eve fell at the brook in the last round.  
The Stewards have since decided that the race is void.

### SOUTHDOWN HUNT STEEPLE CHASES.

MONDAY, April 8.—*Open Hunters' Stakes of 60l.*; about 3 mi.

Irish Lad, 12st - - - - - Mr O'Leary 1  
Cherton, 12st - - - - - Mr Randell 2  
Brilliant, 12st - - - - - Mr Stuart Lane 0  
Egbert, 12st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - B. Land, jun 0  
Won easily.

Advent, 12st - *Match of 50l. each*; 2 mi. - B. Land, jun 1  
Babylon, 12st - - - - - Mr Cameron 2  
Won easily.

*Challenge Cup, value 100 gs., and 20l.*  
Madcap, 12st - - - - - Mr Benyon 1  
Repulse, 12st - - - - - Mr Kingston 2  
Orange Whiskey, 12st - - - - - Mr Dufield 3  
Brunette, 12st - - - - - Colonel Calthorpe 0  
Won easily. Brunette fell at the second water jump.

*Southdown Stakes of 40l.*; about 3 mi.  
Levity, 11st 7lb - - - - - J. Fordham 1  
Advent, 11st 7lb - - - - - B. Land 2  
Decoy, 11st 7lb - - - - - A. Groom 0  
Fearless, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Cameron 0  
Won by three lengths.

*Sweepstakes of 9l., with a Purse*; about 2 mi.  
Safety, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Kingston 1  
Cyclops, 12st 7lb - - - - - 0  
White Rose, 12st 7lb - - - - - 0  
St Lawrence, 12st 7lb - - - - - 0  
Garibaldi - - - - - 0  
Won cleverly.

*Sussex Stakes of 42l.*; about 2 mi.  
Talisman - - - - - Mr Telford 1  
Rover - - - - - Mr Vibart 0  
Irish Girl - - - - - 0  
Rodmill - - - - - 0  
Commissioner - - - - - 0  
Won easily.

### YORK STEEPLE CHASES.

MONDAY, April 8.—*Match, 20l.*; 1 mi. 4 fur. (on the flat.)

Little Fawn, 4 yrs, 10st - - - - - Mr Cowper 1  
Vixen, aged, 10st 4lb - - - - - Mr Elmer 2  
# 5 to 4 on Little Fawn. Won very easily by three lengths.

*Great Yorkshire Handicap of 179l.*; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Mauchline, by Turnus, 6 yrs, 9st 5lb - Waddington 1  
Wee Nell, aged, 9st 5lb (car 9st 7lb) - Knott 2  
St Mark (h b), aged, 9st 9lb - - - - - Ablett 3  
Heads or Tails, aged, 9st 6lb - - - - - Kendal 4  
The Dane, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - - W. White 5  
Old Ben Roe, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - W. Dunn 0  
The Emperor, aged, 10st 13lb - - - - - Walker 0  
Cheery Chap, 6 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - - - Marson 0  
Riga, aged, 12st 12lb - - - - - Mr Snowden 0  
Red Robin (h b), 6 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - Dixon 0  
Sharper, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb (car 9st) - - - - - Marshall 0  
5 to 2 agst Heads or Tails, 4 to 1 each agst Mauchline and Red Robin, 5 to 1 agst The Dane, 6 to 1 agst St Mark, and 10 to 1 each agst Cheery Chap, Old Ben Roe, and The Emperor. Won by a head; six lengths between second and third; a length third and fourth.

*York and Ainsty and the Bramham Moor Hunt Cup, value 25 sovs., with 20l.*; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Sir Charles (h b), aged, 13st 7lb (inc 14lb ex) Bullock 1  
Napoleon (h b), aged, 13st 3lb (inc 10lb ex) - - - - - Mr Nelson 2  
Wildgoose, 6 yrs, 13st 3lb (inc 10lb ex) Mr Cowper 3  
Flaterness, aged, 13st 3lb (inc 10lb ex) Mr Batty 4  
5 to 4 agst Sir Charles, 2 to 1 agst Napoleon, and 3 to 1 agst Wildgoose. Won by two lengths; three lengths between second and third.

*Regimental Steeple Chase Stakes of 150l.*; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
The Reader, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Steele 1  
Miss Maude, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr J. Sterenson 2  
Emily, aged, 12st - - - - - Capt A. Fletcher 3  
Colleen Bawn, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Houghton 4  
Banker, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Morant 0

The Unknown, aged, 12st - Capt A. U. Wombwell 0  
Newport, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr W. Blacker 0  
2 to 1 agst The Unknown, and 4 to 1 agst The Reader. Won easily by six lengths. The Unknown and Banker fell.

*Selling Plate of 25l.*; about 2 mi.  
Riga, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr Snowden 1  
The Nun, aged, 11st - - - - - Mr Oxendale 2  
Blind Hookey, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Wall 3  
Sir Charles, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - Ablett 0  
Little Wonder, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr C. Pears 0  
Pompey, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - Waddington 0  
Batman, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Preston 0  
Risk, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - W. White 0  
Courtier, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr Nelson 0  
Cucumber, 6 yrs, 11st - - - - - Newbald 0  
Charity, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Crawshaw dis  
2 to 1 agst Risk, 4 to 1 agst Blind Hookey, 4 to 1 agst The Nun, 6 to 1 agst Riga, and 10 to 1 agst Sir Charles. Won by two lengths; a bad third. Sir Charles fell. The winner, entered for 29 sovs., was sold for 23 gs.

*Hunters' Steeple Chase Sweepstakes of 46l.*; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Red Robin (h b), by The Era, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr W. Simpson 1  
Croton Oil, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr R. Walker 2  
Emigrant (h b), aged, 12st - - - - - Sir G. O. Wombwell 3  
Pickpocket (h b), aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Crawshaw 0  
Jenny Longlegs (h b), aged, 12st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - - - Capt Radcliffe 0  
Fanny (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 12lb (inc 12lb ex) - - - - - Capt Wombwell 0  
Jack in the Green, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr C. Fox 0  
Rose Fagan (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr F. Coulson 0  
Toby (h b), aged, 12st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - - - Mr Nelson 0  
2 to 1 agst Red Robin, 3 to 1 each agst Croton Oil and Emigrant, and 4 to 1 agst Fanny. Won easily by two lengths; a neck between second and third. Jenny Longlegs, Fanny, and Jack in the Green were the next three.

### WINDSOR STEEPLE CHASES.

TUESDAY, April 9.—*Castle Steeple Chase Plate (H.p.) of 60l.*; about 2 mi. 4 fur.

Brine, by The Nob, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb - - - - - J. Land 1  
Bantam, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - - G. Stevens 2  
Melody (late Czarina), 5 yrs, 9st 2lb - - - - - Gammage 3  
Queensferry, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - - - C. Boyce 0  
Alfred the Great, aged, 9st 10lb - - - - - Mr Parker 0  
The Premier, 9st 7lb - - - - - J. Donaldson 0  
Horror, 9st 4lb - - - - - Purser 0  
2 to 1 agst Bantam, 3 to 1 agst Brine, 4 to 1 each agst The Premier and Queensferry. Won in a canter by twenty lengths. Queensferry fell, and The Premier refused.

*Grand Military Steeple Chase of 135l.*; about 3 mi.  
Grey Peter, by The Steamer, aged, 12st - - - - - Capt Barclay 1  
Old Ben Roe, aged, 13st (inc 14lb ex) - - - - - Capt Potts 2  
Sledgehammer, 12st - - - - - Capt Boyce 3  
Jim Crow, 12st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - - - Capt Riddell 4  
Badger, aged, 12st 7lb (inc 7lb ex) - - - - - Capt Graham 0  
Harlequin, 12st - - - - - Capt Williams 0  
Leander, 12st - - - - - Mr Lawson 0  
Guy Fawkes, 12st - - - - - Mr Kaye 0  
Slasher, 12st - - - - - Capt Bayley 0  
Castanet (late Poltney), 12st - - - - - Mr Blundell 0  
5 to 4 agst Old Ben Roe, 4 to 1 agst Grey Peter, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by four lengths; a bad third. Leander, Guy Fawkes, Slasher, and Castanet fell.

*Selling Steeple Chase of 60l.*; about 2 mi.  
Escape, by Faugh-a-Ballagh, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - G. Stevens 1  
Hazard, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - C. Boyce 2  
Metal, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Gluas 3  
The Slasher, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Barry 0  
Savernake, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - B. Land, jun 0  
Shylock, aged, 11st 7lb (car 11st 9lb) Capt Paynter 0  
Gourd, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Curtis 0  
7 to 4 agst Escape, 3 to 1 agst Hazard, and 4 to 1 agst Saverlake. Won by ten lengths. Saverlake and Shylock fell. The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was sold for 105 gs.

*Borough Members' Plate (H.p.) of 90l.*; about 2 mi. 4 f.  
Glaufias, by Pyrrhus the First, 9st 4lb - - - - - Holmes 1  
The Colonel, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - H. Lamplugh 0

Borderer, aged, 10st 4lb - - - Cornhill 0  
 Salthill, 6 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Mr Lington 0  
 Sir Charles, 10st - - - Mr W. Bevil 0  
 Oliver Twist, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb - - - J. Land 0  
 Balzarine, aged, 9st 10lb - - - Mr Woods 0  
 Prince Charming, 9st 7lb - - - C. Boyce 0  
 Little Monkey, aged, 9st 7lb - - - G. Stevens 0  
 2 to 1 agst Oliver Twist, 4 to 1 agst Sir Charles, 5 to 1 agst The Colonel, and 7 to 1 agst Glautias. Won in a canter by twenty lengths. The Colonel, Borderer, Sir Charles, and Little Monkey fell, and Balzarine and Prince Charming refused.

WEDNESDAY.—Scurry Handicap Steeple Chase of 50l.; about 2 mi.

Escape, aged, 11st - - - Nightingall 1  
 Savernake, aged, 9st 10lb - - - J. Land 2  
 Hazard, aged, 10st - - - Mr W. Bevil 3  
 Borderer, aged, 10st 2lb - - - Cornhill 0  
 Prince, Charming, aged, 10st - - - C. Boyce 0  
 6 to 4 agst Escape, 3 to 1 agst Hazard, and 4 to 1 agst Savernake. Won in a canter by twenty lengths; a length between second and third. The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was not sold.

Military Steepstakes of 35l.; about 3 mi.

Nimrod, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Lawson 1  
 The Dodger, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Capt Barclay 2  
 Knight Errant, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Potts 0  
 5 to 4 on The Dodger, and 6 to 4 agst Nimrod. Won by a head, each having fallen. The winner, entered for 60 sovs., was bought in for 100 gs.

Windsor Open Handicap Steeple Chase of 140l.; about 4 mi.

Red Rover (h b), by Woolwich, 5 yrs, 10st J. Land 1  
 Franc Picard, 10st 5lb - - - H. Lamplugh 2  
 Jerusalem, 11st 5lb - - - T. Donaldson 0  
 The Freshman, 10st 12lb - - - G. Stevens 0  
 Queensberry, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - C. Boyce 0  
 Johnny, 6 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - Nightingall 0  
 Mauchline, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb (inc 7lb ex) Waddington 0  
 Sir Charles, 9st 7lb - - - Mr Lotan 3  
 Cockatoo, 9st 7lb - - - Green 0  
 Grey Peter, aged, 9st - - - Mr W. Bevil 0  
 7 to 2 agst The Freshman, 4 to 1 each agst Red Rover and Johnny, 100 to 15 agst Grey Peter, 8 to 1 each agst Franc Picard and Jerusalem, and 10 to 1 agst Mauchline. Won by a neck; the others did not pass the post; Mauchline, Jerusalem, The Freshman, and Grey Peter fell; Queensbury and Sir Charles were stopped half a mile from home.

### CHEPSTOW HUNT STEEPLE CHASES.

TUESDAY, April 9.—Open Steeple Chase Stakes of 75l.; about 4 mi.

Medora, by Seraglio, 12st 10lb (inc 10lb ex) - - - Mr F. Rowland 1  
 Ebony, 12st - - - G. Holman 2  
 Brunette, 12st 10lb (inc 10lb ex) - - - T. Olliver, jun 0  
 3 to 1 on Medora. Won cleverly by a length; Brunette, merely started to make up the required number of runners, w.s stopped early.

Hunt Steeple Chase Stakes of 49l.; about 3 mi.

Panacea, 12st - - - Mr J. Law 1  
 Haslandman, 12st - - - Mr W. Powell 2  
 Carew, 12st - - - Mr W. H. Jenkins 3  
 Flirt, 12st - - - Mr Fredericks 0  
 Reynard, 12st - - - Olliver, jun 0  
 Kate, 12st - - - Mr T. F. Edwards 0  
 Volatile, 12st - - - Mr Bryer 0  
 Won by six lengths; Kate fell and broke her back.

Scurry Steeple Chase Stakes of 18l.; catch weights; about 3 mi.

Birdbolt, by Chanticleer - - - Mr Fredericks 1  
 Sunbeam - - - J. Edwards 2  
 Crinoline - - - S. Johnson 0  
 Lord Adair - - - J. Jenkins 0  
 Won in a canter by twenty lengths; Crinoline and Sunbeam fell.

Walter Steeple Chase Stakes of 23l.; about 2 mi.

Hudson, 15st - - - Mr Cornish 1  
 Alice Grey, 15st - - - T. Olliver, jun 0  
 Forester, 15st - - - Mr J. Law 0  
 Won by twenty lengths, the other two having fell.

### KILDARE HUNT STEEPLE CHASES.

TUESDAY, April 9.—Punchestown Plate of 50l.; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Toot-Toot, by Windfall, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb M'Donnell 1

Knight of Malta, 6 yrs, 10st 11lb - Monaghan 2  
 Thelwall (late Revoke), aged, 11st 4lb - Taylor 0  
 Thracian, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Joe Wynne 0  
 Gentle Judy, aged, 11st 4lb - - - Hyland 0  
 Fireiron, aged, 11st 4lb - - - D. Meany 0  
 Wolverine, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Donnelly 0  
 Sister to Diator, 9st 11lb - - - J. Hanlon fell  
 5 to 2 each agst Fireiron and Wolverine, and 4 to 1 each agst Toot-Toot and Knight of Malta. Won by half a length; Judy was a good third; Thelwall, Fireiron, and Sister to Diator fell.

National Hunt Plate of 430l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Rug, by Pluto, aged, 12st 4lb - - Capt M'Craith 1  
 Tickle Toby, 4 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Knox 2  
 Ben Bolt, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - Mr Edwards 0  
 Slinger, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Mr W. Reade 0  
 Kathleen, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr J. O. Machell 0  
 Ch F by Rockingham, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - Mr Thomas 0  
 Hornpipe, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - Hon F. Ellis 0  
 Roebuck (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Algie 0  
 The Pet, aged, 12st - - - Mr Jones 0  
 Sir P. O'Plenipo, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr J. Newman 0  
 Crinoline, aged, 12st - - - Mr Thos. Fitzgerald 0  
 Tomboy, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - Mr Sherlock 0  
 He Kicks, aged, 12st - - - Mr P. Newman 0  
 Sly Fox (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - Mr Esshaw 0  
 Lancheball, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - Mr Dalton 0  
 Swop, aged, 12st 4lb - - - Capt Townley 0  
 George, aged, 12st - - - Mr P. J. Russell 0  
 The Wren, aged, 12st - - - Mr Gavaean 0  
 Pompey, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Donnelly 0  
 The Youth, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - Mr Usack 0  
 Field Marshal (h b), 6 yrs, 12st Mr T. W. Watson 0  
 Daisy Queen, aged, 12st - - - Mr Armstrong 0  
 King of Hearts, aged, 12st 6lb (2lb over) - - - Mr T. Hughes 0

All-in-my-eye Betty Martin, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr H. Johnston 0  
 Pilgrim, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - Mr Thomson 0  
 Canteen, 5 yrs, 11st 13lb - - - Mr Allen M'Donough 0  
 Kate Fisher, 6st 12lb - - - Mr Apjohn 0  
 5 to 1 each agst Canteen and the Rockingham filly, 6 to 1 agst Ben Bolt, 10 to 1 each agst George, Tickle Toby, and The Youth, 12 to 1 each agst Rug and Slinger, and 15 to 1 each agst Daisy Queen and Sweep. Won cleverly by a length; Ben Bolt was third, the Rockingham filly fourth, and The Wren fifth; All-in-my-eye Betty Martin, Pilgrim, Canteen, and Kate Fisher fell.

Hunt Plate (Hq.) of 155l.; 3 mi.

Yaller Gal, by Yellow Jack, 6 yrs, 9st 8lb Joe Wynne 1  
 Eg by Mickey Free—Bay Tiffany, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb Finn 2  
 Newcourt, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb - - - J. Hanlon 3  
 Thomastown, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Broderick 0  
 Fairplay, aged, 10st 8lb - - - Murphy 0  
 Rose, 6 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Noble 0  
 Oberon, aged, 10st 11lb - - - Mr Thomas 0  
 Mont Blanc, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb - - - Mr Thomson 0  
 Jacqueline, 5 yrs, 9st 10lb - - - Mr Noonan 0  
 Gladiator, aged, 10st 9lb - - - D. Meany 0  
 Iris, aged, 9st 11lb - - - Gray 0  
 Delvin (h b), 5 yrs, 9st - - - Brown 0  
 7 to 4 agst Fairplay, 3 to 1 agst Gladiator, 5 to 1 each agst Oberon and Thomastown, and 6 to 1 each agst Yaller Gal and Mont Blanc. Won cleverly by a length; a good third; Gladiator, Iris, and Delvin fell.

Kildare Hunt Cup of 60l.; 2 mi.

Faney, by New Fashion, aged, 12st Capt M'Craith 1  
 The Victim, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Thomas 2  
 Lanchéal, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Dalton 3  
 Even on Faney, and 2 to 1 each agst Lanchéal and Victim. Won in a canter.

WEDNESDAY.—Naas Plate of 135l.; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Fairplay, by Tearaway, aged, 10st 8lb - - Hyland 1  
 Arab Maid, aged, 10st 8lb - - - D. Meany 2  
 Newcourt, 5 yrs, 10st 11b - - - J. Hanlon 3  
 Fairy Saint, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - M'Donnell 0  
 Mary Anne, 6 yrs, 10st 11b - - - J. Wynne 0  
 Whiteside, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Mr Edwards 0  
 Kate Fisher, aged, 10st 8lb - - - Fannin 0  
 Fancy, aged, 10st 11b - - - Monaghan 0  
 5 to 4 agst Arab Maid, 5 to 2 agst Fairplay, and 5 to 1 each agst Newcourt and Fairy Saint. Won by a short neck; three lengths between second and third; Mary Anne and Fairy Saint were next, the others beaten off. The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was sold for 120 gs.

*Farmers' Plate of 60l.; 3 mi.*  
 Wicked Will, by Grey Plover, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb Murphy 1  
 Canteen, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - - - Gray 2  
 Sister to Diator, 11st 1lb - - - - - Mr Blake 0  
 B g (Mr Clancy's), 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - - Joe Wyne 0  
 Vivandiere, 6 yrs, 11st - - - - - Monaghan 0  
 Arab Chief, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - - Walsh 0  
 5 to 4 agst Canteen, and 5 to 2 agst Wicked Will.  
 Won in a canter by six lengths; Arab Chief fell at the brook.

*Stand (Sell.) Plate of 60l.; once round (about 2 mi.)*  
 The Knight of Malta, by Birdcatcher,  
 6 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - - - Monaghan 1  
 The Bird, aged, 10st 12lb - - - - - J. Hanlon 2  
 Tooi-Tooi, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - - M'Donnell 3  
 Nannie, aged, 1st - - - - - Mr Thomson 0  
 Daisy Queen, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Armstrong 0  
 Blue Skin, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - Mr Lawler 0  
 The Cob, aged, 11st - - - - - Mr Watson 0  
 6 to 4 agst Nannie, 5 to 2 agst Knight of Malta,  
 and 3 to 1 agst Tooi-Tooi. Won by a length; a good  
 third; Nannie a bad fourth; Daisy Queen, Blue Skin,  
 and The Cob fell. The winner, entered for 30 sovs.,  
 was sold for 61 gs.

*Water Plate of 120l.; 3 mi.*  
 George, aged, 13st 7lb - - - - - Mr Russell 1  
 Blush, aged, 13st 7lb - - - - - Capt M'Craith 2  
 Jumpaway, 6 yrs, 13st 7lb - - - - - Mr Machell 3  
 Peter Simple, aged, 13st 7lb - - - - - Mr Ussher 0  
 Sir Walter (late Wooden Leg), aged,  
 13st 7lb - - - - - Capt Towneley 0  
 7 to 4 agst Sir Walter, 2 to 1 agst Peter Simple, 3 to  
 1 agst George, 4 to 1 agst Jumpaway, and 5 to 1 agst  
 Blush. Won by six lengths; Sir Walter halted.

*Plate Handicap of 40l.; 2 mi.*  
 Kate Fisher, aged, 9st 3lb - - - - - J. Neany 1  
 Fashion, aged, 9st 1lb - - - - - D. Neany 2  
 Jacqueline, 5 yrs, 9st 10lb - - - - - Hanlon 3  
 Daisy Queen, aged, 10st 10lb - - - - - Clancy 0  
 Iris, aged, 10st 4lb - - - - - Hyland 0  
 Gentle Judy, aged, 10st - - - - - Gray 0  
 Fireiron, aged, 9st 7lb - - - - - Doyle 0  
 Souvenir, aged, 9st 2lb - - - - - Mr Thompson 0  
 Won cleverly; a good second; the third well up.

#### TENTH HUSSARS STEEPLE CHASES.

WEDNESDAY, April 10.—*Challenge Cup, and 15l.;*  
*about 3 mi.*

Ruby - - - - - Mr Thacker 1  
 Budmash - - - - - Capt Hon E. Stourton 2  
 Blue Ruin - - - - - Capt Hon C. C. Molyneux 0  
 The Skipper - - - - - Mr Wood 0  
 Grimaldi - - - - - Capt Bowyer 0  
 Won by a length. The Skipper and Blue Ruin fell.

*Hunt Cup, and 25l.; about 3 mi.*  
 Fearnaught - - - - - Mr Amies 1  
 Aunt Sally - - - - - Mr St Quintin 2  
 Paddy - - - - - Mr F. Grimmer 0  
 The Captain - - - - - Mr W. Steward 0  
 Officer - - - - - Mr A. R. Chamberlin 0  
 Haard - - - - - Mr Edwards 0  
 Black Bess - - - - - Mr H. R. Tenaley 0  
 Corban - - - - - Mr Wood 0  
 Tophorn - - - - - Capt Bowyer 0  
 Won in a canter. Aunt Sally, Paddy, The Captain,  
 Officer, Corban, and Tophorn fell.

*Tenth Hussars' Cup (Hp), and 15l.; about 3 mi.*  
 Ruby, 10st 8lb - - - - - Mr Thacker 1  
 Stonecutter, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Wood 2  
 Ganymede, 13st 10lb - - - - - Capt Bowyer 0  
 Billy, 11st 12lb - - - - - Lieut-Col Baker 0  
 Blue Ruin, 11st 12lb - - - - - Capt Hon C. C. Molyneux 0  
 Polly, 11st 4lb - - - - - Mr St Quintin 0  
 Won cleverly by two lengths; Billy a bad third.  
 Ganymede and Blue Ruin fell.

*Consolation Handicap of 12l., and a Purse; about 3 mi.*  
 Billy, 11st 10lb - - - - - Lieut-Col Baker 1  
 Corban, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Wood 2  
 The Captain, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Race 0  
 Ganymede, 13st - - - - - Capt Bowyer 0  
 Aunt Sally, 12st - - - - - Mr St Quintin 0  
 Won by a length.

#### DORSETSHIRE HUNT STEEPLE CHASES.

THURSDAY, April 11.—*Hunt Stakes of 55l.*  
 Count, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr O'Kelly 1  
 Harlequin, 12st 7lb - - - - - Capt Markham 2

Patchwork, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr J. Gard 3  
 Long Tom, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr P. Gundry 0  
 Lancer, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr S. Lane 0  
 Romeo, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr W. Hole 0  
 Won easily.

*Waddon Vale Stakes of 42l.*  
 Raffie, 11st 7lb - - - - - Burrows 1  
 Lawsuit, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr O'Kelly 2  
 Creeping Jane, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Saunders 0  
 Prince, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr S. Lane 0  
 Cyclone, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Richards 0  
 Won cleverly.

*Farmers' Plate of 40l.*  
 Lady Jane, 13st - - - - - Mr J. Strange 1  
 Zelston, 13st 7lb - - - - - Mr Spear 2  
 Lady Augusta, 13st - - - - - Mr S. Lane 3  
 Irish Emigrant, 13st - - - - - Mr Obery 0  
 Won by a length. Emigrant fell.

*Dorchester Borough Plate of 33l.*  
 Count, 13st 4lb - - - - - Mr O'Kelly 1  
 Patchwork, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Gard 2  
 Charlie, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Hussey 0  
 Lancer, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Spier 0  
 Lukerman, 12st 7lb - - - - - Capt Thresher 0  
 Won easily. Patchwork fell, and Lukerman staked  
 himself.

#### COLCHESTER GARRISON STEEPLE CHASES.

THURSDAY, April 11.—*Middlewich Stakes of 29l.;*  
*about 2 mi.*

Sailor, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Mumford 1  
 Schiedham, 12st 2lb - - - - - Brand 0  
 Althorpe, 12st 7lb - - - - - Savill 0  
 Atlas, 12st - - - - - Mr White 0  
 Won in a canter. The others fell, and Atlas was  
 killed on the spot.

*Essex and Suffolk Hunt Steeple Chase Sweepstakes*  
*of 52l.; about 3 mi.*  
 Despised, 13st 5lb - - - - - Gedney 1  
 Kate, 12st - - - - - Orbell 2  
 Jim Crow, 12st 12lb - - - - - Capt Riddell 3  
 Odd Trick, 12st - - - - - Mr M. Fuller 0  
 Gaslight, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr W. H. White 0  
 Won by two lengths.

*Garrison Stakes of 26l.; about 3 mi.*  
 Little John, 12st - - - - - Mr Chaston 1  
 Eve, 12st - - - - - Mr White 2  
 Woodpecker - - - - - Capt Onslow 0  
 Won in a canter.

*Selling Steeple Chase Sweepstakes of 43l.; 2 mi.*  
 Perfection, 11st - - - - - 1  
 Royal, 11st 10lb - - - - - Gedney 2  
 Althorpe, 9st 10lb - - - - - Savill 0  
 Jessie, 9st 10lb - - - - - Houlden 0  
 Lightning, 10st 10lb - - - - - Lingon 0  
 Panic, aged, 11st 3lb - - - - - Mr Start 0  
 Althorpe came in first by two lengths; Perfection  
 beating Royal by a length for second place. Althorpe  
 having gone the wrong side of a post was disqualified,  
 and the race given to Perfection.

*Consolation Scramble of 13l.; 1 mi. 4 fur. over the*  
*steeple chase course.*  
 Lightning - - - - - Lington 1  
 Schiedham - - - - - Brand 2  
 Althorpe - - - - - Savill 0  
 Won in a canter.

#### EPSOM SPRING.

THURSDAY, April 11.—*London Bridge Plate of 100l.;*  
*1 mi.*

Crater, by Orlando, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - F. Adams 1  
 Gallus, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - Wells 2  
 Avalanche, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Clement 3  
 Deserter, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - J. Adams 0  
 Allington, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - G. Fordham 0  
 Light, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - H. Grimshaw 0  
 Joskin, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - Walters 0  
 Buccaneer, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - J. Gouter 0  
 Malta, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - A. Edwards 0  
 Amsterdam, 6 yrs, 9st - - - - - T. Johnson 0  
 Mons Philippe, aged, 9st - - - - - D. Hughes 0  
 2 to 1 agst Malta, 4 to 1 agst Buccaneer, 6 to 1 each  
 agst Crater and Gallus, 10 to 1 agst Light, and 100 to  
 8 agst Avalanche. Won in a canter by four lengths;  
 two lengths between second and third; Light, fourth,  
 two lengths off.—1 m. 50 s.



*City and Suburban Handicap of 1,500l.; 1 mi. 2 fur.*

Cantine, by Orlando, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb	L. Snowden	1
Sawcutter, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb	H. Taylor	2
Sir William (h b), 4 yrs, 7st 10lb	Custance	3
High Treason, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb	Challoner	0
Thunderbolt, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb	E. Sharp	0
First Lord, 4 yrs, 8st	Bullock	0
Benbow, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb (inc 5lb ex)	G. Fordham	0
Fitz-Avon, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb	Grub	0
Rising Sun, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	W. Bradley	0
Angelo, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb	H. Grimshaw	0
Contadina, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb	Drew	0
Merrimac, 4 yrs, 7st 1lb	A. Edwards	0
Tight-hit, 5 yrs, 7st	W. Bottom	0
Leodorowna, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb	Perry	0
Physician, 6 yrs, 6st 12lb	Mitchell	0
Chance Shot, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb	J. Adams	0
General Hees, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb	T. French	0
Oliver, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb	Reeves	0
Cronstadt, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb	Chapman	0
Furious, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb (inc 5lb ex)	W. Johnson	0
Atropin, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb	Metcalfe	0
F by King Tom—Giraffe, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb	Daley	0
Rapture, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb	C. Seale	0
Guider, 4 yrs, 6st	J. Phillips	0
Gabrielle d'Estrees, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb	J. Bradford	0
Star of the West, 4 yrs, 5st 13lb	S. Parsons	0
Wombat, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb	Wheatley	0
Pancake, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb	Doyle	0
Lisbon, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb	Page	0
Sir Edward, 4 yrs, 5st 11lb	Maidment	0
Croagh Patrick, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	S. Adams	0
Lady Clare, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	J. Bundy	0
Knightsbridge, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	Roper	0
C by Wild Dayrell—Intimidation, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	Midgeley	0
Camerino, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	G. Parsons	0
East Sheen, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	Whiteley	0
Hilarity, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	Bird	0
Seclusion, 4 yrs, 5st 5lb	Cresswell	0

5 to 1 agst Physician, 12 to 1 agst East Sheen, 100 to 8 agst First Lord, 15 to 1 agst Intimidation colt, 100 to 7 each agst Thunderbolt and Pancake, 20 to 1 each agst Gabrielle d'Estrees and Benbow, 25 to 1 each agst Sir William, Guider, Merrimac, General Hees, and Lady Clare, 33 to 1 each agst Rising Sun and Croagh Patrick, 40 to 1 each agst High Treason, Fitz-Avon, and Sawcutter, and 50 to 1 agst Cantine. Won by a length; a head between second and third; General Hees, a good fourth; and Angelo, next.—2 m. 14 s.

*Two Year Old Stakes of 400l.; 4 fur.*

Express, by Orlando, 8st 7lb	Custance	1
Estrela, 8st 7lb	A. Edwards	2
F by Orlando—Barcelona, 8st 7lb	L. Snowden	3
Gitanilla, 8st 7lb	G. Fordham	0
Fantasia, 8st 7lb	Wells	0
Brava, 8st 10lb	Cocks	0
Breechloader, 8st 7lb	Man	0
Bonnbelle, 8st 7lb	Clement	0
Sheerness, 8st 10lb	J. Goner	0

2 to 1 agst Express, 5 to 2 agst Estrela, 5 to 1 agst Fantasia, 7 to 1 agst Bonnbelle, 10 to 1 agst Sheerness. Won by a length; same between second and third; Sheerness an indifferent fourth. Brava lost start.—55 s.

*Heathcote Plate (H.p.) of 50l.; New T.Y.C. (6 fur)*

Apollo, by Pyrrhus the First, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb	Reeves	1
Rockley, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb	Drewe	2
White Wave, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb	J. Adams	3
Cloverbrook, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb	W. Bottom	0
Mernesud, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	Maidment	0
Wild Bird, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb	W. Johnson	0
Acre, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb	H. Taylor	0
Tibbie Shields, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (car 5st 9lb)	Beach	0
Sis to Dextrous, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb	Morris	0

2 to 1 agst Rockley, 4 to 1 agst Wild Bird, 7 to 1 each agst White Wave and Acre, and 8 to 1 each agst Apollo and Cloverbrook. Won by half a length; three lengths between second third; Wild Bird fourth.—1 m. 18 s.

*Paddock (Self) Stakes of 90l.; 6 fur.*

Revoit, by West Australian, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb	G. Parsons	1
Sir W. Armstrong, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb	J. Adams	2
Viscountess, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb	Roper	3
B c by Tadmor, dam by Sir Tutton Sykes, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb	S. Adams	0
Auricle, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb	L. Snowden	0

Antelope, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb	Midgeley	0
Wimbledon, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb	T. French	0
Knight of the Garter, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb	Murfet	0
Indicator, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb	J. Goner	0
Lady Little, 3 yrs, 8st	W. Johnson	0
C by Kingston—Gloom, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb	Bullock	0

5 to 2 agst the Tadmor colt, 4 to 1 agst Revoit, 6 to 1 any other. Won easily by two lengths; a head between second and third. The Tadmor colt a bad fourth. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was bought in for 150 gs.

*Inhermann Plate (H.p.) of 50l.; 4 fur.*

Baron Munchausen, by Longbow, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb	W. Bottom	1
Camerino, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb	T. French	2
British Grenadier, 4 yrs, 7st	H. Grimshaw	3
Lord of the Tees, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb	Reeves	4
Von Stroom, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (inc 5lb ex)	T. Johnson	0
Nubush, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	H. Taylor	0
Hypocrite, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb	Page	0
Nabob's Daughter, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb	Midgeley	0
Bodice, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb	W. Johnson	0
Freestone, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb	J. Nightingall	0
Chrysalis, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb	G. Parsons	0
Teesdale, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb	Bird	0
Prince Frederick, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (car 5st 9lb)	Beach	0
J. hn o' Gaunt, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb	H. Bell	0
Crickit filly, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb	Morris	0

5 to 2 each agst Nubush and Baron Munchausen, 6 to 1 agst Von Stroom, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; a head between second and third; same third and fourth.—56 s.

*FRIDAY.—Waterloo Plate of 85l.; 6 fur.*

General Hees, by Nabob, 4 yrs, 8st	Charlton	1
Angelo, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	H. Grimshaw	2
Oliver, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb	Dales	3
Misty Morn, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb	Bullock	0
Von Stroom, 4 yrs, 8st	Metcalfe	0
Foretop, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb	Challoner	0
Forester, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb	Woodhouse	0
Apollo, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb	A. Edwards	0
2 to 1 agst General Hees, 9 to 4 agst Angelo, and 7 to 1 agst Foretop. Won by half a length; a bad third.—1 m. 19 s.		

*Walton Stakes of 140l.; T.Y.C. (6 fur.)*

Kildonan, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb	Clement	1
Parasite, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (inc 5lb ex)	G. Fordham	2
Barlinton, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb	J. Goner	3
King of Hearts, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb (inc 5lb ex)	A. Edwards	4
F by Stockwell—Selins, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb	Charlton	5
Sporting Life, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (inc 5lb ex)	Charlton	6

Even agst King of Hearts, 5 to 2 agst Kildonan, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by three-quarters of a length; two lengths between second and third; six lengths third and fourth.—1 m. 22 s.

*Great Metropolitan Stakes of 1,445l.; 2 mi. 2 fur.*

Parnesun, by Sweetmet, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb	A. Edwards	1
Bumble Bee, 5 yrs, 7st 3lb	Woodhouse	2
Danne, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb (inc 5lb ex)	Dickenson	3
Simla, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb	J. Adams	4
Blue Jacket, aged, 8st 12lb	G. Fordham	0
Pretendant, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb	H. Grimshaw	0
Starke, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb	L. Snowden	0
The Rap, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb	Charlton	0
South Australian, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb	Prince	0
Viscount Brignall, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb	Cabloner	0
Atropin, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb	Metcalfe	0
Betts, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb	Doyle	0
Rollicall, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb	G. Parsons	0
Sycophant, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb	Wheatley	0
The Rock, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb	W. Johnson	0

7 to 2 agst Simla, 9 to 2 each agst Danne and Betts, 10 to 1 each agst Parnesun and Pretendant, 100 to 8 agst Blue Jacket, and 20 to 1 agst Viscount Brignall. Won in a canter by two lengths; a length between second and third; the same third and fourth; Pretendant a bad fifth, and Blue Jacket next. The Rock bolted.—4 m. 15 s.

*New Two Year Old Stakes of 370l.; T.Y.C. (6 fur.)*

Marigann, by Womersley (bred in France), 8st 7lb	H. Grimshaw	1
Patriot, 8st 7lb	Bullock	2
Valpole, 8st 7lb	Wells	3
Bosh, 8st 7lb	A. Day	0
Deceptive, 8st 7lb	L. Snowden	0
Warren, 8st 7lb	Prior	0
Traveller, 8st 7lb	Dockery	0

Paradox, 8st 10lb (inc 3lb ex) - - - Gardner 0  
 Callippey, 8st 4lb - - - G. Fordham 0  
 Sister to Morella, 8st 4lb - - - Challenger 0  
 Febrifuge, 8st 7lb - - - A. French 0  
 5 to 2 agst Boah, 3 to 1 agst Febrifuge, 7 to 1 agst  
 Marignan, and 8 to 1 each agst Patriot and Paradox.  
 Won by a head; three lengths between second and  
 third; Paradox fourth, and Bosh next.—1 m. 22s.

*Balaclava Stakes of 80l.; 4 fur.*  
 St Bernard, by Windbound, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb Roper 1  
 Otho, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - Page 2  
 Walsey, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - G. Parsons 3  
 Lady Hinton, 2 yrs, 5st 13lb - - - Wheatley 4  
 Woodford, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - Muffet 0  
 D Oray, 2 yrs, 5st 9lb - - - Midgley 0  
 Sir W. Armstrong, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - J. Adams 0  
 F by Kingston—Kate, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb - - - Doyle 0  
 Nabob's Daughter, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb G. Fordham 0  
 Warrior, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - D. Plumb 0  
 Mermaid, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - Woodhouse 0  
 3 to 1 agst Lady Hinton, 4 to 1 agst Walsey, 7 to 1  
 agst Nabob's Daughter, and 8 to 1 agst St Bernard.  
 Won by a head; same separating second, third, and  
 fourth. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for  
 125 gs.—56s.

*Durdans Plate (Hyp) of 50l.; Derby Course.*  
 Light, by The Prime Warden, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - H. Grimshaw 1  
 Vulture, 4 yrs, 7st - - - Mills 2  
 Sharpshooter, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - Wheatley 3  
 Clovenook, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - C. Searle 0  
 Gaylad, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - A. Edwards 0  
 Squire Percy, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - Woodhouse 0  
 Lord of the Trees, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - G. Parsons 0  
 Star of the West, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Page 0  
 Adamant, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - Jas. Nightingall 0  
 Little Drummer, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - Midgley 0  
 Mercury, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - W. Johnson 0  
 5 to 4 agst Light, 6 to 1 agst Sharpshooter, and 7 to  
 1 agst any other. Won in a canter by two lengths;  
 had third.—2 m. 59s.

#### ABERGAUENNY RACES AND STEEPLE CHASES.

*THURSDAY, April 11.—Mannouthshire Stakes of 85l.; heats, about 1 mi.*  
 Wortham, by Boirdo, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb Hodgkins 9 1 1  
 Sundowner, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - Ducker 1 2 2  
 Don John, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - Sopp 3 3  
 Farmer from Kerry, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb G. Hall 2 5  
 Pale Brandy, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - G. Smith 4 4  
 Harriet, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - Payne 5 6  
 Cambria, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - Pearson 6 dr  
 Clapham, 5 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - Searle 7 8  
 Br f by Sweetmeat, dam by Surplice,  
 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - A. Sadler 8 7  
 6 to 4 agst Farmer from Kerry, 5 to 2 agst Sun-  
 flower, and 4 to 1 agst Harriet. Won by a short neck;  
 a head between second and third. Second heat: Even  
 on Sunflower, 2 to 1 agst Farmer from Kerry, and 5 to  
 1 agst Wortham. Won by half a length. Deciding  
 heat: 2 to 1 on Wortham. Won by a head.

*Farmers' Hurdle Race Stakes of 50l.; catch weights;  
 1 mi. and dis.*  
 Enock - - - Mr Tom Edwards 1  
 Raglan Lass - - - R. Treen 2  
 The Novice - - - Mr Watkins 3  
 Even on The Novice, and 6 to 4 agst Enock. Won  
 in a canter by four lengths.

*Open Steeple Chase Handicap of 159l.; 4 mi.*  
 Fanny, by Teaway, 10st - - - G. Holman 1  
 Tom Moody, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Thomas 2  
 Brunette, 12st - - - Mr Rowland 0  
 6 to 4 agst Fanny, 7 to 4 agst Brunette, and 2 to 1  
 agst Tom Moody. Won cleverly by two lengths.  
 Brunette fell.

*Hunt Steeple Chase (Hyp.), a Cup, added to 34l.; 3 mi.*  
 Nell Gwynne, by Archy, 3 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr Thomas 1  
 Birdoult, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Mr Fredericks 2  
 Zouave (h b), aged, 11st 10lb Hon. G. Morgan 3  
 Husbandman, aged, 11st (car 11st 11lb) - - - Mr H. Powell 4  
 Crinoline, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Jenkins 5  
 Sandpiper (h b), aged, 11st 10lb Hon. F. Morgan 6  
 Even on Nell Gwynne, 5 to 2 agst Zouave, and 4 to  
 1 agst Birdoult. Won by half a length; same between  
 second and third; a bad fourth.

#### FRIDAY.—Llando Selling Stakes of 65l.; 1 mi. and dis.

Wortham, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - Hodgkins 1  
 Midnight, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (car 7st 7lb) - - - H. Sopp 2  
 Joy, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - Pearson 3  
 Dartmoor, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - G. Hall 4  
 Whimsical, 5 yrs, 9st - - - A. Sadler 5  
 Royalty, 9st 5lb - - - P. Treen 6  
 Yorkshire Miss, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - Mr Holing 7  
 Sir Velters, 6 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - J. Parker 8  
 6 to 4 agst Wortham, 5 to 2 agst Joy. Won by a  
 length; two lengths between second and third. The  
 winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold for 68 gs.

*Club Stakes of 95l.; 3 mi.*  
 Doubtful, 13st - - - Mr Thomas 1  
 Medora, 13st 7lb - - - Mr Rowland 2  
 Nell Gwynne, 12st - - - Mr James 0  
 6 to 4 on Doubtful, 2 to 1 agst Medra. Won by  
 eight lengths.

*Free Handicap of 30l.; heats, 1 mi. and dis.*  
 Sundowner, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - Ducker 1 1  
 The Miller (h b), aged, 10st 9lb - - - Harding 6 2  
 Br f by Sweetmeat, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb A. Sadler 3 3  
 Cambria, 9st 7lb - - - Hodgkins 4 0  
 Whimsical, 5 yrs, 11st - - - G. Holman 5 0  
 Yorkshire Miss, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr Thomas 2 dr  
 First heat: 5 to 4 agst Sundowner. Won by a length  
 and a half. Second heat: 2 to 1 on Sundowner. Won  
 by a length; the Sweetmeat filly a bad third. Mr  
 Thomas rode The Miller in this heat.

*Handicap Steeple Chase of 26l.; 3 mi.*  
 Brunette, 12st 4lb - - - Mr F. Rowland 1  
 Nell Gwynne, 10st 12lb - - - Mr Thomas 2  
 Husbandman, 9st 7lb (car 9st 10lb) G. Holman 0  
 Even on Brunette, and 6 to 4 agst Nell Gwynne.  
 Won easily by four lengths.

#### HAMBLEDON HUNT STEEPLE CHASES.

*SATURDAY, April 13.—Hambledon Hunt Stakes of 70l.; about 3 mi.*

Theodine, by Theon, 12st 10lb - - - Mr Edwards 1  
 Amorous Boy, 12st - - - Mr Lywood 2  
 Revolt, 12st - - - Mr Biscoe 0  
 Minor's Wife, 12st - - - Mr J. Clark 0  
 Ballinasloe, 12st - - - Mr Dickson 0  
 Giraffe, 12st - - - Mr Horley 0  
 Even on Theodine, and 5 to 2 each agst Amorous  
 Boy and Revolt. Won by two lengths. Revolt fell,  
 and the others pulled up.

*Open Handicap of 70l.; about 3 mi.*  
 Premier, by Melbourne, 11st 7lb - - - Donaldson 1  
 Fearless, 11st 5lb - - - Mr Cameron 2  
 Polly, 10st 5lb - - - Mr Grant 3  
 The Dodger, 11st 2lb - - - Mr Edwards 4  
 King Hudson, 11st - - - Mr Horley 0  
 6 to 4 agst The Dodger, and 2 to 1 each agst Fearless  
 and Premier. Won by two lengths; a bad third.  
 King Hudson fell.

*United Hunt Steeple Chase Stakes of 65l.; about 3 mi.*

Playman, 12st - - - Mr A. Yates t w.o.  
 Theodine, 13st - - - Mr Edwards t dr  
 Rainbow, 12st - - - Mr Lywood 3 dr  
 Firefly, 13st - - - Mr Dickson 0  
 Remus, 12st - - - Mr Loe 0  
 Scarlet Runner, 12st - - - Mr Bromhead 0  
 Speculation, 12st - - - Mr Horley 0  
 6 to 4 agst Theodine, 2 to 1 agst Firefly, and 4 to 1  
 agst Rainbow and Playman. A dead heat; a bad  
 third. The others pulled up and walked in. The  
 stakes were afterwards divided, and Playman walked  
 over.

*Garrison Stakes of 38l.; about 3 mi.*

Firefly, by Gibraltar, 12st 10lb - - - Capt Townley 1  
 Bulldog, 12st - - - Mr Mitchell 2  
 Prince, 12st - - - Mr Bromhead 0  
 Jim, 12st - - - Mr Biscoe 0  
 Kittie, 12st - - - Mr Gould 0  
 6 to 4 on Firefly, and 3 to 1 agst Prince. Won in a  
 canter. Bulldog and Prince fell.

*Scurry (Sell.) Stakes of 38l.; about 3 mi.*

Venison, by Venison, 10st 7lb - - - Tarrant 1  
 Sovereign, 11st 7lb - - - B. Land 2  
 Margaret, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Edwards 3  
 Amorous Boy, 10st 7lb - - - A lad 0  
 Rainbow, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Mew 0  
 Unknown, 11st - - - Mr Grant 0  
 Jibbernia, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Dickson 0

# IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

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## NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE  
MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,  
AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM

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INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much

difficulty; pleasing events, society will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which

gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence or malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste, were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly as-

sist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruin to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these **PILLS** should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or **PILLS** equal to fourteen ounces of **CAMOMILE FLOWERS**.

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Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "**NORTON'S PILLS**," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

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## **EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS**

Is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

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**FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND RHEUMATIC GOUT.**

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## **SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS**

are a certain and safe remedy. They restore tranquillity to the nerves, give tone to the stomach, and strength to the whole system. No other medicine can be compared to these excellent Pills, as they prevent the disorder from attacking the stomach or head, and have restored thousands from pain and misery to health and comfort.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box.

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**INFLUENZA, COUGHS, AND COLDS.**

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is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

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GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.**

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TESTIMONIAL.

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FROM W. H. SCOTT, ESQ.

I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of your Pills. I consider them to be invaluable, for they have never failed to give me relief, and I should be sorry to be without them.

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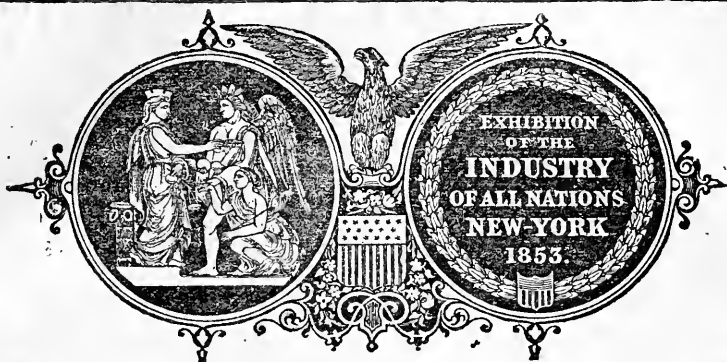
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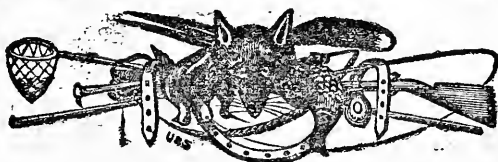
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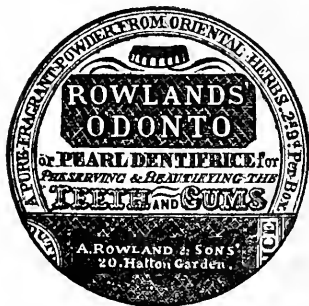
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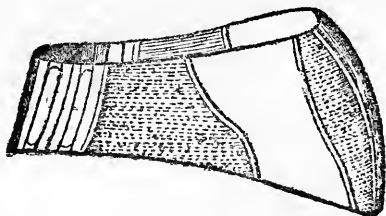
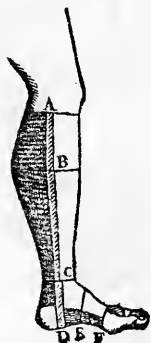
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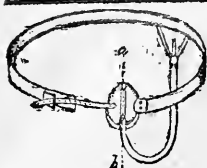
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